Collier's

APRIL 19, 1947 TEN CENTS

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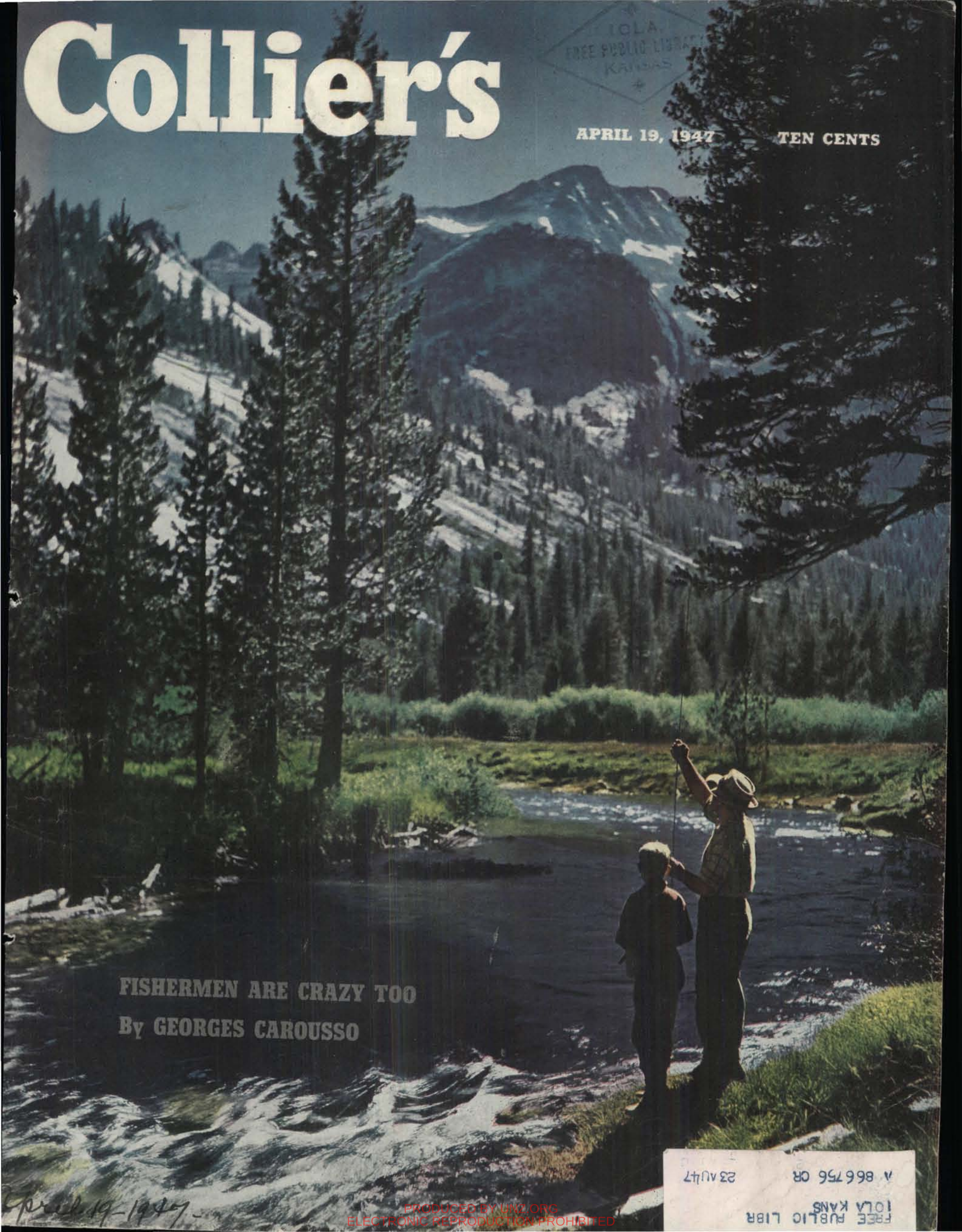

FISHERMEN ARE CRAZY TOO
By GEORGES CAROUSSO

April 19 - 1947

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Ask your grocer for baby foods in the work-saving **Duraglas** jar

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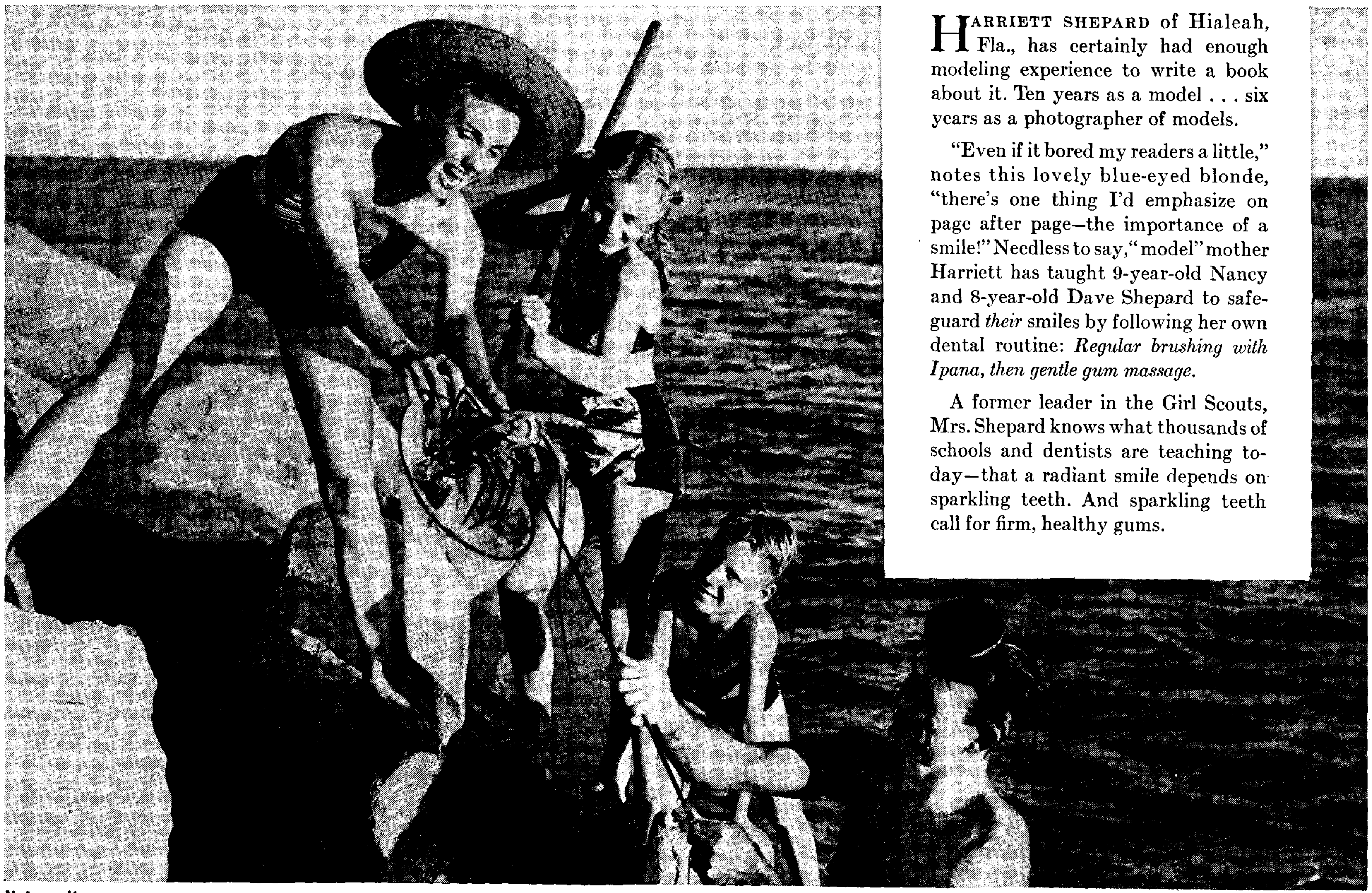
This Model Mother could write a book

Harriett Shepard would call it, "How to be a Model or The Importance of a Sparkling Smile."



HARRIETT SHEPARD of Hialeah, Fla., has certainly had enough modeling experience to write a book about it. Ten years as a model . . . six years as a photographer of models.

"Even if it bored my readers a little," notes this lovely blue-eyed blonde, "there's one thing I'd emphasize on page after page—the importance of a smile!" Needless to say, "model" mother Harriett has taught 9-year-old Nancy and 8-year-old Dave Shepard to safeguard *their* smiles by following her own dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

A former leader in the Girl Scouts, Mrs. Shepard knows what thousands of schools and dentists are teaching today—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

Net result of a fishing expedition led by father Ben Shepard is one reluctant crawfish. Net result of Harriett's "model" dental care is four (count 'em) sparkling smiles. For Mother knows that today's soft foods often rob gums of exercise—that Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed, with gentle gum massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

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Many parents know less than children about the importance of gum massage, taught in thousands of classrooms today. Not only do 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage, national survey shows, but, 2 to 1, dentists *prefer Ipana for their own use!* Let *your* dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.

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Some children spoil their parents. Nancy and Dave like to take candid shots of Harriett, call her the "prettiest mother in the world." Pretty and *wise.* She's taught them to safeguard their smiles by massaging their gums gently every time they brush their teeth. This brief workout with Ipana helps speed up needed circulation within the gums.

"A famous star of stage and screen" (Nancy can dream, can't she?) must safeguard her smile—meaning teeth and gums. Sensitive gums often herald their warning with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist.* Follow his advice. Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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April 19, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

HIYA, OLD BOY!

DEAR EDITOR: The letter from Charles H. Sidener who is 82 years old (The Week's Mail, March 8th) tells us, first pick good ancestors if one wants to live to a ripe old age. What he means is: If one is strong, sound and tough to start with, it doesn't matter how we live, we will last out. I think that everyone knows we can't choose our ancestors—we just have to do the best we can with the framework we find ourselves attached to. About all we can do is practice moderation in: work, play, eats, drinks, etc.

So many of us are losing out in the real joy of living by trying so hard to learn how to figure out how we can beat the rap—I mean stave off death for the longest possible time.

I say let's just live the way it seems best to us and when it's time to be gathered to our fathers, wave a gay goodby and cross over the River Styx—we might find it just as interesting on the other side, who knows? JOHN S. LEE, Puposky, Minn.

THE EGG AND I

DEAR SIR: The Prince of Mystery (Mar. 1st) was about a magician whose ambition was to perform the egg trick—and with gloves. It was supposedly an impossible trick and the greatest in the world. I have been doing something very closely resembling the egg trick for several years.

I let anyone select an egg from several and look it over to be sure there are no cracks. Then someone else selects a playing card, tears a corner off and keeps the corner. I vanish the rest of the card. The egg is then broken and anyone can reach into the opening. (Only the top is broken off.) The selected card is found inside the egg and the torn corner matches the missing corner of the card.

I can do it wearing gloves even.

JIMMY WALKER, Austin, Tex.

DREAM HOUSING

DEAR EDITOR: I am in a white fury over the two letters from Wm. A. Cochran, Mgr., Millstadt Lumber Co., Millstadt, Ill., and C. F. Albert, Heidritter Lumber Corp., Elizabeth, New Jersey (The Week's Mail, Mar. 1st).

These two gentlemen do not know the facts of life. Would you be so good as to tell them that we have moved into a technological age; have been in it for some years. While they are placidly talking about "a" house being built for LESS than $7,000 and "a" four-room frame for LESS than $6,300, tell them that thousands of houses with basements and inside plumbing should have been built for LESS than half

(Continued on page 90)

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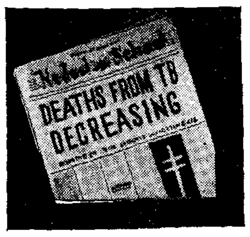
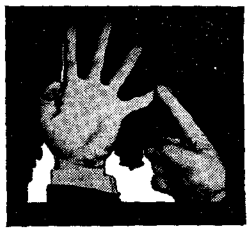
Can you answer these questions about TUBERCULOSIS?

Q. Is there hope of conquering tuberculosis?



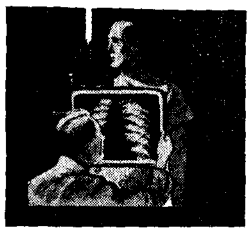
A. Indeed there is! Since 1900 the yearly death rate from tuberculosis has been reduced from over 200 per 100,000 to under 40! Many authorities say that by continuing a well-planned, forceful campaign—with public co-operation—deaths from tuberculosis may be almost wiped out in the next twenty years.

Q. What are the important steps in this campaign?



A. First: constant effort to find and treat more cases in the early stages when the disease is easier to control. Second: adequate treatment for active cases, preferably hospital care, which will help to avoid infecting others. Third: proper care for people who have had tuberculosis, including medical supervision and occupational guidance to prevent recurrence. Fourth: a drive to eliminate poor health habits and conditions which invite tuberculosis.

Q. Why are periodic examinations so important?



A. Tuberculosis, especially in the early stages, often has no symptoms. Its discovery then depends on a thorough medical examination, aided by X-ray. Such examinations are particularly important among adults, especially older persons, workers exposed to silica dust, and other special groups which have high tuberculosis death rates.

Q. How is medical science fighting tuberculosis?

TUBERCULOSIS MOBILE X-RAY

A. New X-ray equipment and techniques are making examinations easier and less expensive. Studies with streptomycin and other new drugs give promise for the future. There are indications that a vaccine may provide a measure of immunity against tuberculosis. But these drugs and vaccines are still experimental, and as yet there is no substitute for standard methods of treatment.

Don't let tuberculosis frighten you

Today, through modern medical skills, most cases of tuberculosis can be controlled if caught in time. The earlier that treatment is started, the better are the chances for a prompt and lasting cure.

If you should have tuberculosis, your physician will recommend treatment, probably in a sanatorium. Once the disease is brought under control you can usually return to a normal way of living, with periodic checkups to make sure the disease does not become active again.

You should faithfully follow your doctor's instructions in order to speed recovery and maintain good health afterward.

Regular medical examinations provide comforting reassurance even if you don't have tuberculosis, and suggest immediate treatment if the disease should be detected. For further information about such examinations and about the disease itself, ask your physician, public health officer, or local Tuberculosis Association.

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

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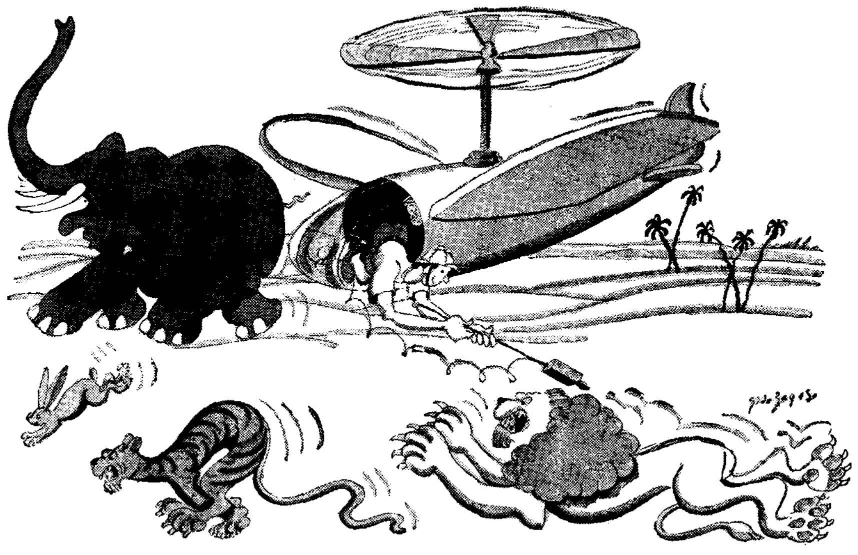
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD


GEORGE DE ZAYAS

BY FRELING FOSTER

An expedition now preparing to visit Africa to record the habits and sounds of wild animals in motion pictures and on recording machines has equipped its helicopter with a novel weapon of defense, a high-pitched siren called a Shriek-Gun. Its sound has no effect on the men if they plug up their ears, but will terrify and drive away any beast that attempts to attack the craft when it is poised near the ground.

Probably the only white man to have his figure carved on a totem pole was Abraham Lincoln. In 1867, the Tlingit Indians of Alaska learned that the United States, to which their country had just been sold, had abolished slavery and, therefore, it was illegal among them. To honor the man responsible for their freedom, the ex-slaves and their descendants for more than 50 years placed a huge carved statue of Lincoln atop their totem poles. Of the many made, only three have been preserved, one each in Juneau and Saxman, Alaska, and one in the Illinois State Museum in Springfield.

Old Bet, America's first circus elephant was once the most celebrated animal in this country. After touring for 12 years, she died in 1827 in Somers, New York, where her grave and memorial statue soon became a shrine to which thousands of circus people and fans have since made pilgrimages, one being a publicity stunt. In 1922, followed by a procession of motorcars carrying newspapermen and photographers, a Ringling elephant, Old John, walked from Madison Square Garden to Somers, 45 miles, and laid a wreath of flowers on Old Bet's grave.

An ancient custom of Spain, which existed until a generation ago, was the inclusion of a particular coach in every royal procession. Called the *Coche de Respeto,* it followed that of the king and was empty, having been reserved for the Holy Ghost.

For every 100 foreigners legally entering this country today, 123 others attempt it under false pretenses and are refused admittance.

The first industrial use of wired television is in a device installed recently in a New York power plant. It enables the engineers to see and check, on a screen in the control room, the water level of a boiler in another building, through a television camera focused on its gauge.

In a new type of locomotive developed in this country, the power for forward motion is supplied by a 6,900 hp steam turbine through a set of nonshiftable gears. Therefore, the locomotive has a second turbine of 1,500 hp equipped with gears that are moved into operating position when it is necessary to back up.

A recently patented electric typewriter eliminates the possibility of misspelling words. Visible through a slot is a series of small wheels, each of which contains all characters and revolves, spelling out one line of words at a time as the corresponding characters on the keyboard are struck. After the operator checks her spelling, she presses a button which causes the line to be typed automatically on the paper while she writes the next one. Errors may be corrected individually or by clearing all wheels and retyping the whole line.

A new simple detector enables a motorist to determine when the carbon monoxide in his car has reached a concentration at which, if not aired out, it will shortly make him too drowsy to drive safely.

In the last five months of 1946, Britain used $600,000,000 of her American loan, spending $230,000,000 of it for tobacco and motion pictures imported from the United States.

The U.S. today has 12,727 private schools with 2,611,000 students, 79 per cent of these schools and 92 per cent of these students being Roman Catholic.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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This G-E "Wake-Up-To-Music" Clock-Radio won't let you cheat, either. If, after the program starts, you doze off for an extra "forty winks" it plays merrily on for a few minutes . . . then it also buzz, buzz, buzzes, until you give up—and get up.

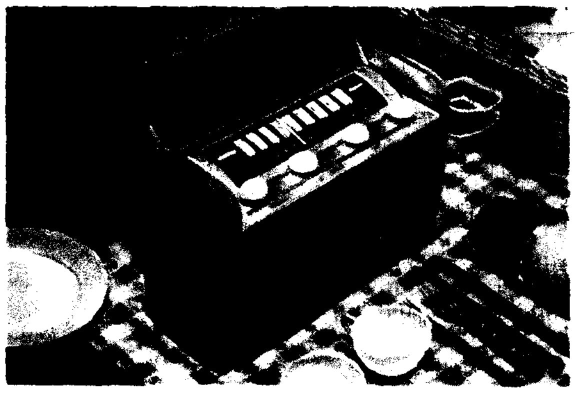
Anytime during the day, set this clock-radio to turn on your favorite programs automatically. It's a wonderful table radio, too. You'll marvel that any radio so dainty, so compact, can have such power—such full-rounded tone.

"Wake-Up-To-Music" is more than a radio—more than an alarm clock. It's the amazing new clock-radio that *remembers* with dozens of uses all day long. It's the smartest little set of the year.

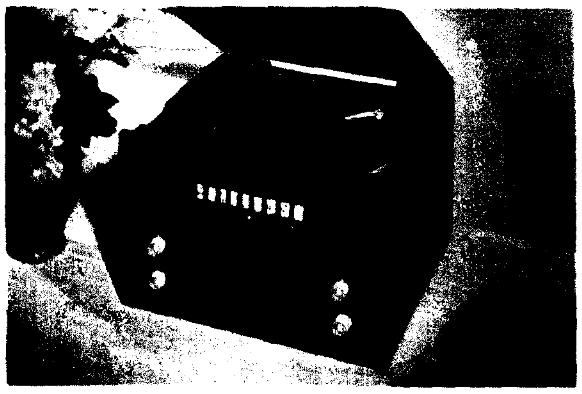
General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

natural color tone

RADIOS



More fun with this self-charging portable on every vacation! Play it as much as you please. The built-in charger renews the power when you plug it into AC house current. It's revolutionary! See Model 250.



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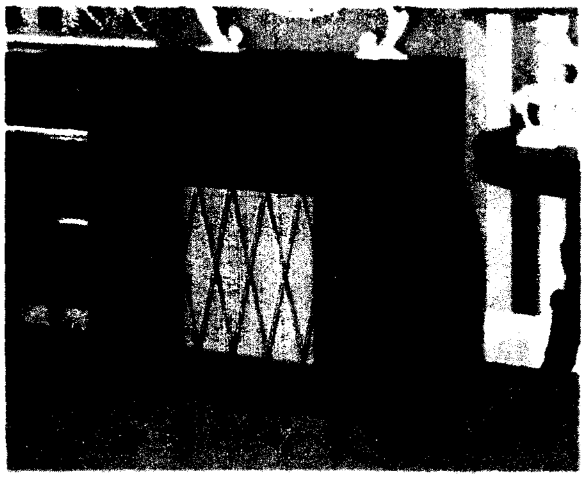

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THE WEEK'S WORK

Georges Carousso

DESPITE his numerous articles and stories about fishing, Georges Carousso (who thinks, on p. 20, that Fishermen Are Crazy, Too) wants you to know he's no expert on the subject. "I'd rather fish than theorize," he claims, and encloses the photograph above in which he and a Goering-sized northern pike co-star.

"This piscatorial beauty," he expounds in his inexpert way, "was caught last September in Ontario, and is interesting not for its size but because it was caught on a 12-pound test line on a light rod from a canoe, and was landed without gaff or net, thanks to the skill of the prospector with me. We later used it as bait to attract a black devil of a bear that was in the habit of ripping shreds of canvas off the canoes to lick the glue beneath."

Mr. Carousso, who has fished the fresh and salt waters of a few dozen continents, right now is torn between South America and northern Canada for a Collier's trip. "Those South American fish that eat the line and rod up to the shoulder blade sound intriguing but the insects that leave only the bone—ugh! But Canada, ah! I touched on the fringe of it last fall! A canoe portage west of Hudson Bay for a thousand miles or so, an occasional trading post, a few Indians and prospectors, an isolated gold mine or two, a couple of bush pilots, moose, bear, wolf, and deer . . . and fish soooo big! A color camera, rod and gun!"

THE author of Was Nuremberg Justified? (p. 15), William Eldred Jackson, is the son of Justice Jackson, American Chief Prosecutor at Nuremberg, and the trial was young Jackson's first case. In preparation he'd passed through Harvard Law via Yale, and served a hitch doing procurement legal work for the Navy during the events that made the trial necessary. He's now twenty-seven.

Young Jackson's duties at Nuremberg and at the preceding conferences at London combined those of private secretary, law clerk and aide-de-camp to his illustrious dad. "From that vantage point," says young Jackson, "I was able to watch backstage negotiating among the participating powers and understand why things happened as they did. Being coroner in the autopsy of the Third Reich crimes brought an unparalleled education."

One day, for instance, Frau Ribbentrop—the *"von"* Jackson terms a phony pretension—crashed the Prosecutor's Office and agitatedly demanded an audience with her infamous spouse. Since this could not be granted for security reasons, Mr. Jackson offered to carry any message. The Frau became strangely practical. "I'm afraid something might happen to my husband," she confided with macabre foresightedness, "and I would like him to change his will."

Another time Jackson looked into one of Goering's castles, hard by Nuremberg, seeking incriminatory documents. "Instead we found evidence that the Reichsmarshal had been planning, and possibly still was planning, a long trip," Jackson recalls. "Several dozen enormous suitcases embossed with the Reichsmarshal's flamboyant crest were crammed with neatly packed silk pajamas of hippopotamus proportions, blimp-sized underdrawers, bloated kid hunting costumes, choice Havana cigars and huge canisters of dope.

"Frau Goering sought to divert us from further explorations by introducing her small daughter Edda, an azure-eyed little girl of seven with enchanting blond ringlets."

For a moment, Jackson felt regret about his role as a prosecutor.

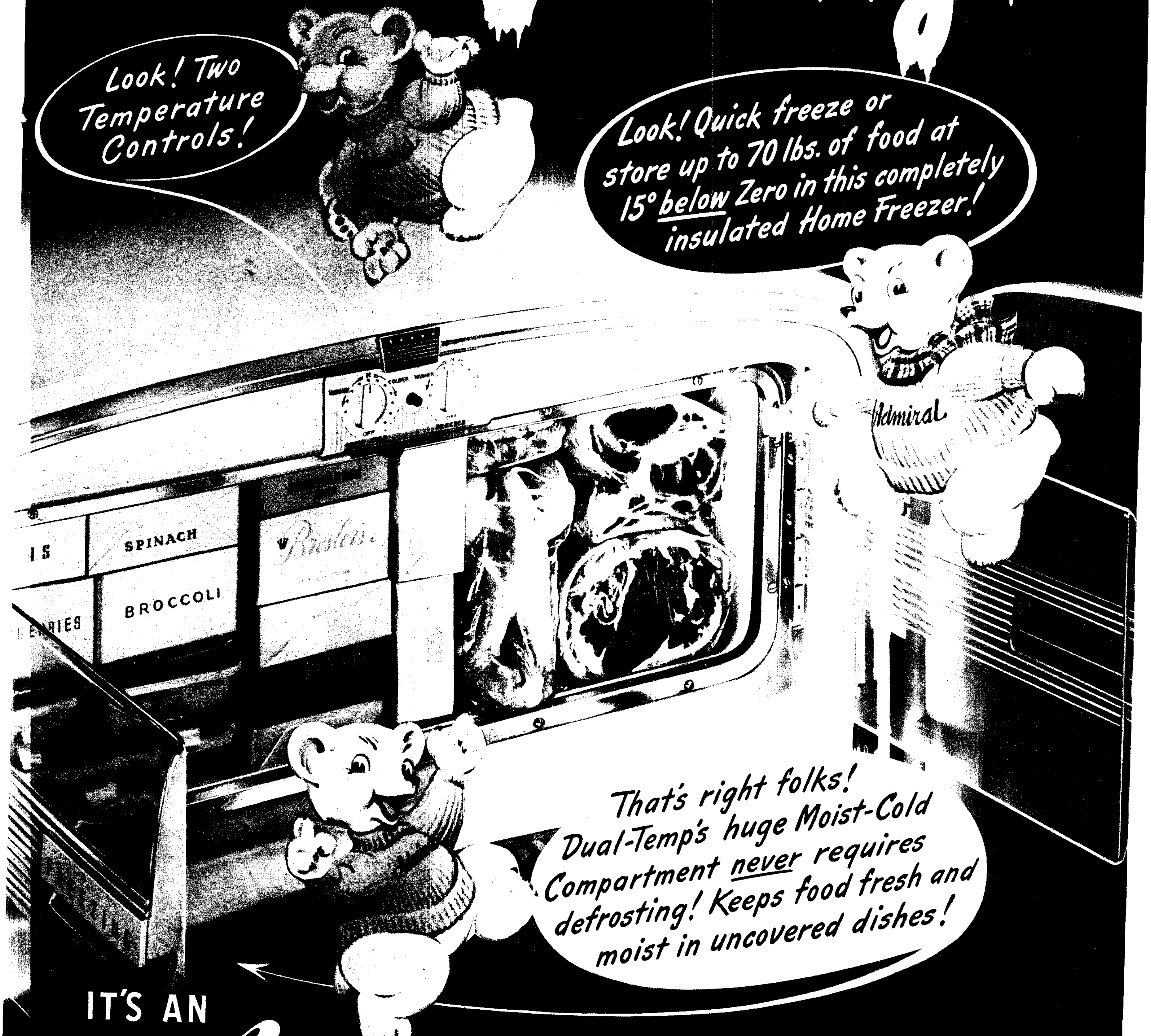
"But," he said, "I thought of Lidice, which I had visited but a few days before, where all that remained of a town of 8,000 souls was a barren valley between two sorrowing hills, in the midst of which stood a starkly eloquent cross crowned with thorns. I also remembered the urns of the slaughtered at Dachau."

Mr. Jackson has recently finished coediting the eight volumes of trial evidence the government will print. He's also knocking together a history of the trial.

THE other day we received a visit from a reporter on the Daily Worker who wanted to sell us a story. He walked into our humble capitalistic quarters at 250 Park Avenue with the air of an enemy barricade inspector, giving us what looked like a thorough Marxian once-over. As he greeted us, we were somewhat startled to hear him sniff, "What's all this—camouflage? Our offices are better than this!"

This week's cover: Fishing: Kodachromist Josef Muench found the idyllic spot in the Sierra Nevadas, high in the Middle Fork country of California's Kings Canyon National Park. The stream's called Sparkling Palisade Creek, and it's alongside Deer Meadow, reached only by trail on foot. . . . TED SHANE

No defrosting!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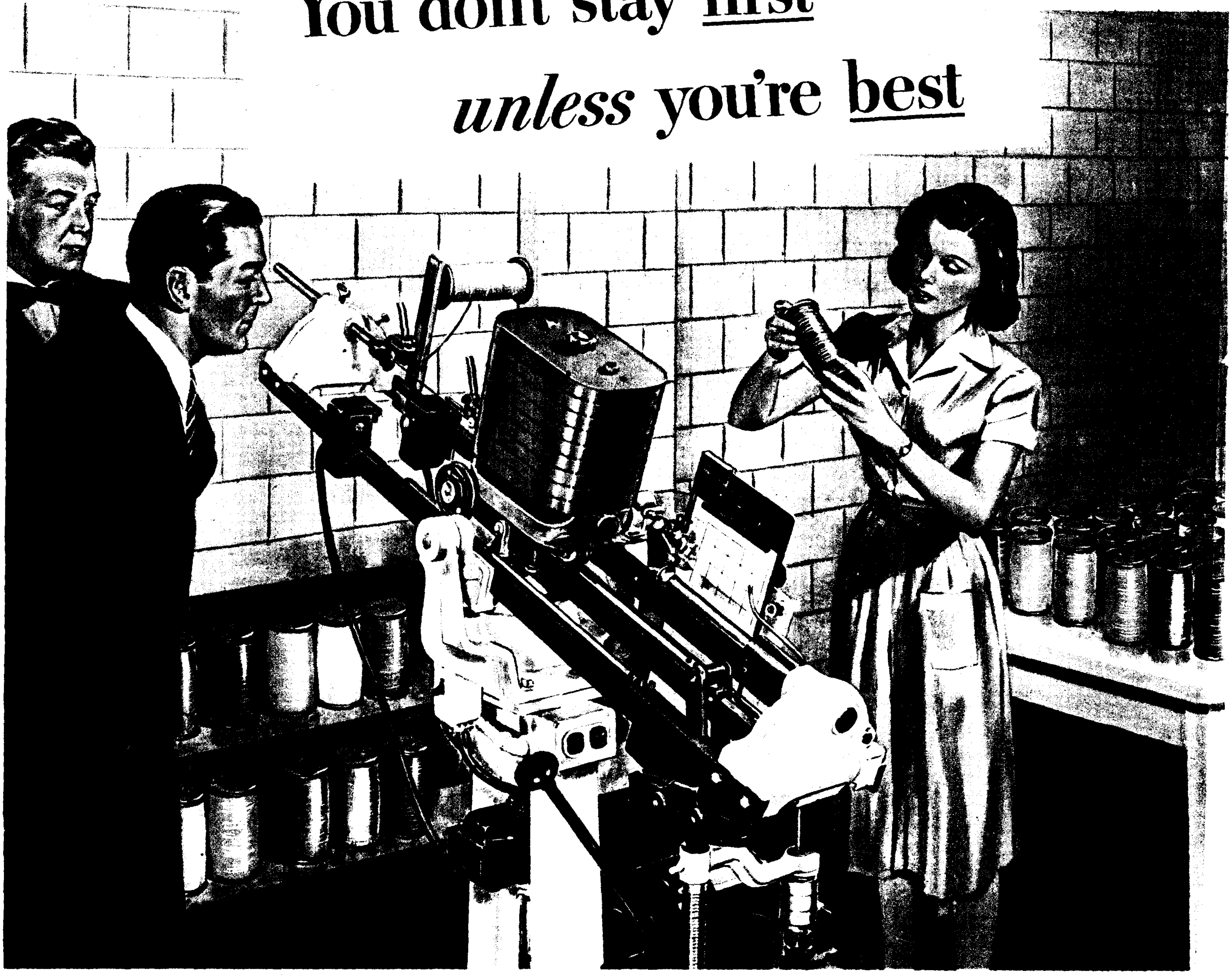
You don't stay **first** *unless* you're **best**



Here's one reason why Goodyear is the best tire you can buy.

Unseen, but contributing mightily to the long life it gives you, is a *pre-tested* network of cords that make up the body of this tougher tire.

Why is pre-testing important? You may not know it, but tire cord can be as variable as the weather.

Heat, cold, dampness, and dryness can all affect the strength of tire cord.

To get into a Goodyear tire, cord must demonstrate adequate strength under any and all conditions to which that tire may reasonably be subjected.

To protect your dollars—and perhaps your life—Goodyear has the intricate machine shown above.

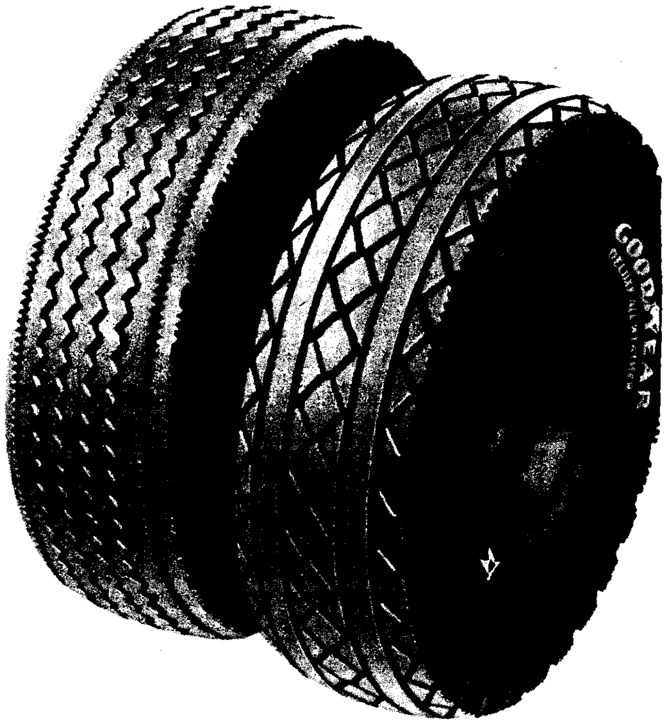
It pulls cord in temperatures ranging from 20° below to 400° above zero. It stretches and strains cord that's sopping wet; and the same cord bone dry.

Unless the cord can withstand the Goodyear breaking test *under all these conditions*, it isn't good enough for you, or for Goodyear.

Perhaps that helps to explain why Goodyear holds its place as America's first-choice tire for the 32nd consecutive year—*why more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.*

MORE MILEAGE FOR YOUR MONEY

Goodyear tires deserve Goodyear tubes Get *both* from your Goodyear dealer—your Tire Service Headquarters.



First–every year for 32 years

GOODYEAR

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind

WHY NOT LIVE SWEETLY?

BY RUMER GODDEN

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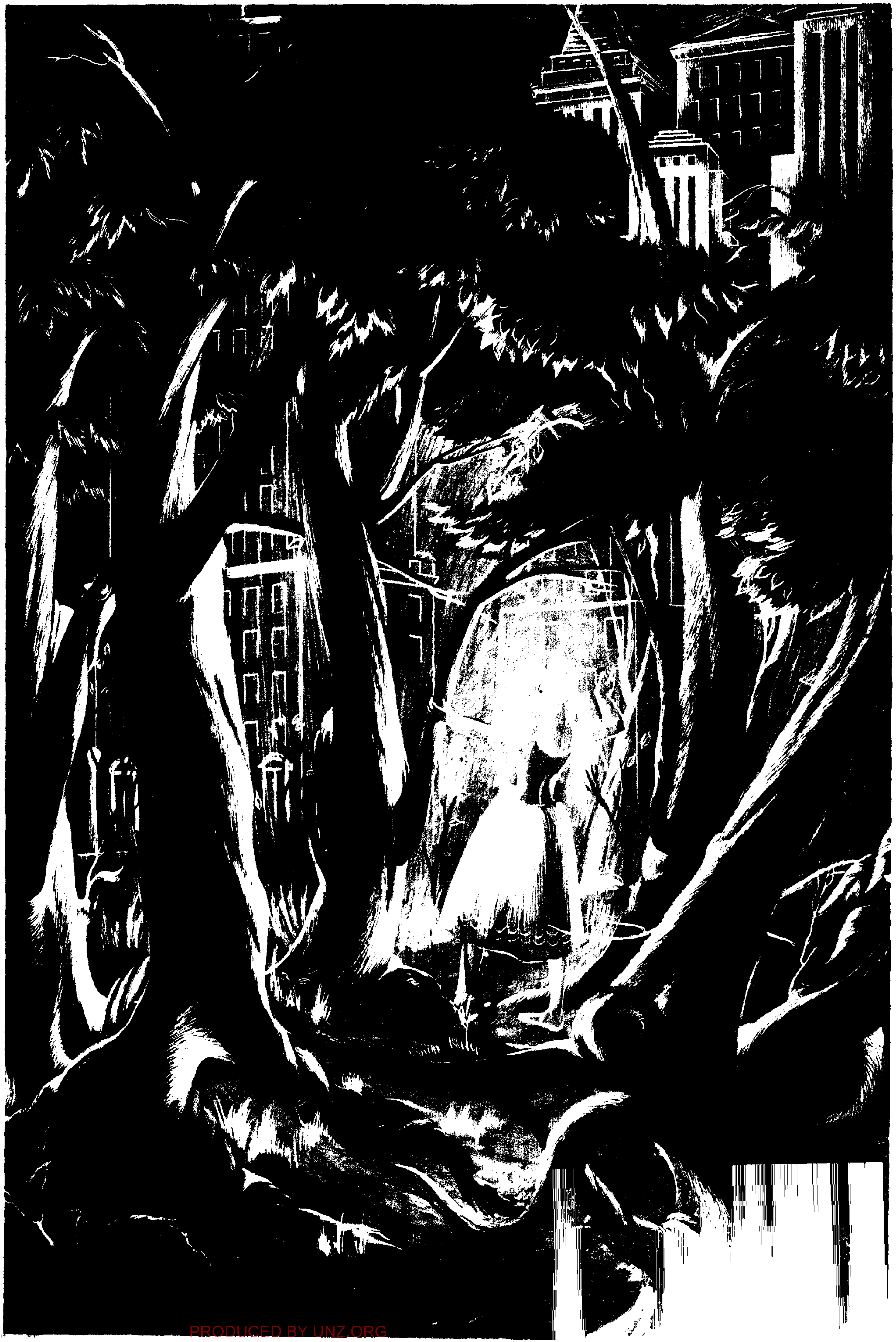
The sound of the wind in the trees at home reached her even over the wall of logic and reason her husband had built around her



IF SHE had actually seen some great miracle performed it would have been no more surprising to her than her marriage to Eddie, than living here, in town, with him. She could not account for it at all; sometimes she stopped in the city streets looking and wondering how she had come there; and every morning, when she woke, she thought she was still at home.

"Not 'at home,'" said jealous Eddie. "That was your old home. This is your home now."

She said slowly, "I always meant to marry Roger."

"I caught you, right under his nose," said Eddie, gleefully. "Poor old Roger. He *was* a slow coach."

"Yes, he was slow," she said that slowly too.

She had lived in the country all her life, although she was not most people's idea of a country girl, but then, most people did not know her inland West country, its silences and depths, its strong life—the wildness of its grays and blues and browns, soft colors, but wild. To those who did know it she was a country girl. "And she won't translate," they said. "People from there don't." But Eddie had caught her in his quick way, and brought her, without a thought, to town.

Eddie was a journalist and, if there were anything she could have regretted about Eddie, it was that; his dexterous use of words made him foreign to her: Gradually she came to have a strong feeling about words, a feeling that they left nothing to be itself, but colored, twisted, changed, distorted everything. "But they should not do that," she said. "Words have meanings."

As she began to realize the strangeness of her new life she felt it enclosing her; she did not remember being enclosed by life before. At times she was filled with panic and she was troubled by this sense of words. Eddie knew all the words and she did not; Eddie wrote six hundred words, eight hundred, a thousand every day, undeterred by the fact that next day, or the day after, the newspaper was crumpled into a ball, or used to light the fire, or to line a shelf or wrap up parcels.

"Never mind," said Eddie. "I can always write some more—have to," he said ruefully, but he enjoyed it. He rejoiced in his wit and quickness and easy flow.

"But—it ought not to be quick," she said. "It should be slow and hard."

"A good thing for us it isn't!"

"But it should be. It should be slow and hard and absolutely sure and rather perilous." She was so much in earnest that her cheeks were flushed. "Like mining," she said, "Or growing apple trees, or like a woman giving birth."

"Oh, my sweet!"

"It should."

"I'm not a writer," said Eddie. "I'm a wordmonger. You mustn't try to turn me into what I'm not."

"No," she said, "but—I have to think, and yes—I have to be what I am too."

"You are my wife," said Eddie, kissing her. "You can't get out of that."

As she went on being Eddie's wife she began fitting words to people as if people were words made flesh, living words, different words. Some are just "if" and "an" and "this" and "that," she thought, but some have

(Continued on page 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY
CONCETTA CACCIOLA

VERMONT GOES RADICAL

BY WILLIAM GILMAN

No other state has voted Republican so consistently as Vermont, but the same kind of independence that made her declare war on the Axis three months ahead of the rest of the U.S. has *modernized that Republicanism into a new progressive pattern*

SINCE the first World War the rest of the country has been standing still in its notions about Vermont, and Vermont hasn't been standing still at all. Today's natives are mighty tired of being forever posed against their tilted landscape and captioned as quaint characters. When a photograph was published some time ago of a "typical Vermonter"—a hillbilly guy with whiskers to his knees and galluses hanging down his unbuttoned pants—aroused citizens didn't rest until they proved he was a wandering wood chopper from New Hampshire.

Moreover, Vermont challenges any other state to match the liberalism of its top-tier political spokesmen—its veteran senator George D. Aiken, its new Senator Ralph E. Flanders, its new Governor Ernest W. Gibson. Being Vermonters these men don't wear out the microphone. And being Vermonters they are Republicans. But each, by no coincidence, happens to be a well-documented progressive. And don't forget that what's liberal elsewhere has been considered downright radical for Vermont.

There are reasons for its special status. Boil down the Vermonter and you'll likely find a God-fearing farmer or small-towner. His roots grow deep and he claims to be more purely Anglo-Saxon than any other New Englander. He still lives in the house where he was born. A Vermont realtor, unrolling blueprints, explains:

"Two tracts I'm turning into developments. One's been in my family since 1768. The other's more recent—1796."

Isolationism has been almost a way of life in this very model Republican state. Back in the days of the Revolution, Ethan Allen's Green Mountain Boys outfought everybody else. They resisted King George, New York, New Hampshire and the Continental Congress, and ran their own ornery republic for 14 years until they deigned to join the Union in 1791.

But now, with a frightening war behind and the Atomic Era ahead, Vermonters say simply, "We can't go it alone." A homespun comment by a Yankee matron looking up from her radio is typical: "The things going on! Isn't it awful—with all those U.N. foreigners over here listening to our squabbling? If it doesn't stop, we'll be getting a bad name."

Of course the state's geography and history have given it peculiarities which won't be changed overnight. One of them is the state's unswerving loyalty to the Republican party. When your Vermonter votes, he's more or less following principle, and definitely following habit. Back in the good old days when "a barrel of beer and a jug of buttermilk" elected a man to state legislature, Vermont also took a deep swig of Republicanism. To this day, it has refused to elect a Democratic governor, senator or President.

And the Green Mountaineer is and will remain pretty pithy in his language but the objects of that language have been broadened to include more than sin and maple sirup. An upstate logger shook his head the other day, "This feller John L. Lewis. Reminds me of the team I once't had—kickin' mare and a balky horse. Conquered 'em—had to."

Unlike "progressive" Wisconsin, another state strong in dairying and farm co-op movements, "hidebound" Vermont went all the way with Wendell Willkie—cheering both his Bull Moose Republicanism and his One World dream. The Vermonter saw nothing contradictory in wanting One World and marching off to set the world right, while warning outsiders not to interfere with him. One of his governors explained it a century ago when he declared that "hostility to slavery is an instinct" with Vermonters.

In those days the state was a thorn in the flesh of tyranny. It backed faraway Hungary and Greece in their fights for freedom. It helped Canada revolt against Britain. It needled the South's slaveholders so savagely that Georgia's exasperated legislature called on the President "to employ a sufficient number of able-bodied Irishmen to proceed to the State of Vermont, dig a ditch around the limits of the same, and float 'the thing' into the Atlantic."

Apparently, Vermont figured it had set the world right and went into hibernation after the Civil War. It has now decided the job has to be done again, and that's the setting which explains what has been happening.

Vermont's rejuvenation started around 1931, when the rest of the country, too, was looking biliously at itself in the depression's mirror. That's the year when Warren Austin first went campaigning. The so-called Old Guard, spearheaded by marble-quarrying interests, was against him. He beat its candidate in a race for the Washington post left vacant when Senator Theodore Greene accidentally stopped a bullet meant for a fleeing bootlegger, and began the first of his three Senate terms.

Shocking G.O.P. Isolationists

Austin was certainly a good Republican, but with Vermont independence. On domestic issues, he usually reasoned conservatively, but supported some phases of the New Deal. Where he really shone as a freethinker was in matters of foreign policy, dismaying G.O.P. isolationists by emerging as Roosevelt's supporter in one interventionist step after another: arms appropriations, Lend-Lease, Selective Service and finally war. In all this he spoke for Vermont, whose legislature broke with the Axis three months before Congress did—passing a resolution in September, 1941, which recognized that a state of conflict existed. Facing his 70th birthday, Austin is now the state's elder statesman and the country's chief delegate to the United Nations which he helped father.

But perhaps the best illustration of the trend is in the power climb of those two freewheeling Republicans, Senator George Aiken and Governor Ernest Gibson.

As a young fellow, Gibson spent some time working as a Coast and Geodetic Survey mathematician in Washington, where his father, Ernest, Sr., was Vermont's congressman—and later its senator.

Aiken was originally an energetic farmer. His raspberry patch got out of control and he thinned it out. That left him extra plants which, if he hadn't been a Vermonter, he'd probably have tossed over the bank. Instead he found a customer for them. Berries led to shrubs, shrubs to Christmas wreaths—and Aiken set up a nursery in the near-by village of Putney.

Then Gibson returned to Brattleboro and hung out his law shingle. His first client happened to be Aiken with a fistful of unpaid nursery bills he wanted collected. That's how the two men first met.

A political bug bit Aiken in 1930 and he went to the state legislature at Montpelier as Putney's representative. There he started right off fighting the utilities and, in general, speaking for the farm bloc. Shortly before the 1932 election, he confided to friend Gibson that he was thinking of running for

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

the state senate. Gibson suggested a higher goal. It worked out. Aiken got re-elected to the House and bid boldly for the speakership. His opponent was a banker. Bankers were unpopular then. Aiken became speaker.

In two more campaigns he moved to lieutenant governor and governor. He had climbed from the bottom of the ladder to its top in six years.

Gibson was named secretary of the state senate. In 1940 when Gibson's father died, Aiken appointed the son to step into his father's senatorial shoes until a special election could be held. There, carrying the ball for Willkie Republicans, the freshman made a speech for Lend-Lease which Democratic Leader Alben Barkley praised as "one of the ablest I have heard in many years."

That same fall Aiken ran for the Senate and won. In Washington he voted as he pleased. Vermont's newspapers were leery, but their readers stampeded for this mugwump in his 1944 re-election campaign. He has gone on to establish a pro-labor voting record which anguishes Ohio's conservative-Republican Bob Taft, delights the C.I.O.'s Philip Murray and doesn't irritate Aiken's farmer supporters, whose interests he watches like a mother hen.

Objected to Pretense of Neutrality

Meanwhile, Roosevelt had privately approved Gibson to succeed William Allen White as chairman of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. Gibson scourged America Firsters for a while but didn't like the pretense that we weren't in war. He went into the Army in May, 1941, and saw action in the South Pacific as an Intelligence officer. Later, as a full colonel, he was sent to Washington to direct U.S. spies and fight snafu as Deputy Director of Military Intelligence. When he returned to Brattleboro in September, 1945, he found Aiken and his other friends looking blue.

Nationally, Aiken was pleading for a Republican bloc "to preserve what liberal element the party has left in Congress." And Vermont, he reported, had slipped back into Old Guard hands. He figured that the state would rally behind Gibson for governor. When Farm Bureau heads joined in the urging, Gibson agreed, although he didn't expect he could win.

Tradition was against him. He had never run for state office before, and Vermont prefers advancing a man step by step. Tradition also dictated that incumbent Governor Mortimer Proctor be renominated in the 1946 primary for a second term of two years. Behind him also was the power of the Old Guard—Vermont's hierarchy of utilities, insurance companies and Proctor's own big business, the Vermont Marble Company. To cap it all was the resounding family name—his grandfather, father and uncle had all been Vermont governors.

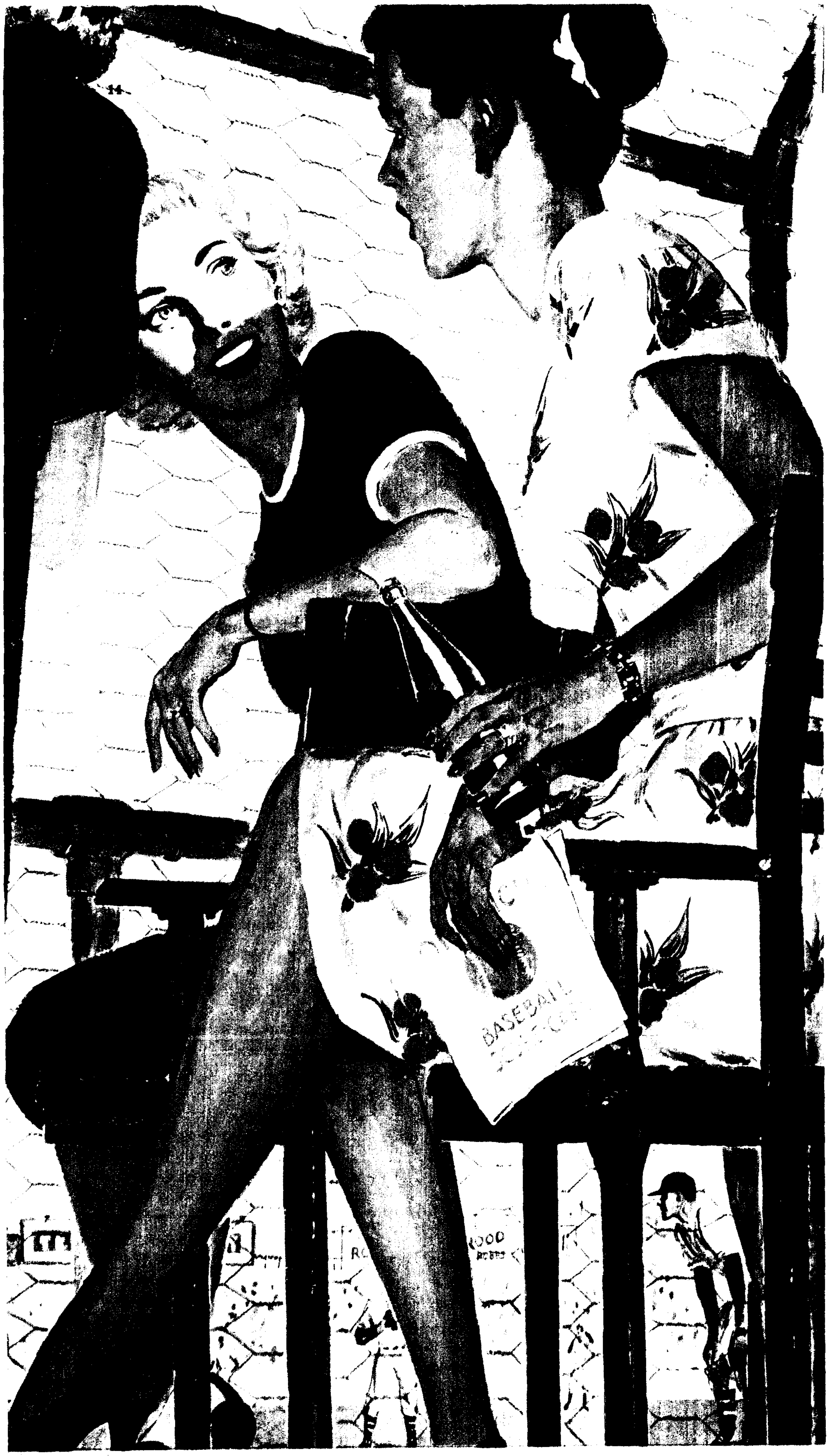
Against this dynasty, Gibson had only one illustrious ghost on his side—that of his father, the late senator. But he also had crusading energy. He rode the R.F.D. circuit and didn't miss the Rotary Clubs. Vermont-fashion, it was a campaign without libel suits and blackened eyes. Your Vermonter figures a loud talker is either a lummox or slicker and, in his own mind, boils down the honeyed phrase as carefully as he does the sap of the maple. Proctor, a well-meaning standpatter, didn't smart under much worse invective than hearing his record dismissed as A Study in Still Life. Vermonters flocked to the rebel banner and Gibson kidnaped the nomination comfortably, 32,166 to 24,170. After that, he trounced the Democratic candidate in November by the usual four-to-one.

In winning, young Ernest, who was 45 and prematurely gray, admittedly had a war record and a face that many women consider the handsomest of them all. But it was his pledge to be an "aggressive, progressive leader" that brought him the majority among the farmers, workers, small-towners and the new voters called veterans.

You spot a Gibson supporter in the fellow back from agricultural college, who takes on a couple of ghost farms in addition to his father's, mechanizes everything he can touch and proudly recites the butterfat record of his purebred Ayrshires. And there's the agile old-timer, stoutly supporting the program to restore the timber he knew as a boy.

In a town you come (*Continued on page* 104)

Gov. Gibson (right) broke precedents, won support of skeptical Vermonters for his progressive program



All season Ann sat in the box for players' wives—beside the ones she liked—or said she liked

PLAYER'S WIFE

BY ELSIE TAYE

Sometimes a woman's place is in the home—sometimes behind home plate

CHUMMY CHALMERS hurled the bat to the ground and walked toward the dugout, his head bowed. Two minutes ago the fans had been cheering him—"You're the one to do it, Chummy." "Tie it up for the team, boy." He had not tied it up. He had struck out, and now the fans were booing.

At the dugout he raised his head suddenly and grinned broadly at the packed section behind first base. They stopped booing and laughed. They liked his grin. If Ann were there today she'd say, "That's my baby. Give 'em the old charm."

He stepped down into the dugout. Jake Borgus smiled at him. Jake bawled you out for being in the wrong spot in the outfield or for dropping a line drive that no one could hold, but never for striking out. A pitched ball was one thing you couldn't guess, Jake said. Chummy returned a feeble grin, shaking his head slowly.

It was mid-August, and today's game made up for one rained out earlier in the season. The triple-A league club was half a game out of fourth place, and now the chance to make the first division for the play-offs looked slim. With the bases loaded they had needed a hit.

Chummy could have used a hit himself. Like a dope addict needs dope, like a sail needs a breeze, like a plane needs a runway, he needed a hit. It was the reason he played baseball—that sweet, almost holy feeling of the center of the ball meeting the center of the bat about six inches down from the tip. When that happened, when the contact was exactly right, the power you gave it was just so much gravy. You didn't have to look, you didn't have to hear the stands going crazy, to know that the ball was on its way for a two-base—maybe a three-base hit. Or, if you didn't look now, didn't listen to the deep-throated roar from the fans, it might be taking the fence like a bird.

But he had not had one of those today. Through June and most of July Chummy Chalmers had batted three-seventy-five, three-ninety and, for that one blessed week, an even four hundred. Point by point he had slipped.

NOT until the game was over did the wise little manager say, "Think you ought to go back to a thirty-three bat, Chummy?" They were in the locker room, the showers hissing down on the players as though to wash their defeat away. Chummy peeled off his woolen undershirt before he grinned and said, "Or maybe a fungo bat, Jake." The manager clapped him on the shoulder and went over to look at Scooter Drexel's sprained thumb.

As usual there was the gang of small boys waiting outside, and Chummy stopped to autograph the score cards they had found in the aisles and under the bleachers. He kidded them as they milled around him and he scribbled his name a dozen times. It was too bad. They were nice kids. A hell of a lot his name would mean to them. A hell of a chance *he* had of going up to the majors.

Dry August heat shimmered from the parking lots on either side of the stadium, but the streets leading off between the rows of small houses with their wide, old-fashioned porches were comfortable enough under the thick, dusty foliage of old trees. Housewives sat rocking and fanning themselves with aprons. The smell of dinners cooking reached the sidewalk.

Ann was on the other *(Continued on page 45)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MAC COUNER

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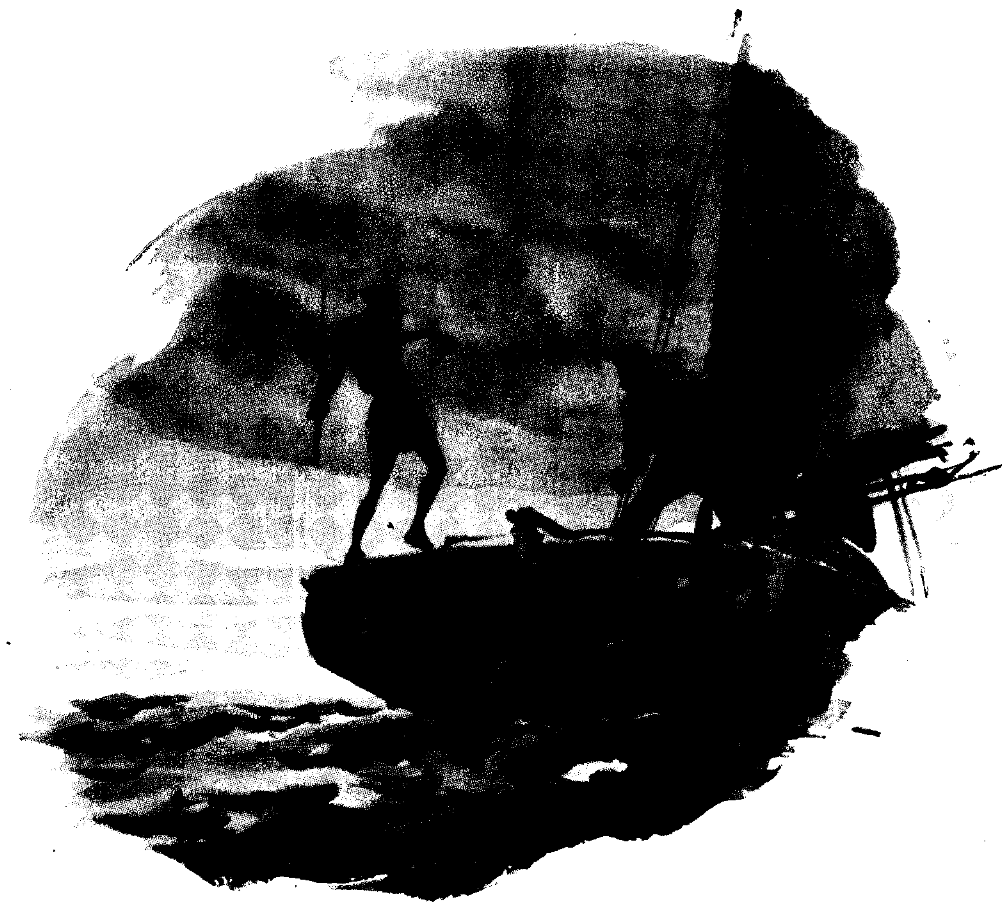
The court works overtime in Nuremberg's Palace of Justice. Here an M.P. checks passes at its gate



Turner was staggering, reeling, on the very edge of the stern, from Destin's unexpected shove

THE TRAP

BY HOWARD BLOOMFIELD

Only one of the two would ever leave the island

THE way that Armstrong Destin tried to put George Turner overboard was simple, and yet it held a trick, a touch of drama. The trick was misdirection: a focusing of the eye on one spot, and not letting the right hand know what the left hand is doing.

The old Nassau sloop wallowed along with a broad arrow of foam at the bow and a gay bubble and froth sweeping out under the fat stern, because the trade wind could make any boat move, even though the boat waved foul grasses from its bottom like this sloop of Destin's. George Turner felt himself living in the middle of a color film and, at times, during the past two days, he had closed his eyes and opened them again, convincing himself of a vividness that was a blow on the eyeballs. The foam was so white, the sky so blue; and the dozens of sandy keys were golden chips on a sea of jade satin. And some of the keys wore dark green tufts of vegetation, though empty of human life—the Bahamas hold scores and hundreds of such tiny low islands, useless but pretty.

This was old stuff to Destin, but to George Turner it was adventure. Turner was a slight, wiry man, with brown face and brown hair, and brown eyes behind his glasses. His face gave an occasional pleased twitch, and his eyes blinked like an owl's. He kept thinking that pirate ships had sailed these waters, and it was easy to picture one here, prowling boldly, full of fighting men who were not at all like himself, men more like Destin.

The sun was beginning to set, and here it was a bigger red ball than elsewhere, and a red-and-gold cloud was a brighter and longer banner.

"Damned beautiful," said George Turner, jerking his fishing rod at the sunset. "And a good moon to come. We can go on sailing, huh?"

"Sure," said Destin. "Get us there sooner." Destin was taking him to a place where they could look down through clear water and see the ribs of an old wreck and the shape of a cannon.

Destin got up from the tiller, planted one foot across it to steer by, and stretched and yawned lazily. He was a bigger man than Turner, but the difference was more striking than that. He was a strong male animal, even if he seemed a sort of gentleman on the surface. Aside from the long knife scar down his forearm, it was plain to see that Destin had been in dangers and tight places and had fought his own fights and made his own laws.

As Destin put his right hand over his yawning mouth, a gleam in his ring caught his eye. The ring was a heavy band of gold, with a green stone that was square and large. Destin held out his hand, turning it, letting the light strike into the stone.

"You ever notice this ring?" he asked George Turner. "It was found in an old wreck. I got the ring off a dead man, down in Port-au-Prince. I took it for a souvenir. Look at this engraving—I think it's Spanish."

While Turner stepped to him, Destin made his hand into a fist and remarked, "Not a bad brass knuckle, if a man ever needs one." He relaxed the fist and spread out his fingers. Turner gazed down at the worn, indistinct chasing either side of the stone.

"The man I took the ring from tried to kill me, when I wasn't expecting a thing," said Destin. "Do you notice, right next to the stone—"

Then George Turner was staggering, reeling, on the very edge of the stern, flailing his fishing rod for balance. The unexpected shove by Destin's left hand would have sent him overboard at once, except that he had tensed a little to hear Destin's story of killing the man; except that earlier that day a barracuda had staggered him by its savage strike, so that Turner had since kept himself braced when he held the rod.

In his wild gyration he saw that Destin's fist was cocked again, and behind it Destin's face was astonishingly savage. Turner smashed the heavy deep-sea reel on his rod against that face for he had succeeded in swaying inward on the boat. Then Destin wrenched the rod down, but Turner, on his feet again, whipped a fish knife from the sheath at his belt. It opened a red streak on Destin's arm, and Destin turned and jumped down into the cabin.

Turner gasped, trying to realize what had happened. It had been only a few bewildering seconds

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

since he was staring at Destin's ring, and now Destin was bleeding in the cabin. Turner stood in paralysis of fright, and then he thought of the revolver on a shelf below, and of Destin's hand snatching up the gun.

Turner raced forward in a panic to get off the boat, to dive and swim madly away. The sloop, its tiller free, was rounding into the wind, the sails shaking and banging. But it could come under control again in a minute, and follow and overtake him like a porpoise charging upon a fish. He slashed the main halyard. The big leg-of-mutton sail came down like a snowslide, a rotten topping lift broke, the boom was a thick club smiting the cabin roof. Destin was just coming up out of the hatchway when the boom struck his shoulder and knocked him below.

Turner slashed the jib halyard. The jib, on its slanting head stay, came down in a gentler folding fall.

The mainsail lay all over the hatchway like a great canvas rug, and the rug heaved up over a crawling form. George Turner delayed his departure one instant more, to run back and snatch the fishing rod. He swung the heavy reel down on the moving bulge and the bulge backed into the cabin.

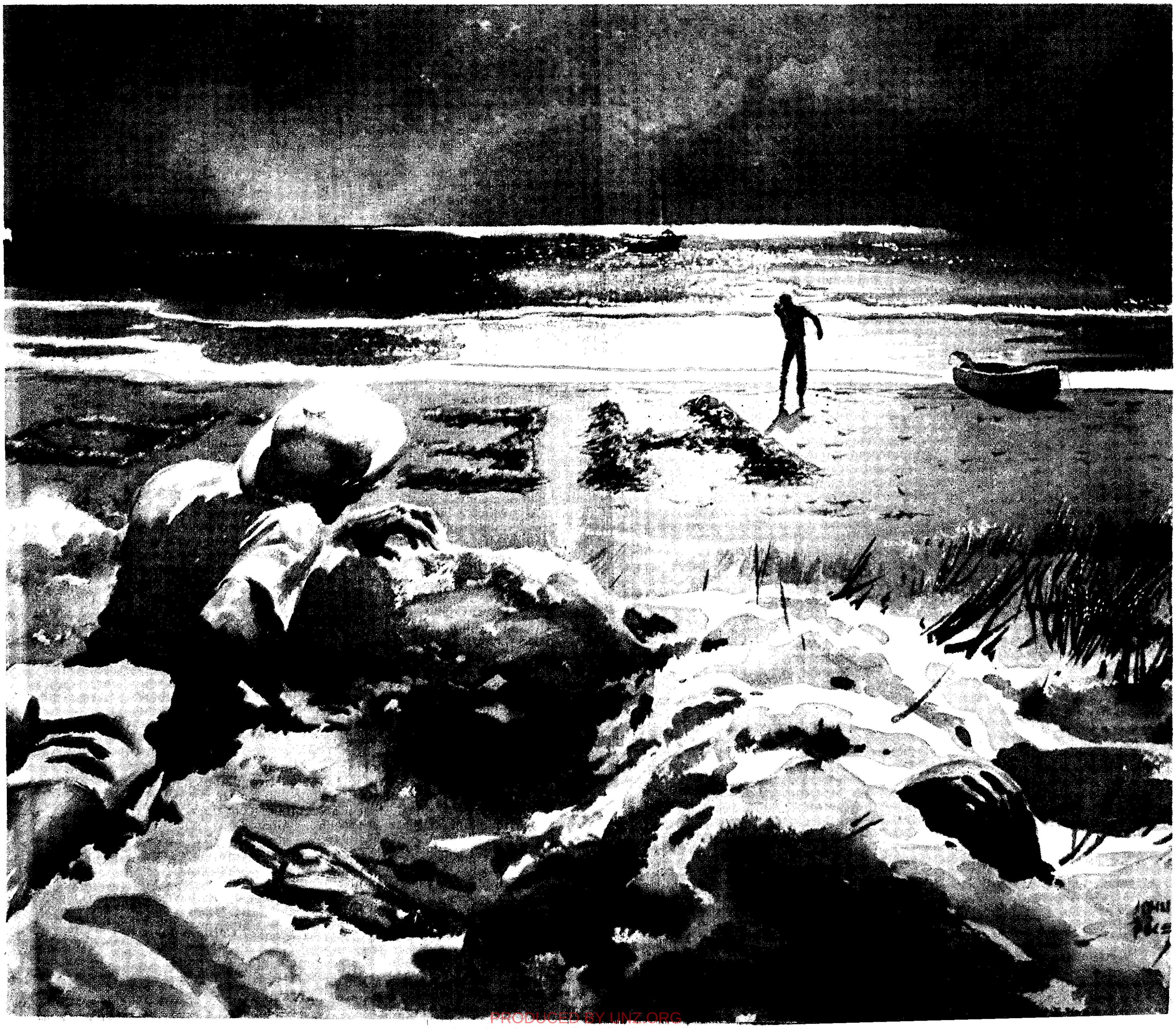
Then Turner in his fear went overboard. The water closed round him in a cool safe bath and swept some of his fright away. A strange crashing sound had entered his ears when he dove, because the cork helmet was still on his head, held by a strap under his chin. He had his glasses, too, hooked over his ears.

He swam furiously at first, and instinct told him to go upwind, because the sloop would be drifting away down the wind. When he looked back, the sloop was only a hundred yards away, a dark bulk. Though the night would not come for a while, the boat was dark because it lay against the red stain of sunset, in reddening water. Destin was not yet on deck.

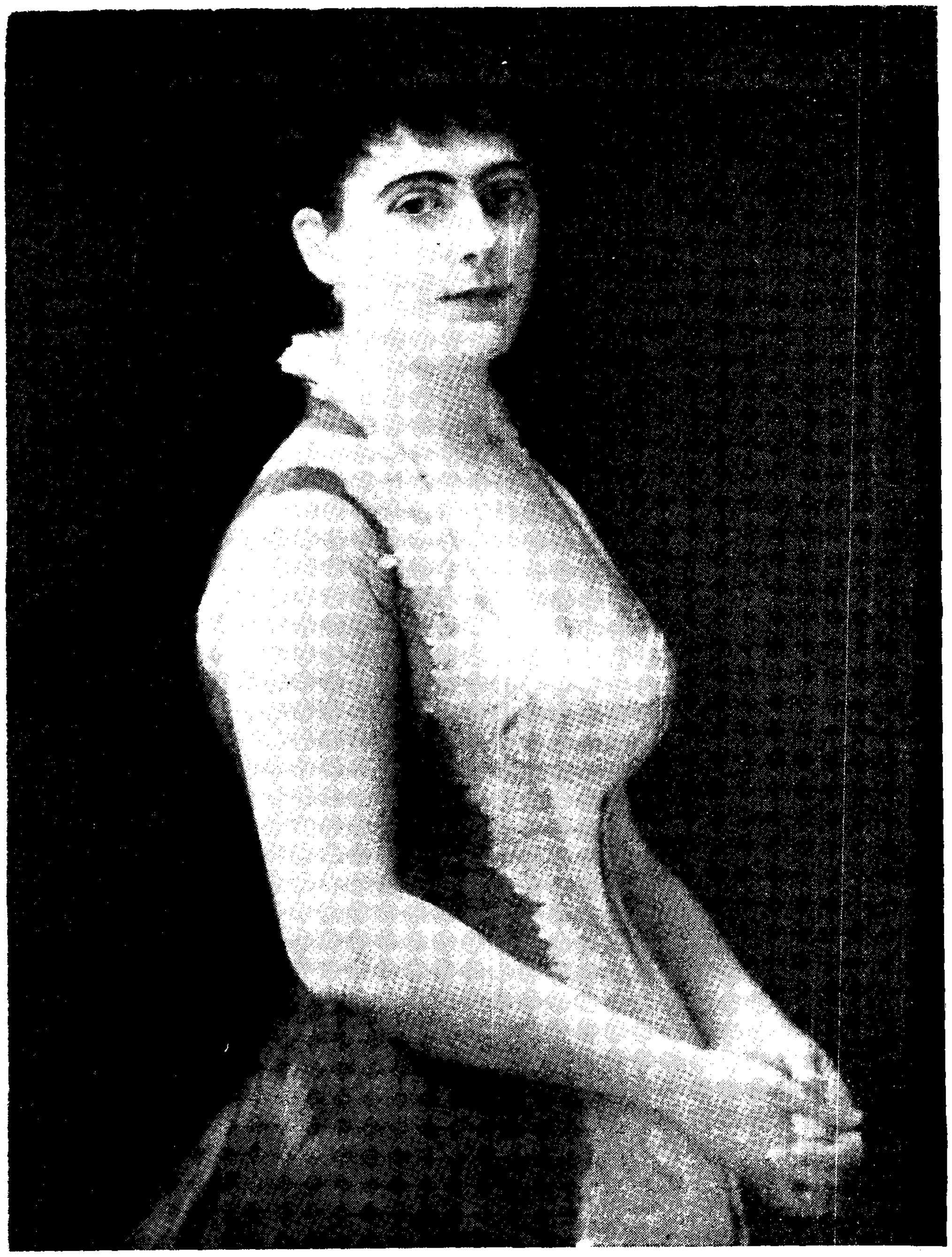
Turner sprinted again. A slow ground swell heaved and fell, like a leisurely breathing of the sea. A man would be hidden in the hollow, and Turner tried to stay there, but he could not swim quite fast enough, and so he went under in a dead man's float when he felt himself being lifted, and began to swim again when he was lowered. Out of breath, he trod water for another look. Destin was on deck, walking and turning slowly, no doubt searching the water. Farther away than Turner had expected, until he thought again of the downwind drift of the boat. The red was turning leaden on the water, and dulling in the sky.

Turner remembered the dinghy lashed upside down on deck, and he wished he were in it. There had been time—it seemed now—to get it overboard. Turner was bitter that he had not thought there was time. He could not even remember if he had thought of the dinghy at all; and the bitterness engulfed him and made him feel heavy and tired in the water. It was too late now to think of all the things he should have done. But Destin would not be treading out here in a thickening gloom. If it had happened to Destin, Destin would still be on the sloop, and the only man alive.

Turner wondered if Destin would come after him in the dinghy. Unless he came soon and fast, he would risk losing the sloop in the night. Unless—Turner's brain kept making quick snaps at the situation, like the snaps of a cornered dog—unless Destin should hang up a lantern first, so he could find the sloop again. Destin couldn't come after him in the sloop without a job of rigging first, because the severed halyards had *(Continued on page 95)*



"Are you here again?" called Turner. He seemed calm, waiting for Destin to come. But then he let Destin come almost too close, or the shot was lucky



CLAUDE W. HUSTON

Mrs. Mackay in her heyday, and as she looked shortly before her death. The portrait belongs to her granddaughter, Mrs. Irving Berlin. One afternoon in 1928 "Mrs. Bonanza" had tea served, smoked a cigarette and read the society news. "Thank goodness, I'm out of that!" she exclaimed. A few hours later she died

Mrs. Bonanza

They called her "Silver Queen" and they laughed at her ambition to become a society leader. This is the story of Mrs. John W. Mackay, who was lucky enough to have an enemy

BY HELEN WORDEN

ON THE white dining-room walls of Mrs. Irving Berlin's apartment in New York, overlooking Gracie Square, hangs the portrait of a beautiful woman. Her skin is a delicate olive, her eyes deep sapphire and her hair blue-black. Large diamonds sparkle in her ears. The curves of her figure are pleasantly revealed by a low-cut crimson satin brocaded ball gown of a fashion in vogue sixty years ago. The tilt of her head, the pose of her body and her indomitable smile suggest a great actress about to take a bow.

Was she the leading lady of some Berlin musical?

No. She was one of the most controversial and envied characters in Victorian society; controversial because she was the storm center of a feud which split society in San Francisco, New York, Paris and London; envied because she happened to be the wife of John W. Mackay, whose yearly income from his stake in Nevada's Comstock lode—the richest silver and gold deposit ever unearthed—amounted to a little under ten million dollars.

But if it hadn't been for an enemy, "Colonel" Charles William Bonynge (who, like Mackay, was an Irish immigrant and, like him, a miner who had struck it rich), she would probably have lived and died unnoticed. No Montagues and Capulets ever fought more vengefully than those two. When the feud reached its height—1886 to 1892—the "Colonel" was described in obviously subsidized news stories as a former stableboy, Scrooge of working girls, and husband of a convict's widow.

Mrs. Mackay did not go unscathed. She was derisively called in the order named, Mrs. Bonanza, Silver Queen, boardinghouse keeper and ex-washerwoman.

After this, the average Victorian would have taken to the Sierras. Not Mrs. Mackay and Mr. Bonynge. They fought it out with all the titles, palaces, crown jewels and parties their money could buy.

With the help of amused and interested descendants of both principals, contemporary news accounts and old records, the story is pieced together. The feud was Mrs. Mackay's life. It was the grain of sand that made the pearl in the oyster for her.

Irving Berlin never wrote music for a livelier comedy.

The crux of it was something the pair cared least to reveal—their California beginnings. Since the truth might never have been aired if Mrs. Mackay hadn't maneuvered a dinner in honor of the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) let's start with that party.

Until then international society didn't take this Western Silver Queen too seriously. It knew she by-passed New York in 1875 when that city's social St. Peter, Mrs. William Astor, hadn't heard her knock. It knew that, despite the purchase of the Shah of Persia's one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar pearls, a maharaja's French palace, the Czar of Russia's tapestries and a rumored attempt to buy the *Arc de Triomphe,* she had failed to crash Paris' social gates. It had been informed by the more exuberant society columnists that she had married off her sister, Evaline, to Count Telfner of Italy, and her daughter, Eva Bryant, child of a former marriage, to Prince Ferdinand Colonna of Galatro. It was vaguely aware that she had been presented to Queen Victoria by Lady Mandeville, the Cuban heiress, Consuelo Ysnaga, whose sister, Lady Lister-Kaye, taught the banjo.

Royalty Is Entertained

It also recalled that the night of her court bow three other Californians, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bonynge and Miss Virginia Daniels Bonynge were introduced by the United States Minister, Edward J. Phelps. However, since rich Americans had tried tactics similar to hers before without result, society paid little attention. Then the Court Journal of April 6, 1889, printed the following, and everybody took notice:

"Mrs. Mackay was honored by the presence of the Prince of Wales at dinner at her house in Buckingham Gate on April 3d."

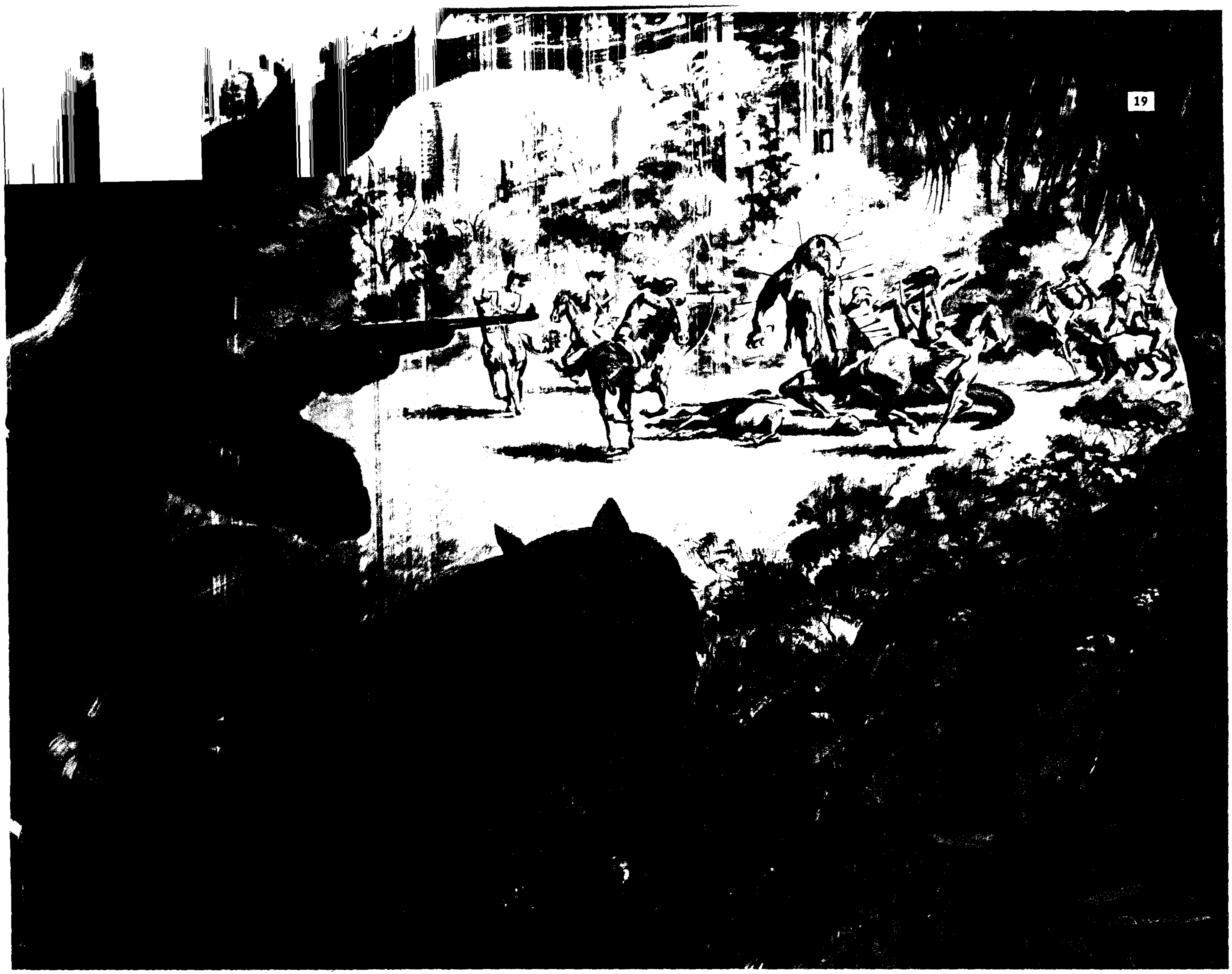
Mr. Bonynge and his family weren't there.

After a guest list of twenty-two, came two menus in French—one for the ordinary guests, the other (a bit more flossy) for the Prince and his retinue. It included the Prince's favorite dessert—*tartelettes aux fraises.* American banjo players supplied the dinner music. The theme of the decorations was floral—even to Mrs. Mackay. She wore a white satin gown made in Paris especially for the occasion, embroidered in lilies-of-the-valley in natural colors. She carried lilies-of-the-valley.

"The whole house was laden with the scent of roses," continued the Court Journal. "The flowers, arranged in one of Mrs. Green's newest designs, were simply superb."

It was rumored that Mrs. Mackay had spent thousands luring this Mrs. Green away from other hostesses. In gratitude, Mrs. Green went to town on the floral arrangements. In the dining room, priceless white orchids spilled out of white satin sacks (Mrs. Green called them *"sacs de fleur"*)

(Continued on page 58)



As the giant mink stood looking and sniffing, his pointed face dripping with blood, I fired a bullet into his chest, midway between his forelegs

THE BLAST

BY STUART CLOETE

A complacency-shattering preview of a world destroyed

The Story:

In the year 1967, AUTHOR STUART CLOETE, who has believed himself the only survivor of the Atomic War of October, 1947, sees, from a distance, two blond girls in the ruins of New York, where he has lived alone for twenty years. Realizing that a record of his life may now have some historical value, he sets out to chronicle the events that led up to the destruction of civilization: The Blast itself, his escape from death, and his adjustment to a completely new way of life—a primitive life in which he, an intelligent and literate man, is reduced to almost prehistoric circumstances. All the cities of the world have been demolished and their population destroyed by the Red Death, a disease caused by radioactivity. Bacteriological warfare has eliminated all who lived in rural areas. New York City has reverted to the animals: tigers roam the caverns of the city; strange new mutations of common animals have evolved—wild dogs and giant minks and wolves. The city is overgrown with lush jungle herbage.

The author and his wife, MILDRED, survived the initial explosion. From the safety of their penthouse in the theatrical district, they watched the multicolored mushroom of death blossom over lower New York. They were bewildered, waiting. They tried to be calm as they listened to the first hysterical screams that followed The Blast.

Conclusion

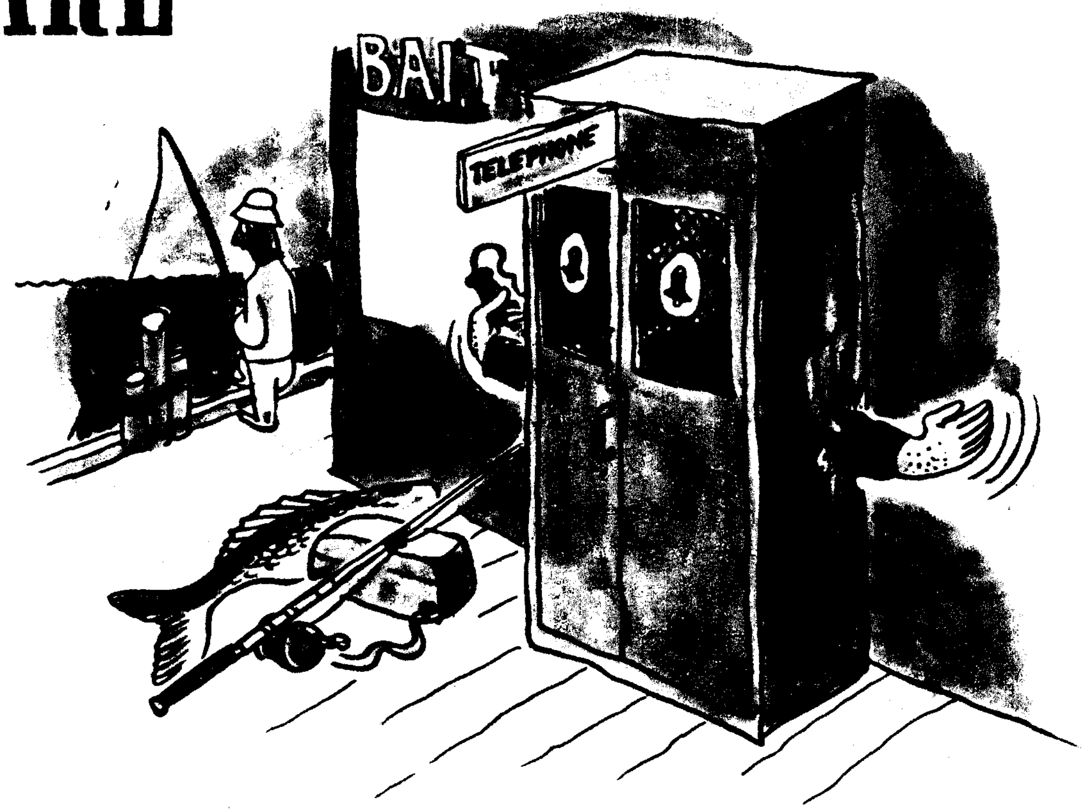
WE HAD a second cup of tea. I was surprised how very calm I seemed; my hand hardly trembled. That amused me, not because it showed my lack of fear but because it showed my ability to control most of it. Probably the only people who were not frightened at that moment were lunatics, to whom this must all have seemed very logical and predestined. Perhaps that is why I was not more frightened, having been classified, because I had expected something of this kind to happen, as a lunatic. I was, in a way, psychologically prepared for the end of the world, but there was little satisfaction in being able to say, "I told you so," and, at the moment, no one to whom I could say it except my wife, who always believed everything I said and thought me an altogether remarkable man, thus tempering the value of her criticism with the balmy breeze of her charm.

I went into the bedroom to try the telephone. The room was very smoky but not so bad as it might have been, for the wind had changed again. I did not know whom I was going to call. It was just that I wanted to see if the telephone worked. I had always hated the telephone—the network of copper threads that tied all civilized mankind together in a web of misunderstanding. If there had been no telephones and no airplanes and no electricity, there would have been no atomic bomb. I held the receiver to my ear. It was dead. No phone. That, after all, was not surprising after the failure of the electric light. But as the discovery of the telephone had been hailed as a great advance of our civilization, its end—for there was no doubt in my mind that it had ended—was a definite sign that our civilization was disintegrating. We were cut off from the world.

(Continued on page 69)

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVE MINK

FISHERMEN ARE CRAZY TOO



DRAWING BY VIRGIL PARTCH

Witness our addled hero, going forth on Opening Day to battle the Terrible Trout. And don't laugh—he means it

BY GEORGES CAROUSSO

A SURVEY made at one of the largest prisons in the country showed that although there were people from all walks of life behind its grim walls, there were no fishermen. This proves nothing about fishermen. The simple truth of the matter is that fishermen are too busy studying the habits of fish, tying flies, perusing weather charts, reading up on the experts, daydreaming, and once in a while fishing, to take the time out to case a bank or bash their wives over the head with a demijohn.

When criminal urges bore into the fisherman, does he go about like a normal human being, cutting up his mother-in-law into little pieces? Not on your life! He supplants her leering face with the mental image of a leaping trout. He turns his thoughts inward and finds the fisherman, and the fisherman is he, and he is standing with his feet in a roaring torrent, and with the cunning of his brain and the strength of his fingers he subdues a mighty trout. . . .

He is a phony, but if he admitted it his ego would fold up like an empty wader, and the jails would be full of him. He shrouds himself from any reasonable facsimile of truth by a set of elastic laws, flexible creeds, alibis, apologies and superstitions that would make the top medicine man in a tribe of head-hunters turn green with envy. He forgets the primary purpose of fishing, which is to catch fish. He reduces the odds in favor of the fish by using artificial bait, barbless hooks, and gossamer leaders, to such a point that if he fails to catch fish his ego will not suffer.

He frowns piously on any method of fishing which is simple and productive, like using worms, or a net, or patronizing a fish store, or doing a bit of fancywork with a can opener. He is a purist. Fishing is not *fishing*. It is a heroic epic, and he is the hero struggling with superhuman will against insurmountable odds. Fishing is an art. The Piscatorial Art. And he is a disciple and a patron and the artist himself.

Let's pick up a trout fisherman at random out of the millions throughout the nation, and see how he ticks. Take Mr. Walton, a big pleasant, ordinary sort of fellow whose only distinction is that, so far, he's kept himself out of jail.

It is a day in March. In the little cubbyhole of his office on the seventeenth floor, Mr. Walton is sitting at his desk. The door to his office opens, and Mr. Frisby, senior vice-president enters briskly. Mr. Frisby tosses a letter on Mr. Walton's desk. "*That*," he says, the thunder in his voice pierced by a cold sharp rain, "that is the rejection of our contract figures by Jones, Jones, Jones and Schimmelpfennig!" Mr. Walton opens his mouth, but before he can remind Mr. Frisby that the figures are Mr. Frisby's own, and that he only checked the estimate, Mr. Frisby is well along on his next sentence. "We will not tolerate this kind of failure, Walton! One more slip like this and you're through! Do you hear me?"

Not only Mr. Walton, but the whole outer office can hear him, and Mr. Walton knows it. His fingers twitch under his desk. A muscle at the base of his jaw begins to quiver. Many years ago, his opponents on the football field had learned to dread that quiver. His wife still dreads it. His dog low-tails for cover when he sees it. But not Mr. Frisby. "Ha!" says Mr. Frisby, and stalks from the room.

Mr. Walton sits for a few moments in stunned silence, then walks heavily toward the window, and leans on the sill. His is a special type of job, and if he loses it . . . He can end it all right now.

On the sill are the remains of the bird feed that Mr. Walton has been putting out all winter for the pigeons. Mixed in the kernels of cracked corn are two small gray pigeon feathers. They are fine feathers . . . just the right shade for a Whirling Blue Dun. The trout down at that pool on Alder Run are suckers for a Whirling Blue Dun.

Mr. Frisby's hateful voice is roaring beyond the thin partitions in the outer office. Mr. Walton does not hear. He is leaning back in his chair. His eyes are closed, his breath is coming in short, sharp hisses. His fingers holding the two pigeon feathers are trembling beneath the action of the imaginary rod as he fights the monster trout of Alder Run.

The next three weeks are spent by Mr. Walton in gathering his equipment, studying the weather maps, tying flies, re-reading all the experts on "Piscatorial Art," and planning his strategy. At the office, he spends more time looking at the calendar than at his reports, but there is a secret half smile on his lips. The equipment, of course, is the main time-consuming item on Mr. Walton's program. There are some trout fishermen who do all their trout fishing *vicariously by merely possessing* an infinite variety of equipment, mauling over it endlessly and never wetting a line. But not so Mr. Walton. He is a fishing fisherman, and prides himself that his equipment has been whittled down to the least practical minimum.

Battle Dress a Necessity

First, he checks on his trout-fishing uniform. Whoever heard of a knight without armor, a Robin Hood without a feather in his hat, or a D'Artagnan without a cloak? And what antagonist was ever more worthy of battle dress than the wily trout, whose legal size varies in most states but is usually six or seven inches?

For spring fishing, Mr. Walton dresses in chest-high, waterproof waders and hobnail brogues, and looks somewhat like a deep-sea diver without a helmet. For rocky, slippery streams, he uses felt-soled brogues, and during warm weather, hip boots instead of the waders. Above the waders, he wears a short fishing jacket which is really a double garment sewed here and there to make it a continuous mass of pockets. The back of the jacket is one immense pocket lined with oilcloth which can serve as a fish carrier. Mr. Walton never carries fish in it, but stuffs his lunch, vacuum, extra sweater and raincoat in it. This gives it an air of bulk which might fool other fishermen.

On one or two occasions, he also has used this pocket for an *alibi*. Every fisherman knows how easy it is to drop a slippery trout while trying to get it into this pocket, so once or twice, when Mr. Walton was driven to it, he has said, "There I had this beauty, and just as I was getting it into this blankety-blank pocket . . ." The jacket has a loop to act as a butt rest for the rod while changing flies, which is often. There is another loop for holding a bottle of fly-waterproofing liquid. There is a small piece of sheepskin sewed over one pocket on which to hang flies to dry. *The* fly that would have caught *the* trout usually gets brushed off this drier and lost.

Mr. Walton tops off this simple uniform with his fishing hat. He may or may not wear pants, depending on his state of absent-mindedness, but since these are worn inside the waders and do not show, they are not part of the uniform. But his hat . . . that is the beginning and end of pride and joy! Mr. Walton spends endless hours punching it out of shape and would break his wife's arm in three places if she threw it out.

Around the hatband, he hooks a variety of flies, jaunty plumes of his knightly estate. Usually, he puts on a couple of salmon flies, too. He can't afford to go salmon fishing, of course, but the other fishermen have no way of knowing that.

This completes Mr. Walton's uniform, except, of course, for his pipe. He is an inveterate cigarette smoker, but whoever saw a picture of a trout

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID AND HY PESKIN fisherman with a cigarette dangling between his lips, looking like Louie the Dip? No, Mr. Walton smokes a pipe. It blisters his tongue so that he can't stand the sting of toothpaste that night; he loosens a couple of teeth every time his arms knock against it; at least twice a day he has to fish it out of an eddy; he has yet to solve the problem of how to fill it and light it while holding a tobacco pouch, a rod, and a waterproof matchbox with a screw top. But he smokes a pipe.

With his uniform complete, Mr. Walton has but a few necessary little articles to collect. The pockets of his jacket are limited to a handkerchief, tobacco, matches, a pack of cigarettes to sneak a smoke now and then on the sly, special glasses for underwater vision, a bottle of insect repellent with a leaky top, a small bottle of ammonia for the bites of insects that aren't repelled, a leather book with felt pages for wet flies, another one for bucktails and streams, a leader case, a transparent box, compartmented for dry flies, a similar box with compartments containing hooks, split shot, strip lead, a lucky penny, cement, spinners, a Chinese yen, a few swivels and a thimble. Mr. Walton has no idea what the thimble is doing there, but he leaves it.

Pocketsful of Gadgets

His pockets are further limited to a stiletto for opening the varnish-plugged eyes of flies, a fishing knife, a wader-patching outfit, three sticks of chewing gum, and a reel with the line dressed differently from whichever line on whichever reel he is using at any given moment. This is equally confusing to you and to Mr. Walton, but if he is fishing wet flies, he must use a reel with line that sinks, and if he is fishing dry flies he must use a reel with line that floats. Also, he must carry amadou for drying out flies, a ruler, so he will not take fish below the legal size, a scale for weighing fish (without witnesses), a thermometer for testing water temperatures . . . and a fisherman's version of a blackjack for quickly dispatching unruly trout with a sharp blow on the head.

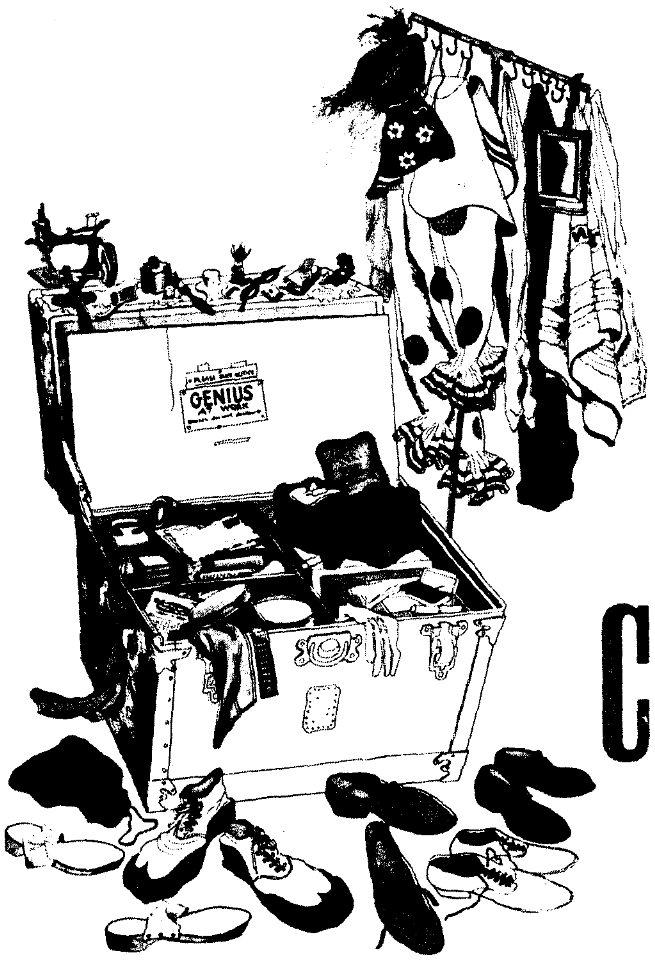
There are only three other minor items of equipment which Mr. Walton must carry. A rod, complete with line and reel, a landing net and a creel. Such items as cameras, notebooks, first-aid kit, and a flask of snake-bite antitoxin are obvious and need no mention. His rod must conform to the type of fishing he intends to do. Mr. Walton uses a "soft" action rod for his wet-fly fishing, and a "stiff" action for dry-fly fishing. All trout fishermen do, unless they can also afford "medium soft" or medium stiff," which only complicates matters.

The landing net, which is an instrument with a personality and will of its own, has baffled Mr. Walton for many years. Basically, it is a hoop with netting like a tennis racket with a deep sag in it, attached to his person by a snap swivel on its handle and a ring sewn on his jacket. If it hangs down front, it gets in the way of his casting arm, or tangles up between his legs and trips him neatly into the deepest part of the pool. If it hangs down his back, he has to contort himself into a figure eight to undo the snap from

(Continued on page 67)

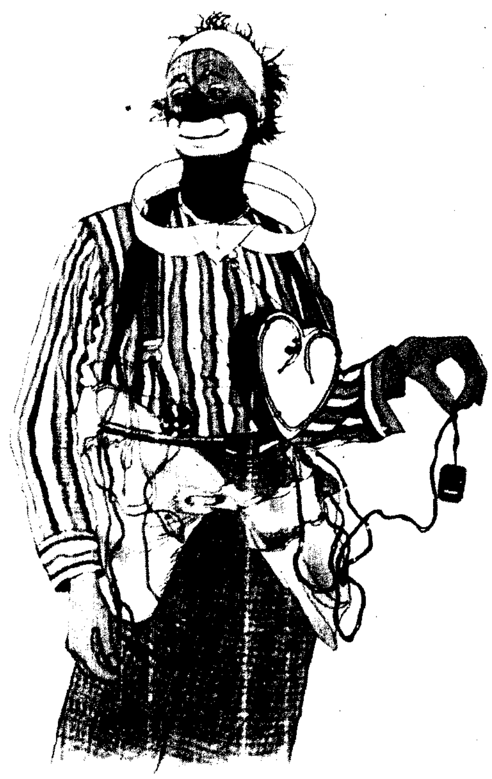
Our over-gadgeted hero, perplexed but pleasantly surprised, will have a real fish story to tell tonight

TEXT AND DRAWINGS BY
WILLIAM BALLANTINE

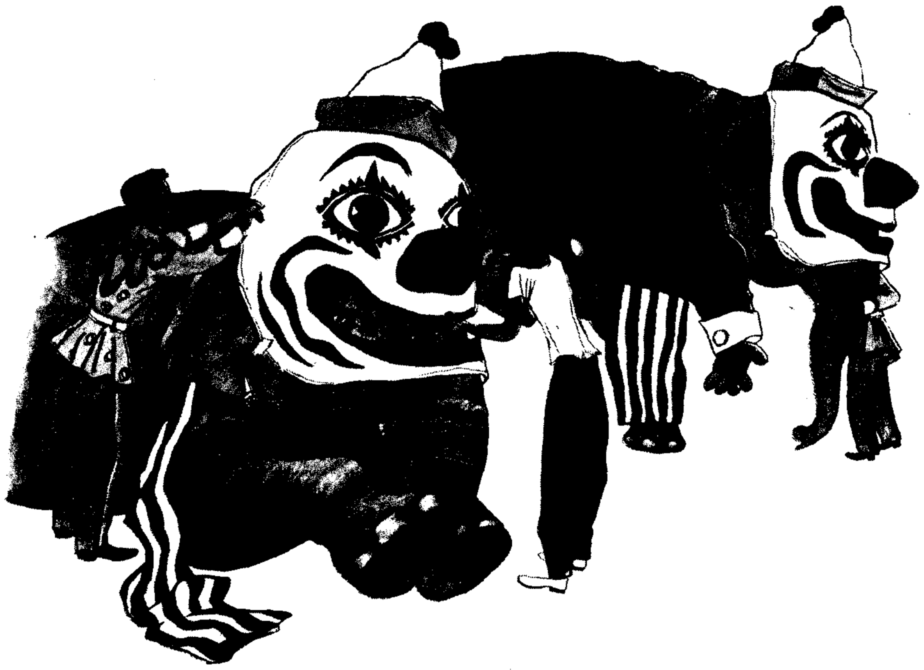


IT'S A CLOWN'S LIFE

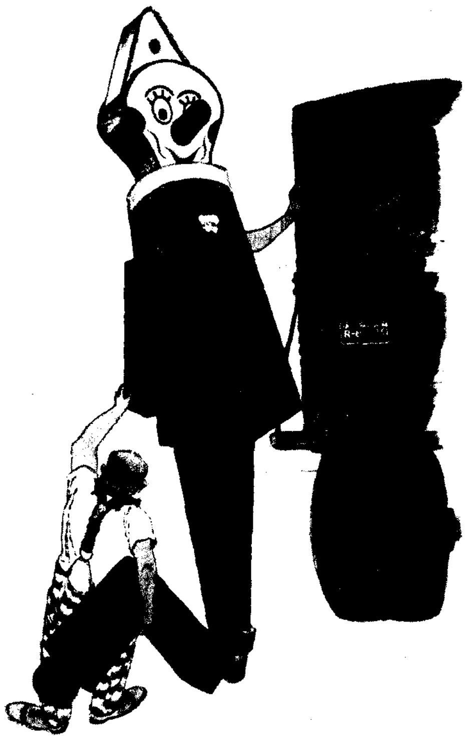
One of America's most vivid migratory mammals is the clown. First seen in the North at Madison Square Garden, he tours the country during summer, then winters in Florida. Here he is, drawn in color



A behind-costume power plant lights up Paul Jerome's neon heart. He often uses his nose as a flashlight to hunt props in his trunk at night



Elephant boys dress their ponderous charges as clowns. The heads were built by Paul Wenzel, a clown who is expert at collapsible wire-and-cloth constructions. Another clown, Paul Jung, makes most of the oversize papier-mâché heads used in the circus

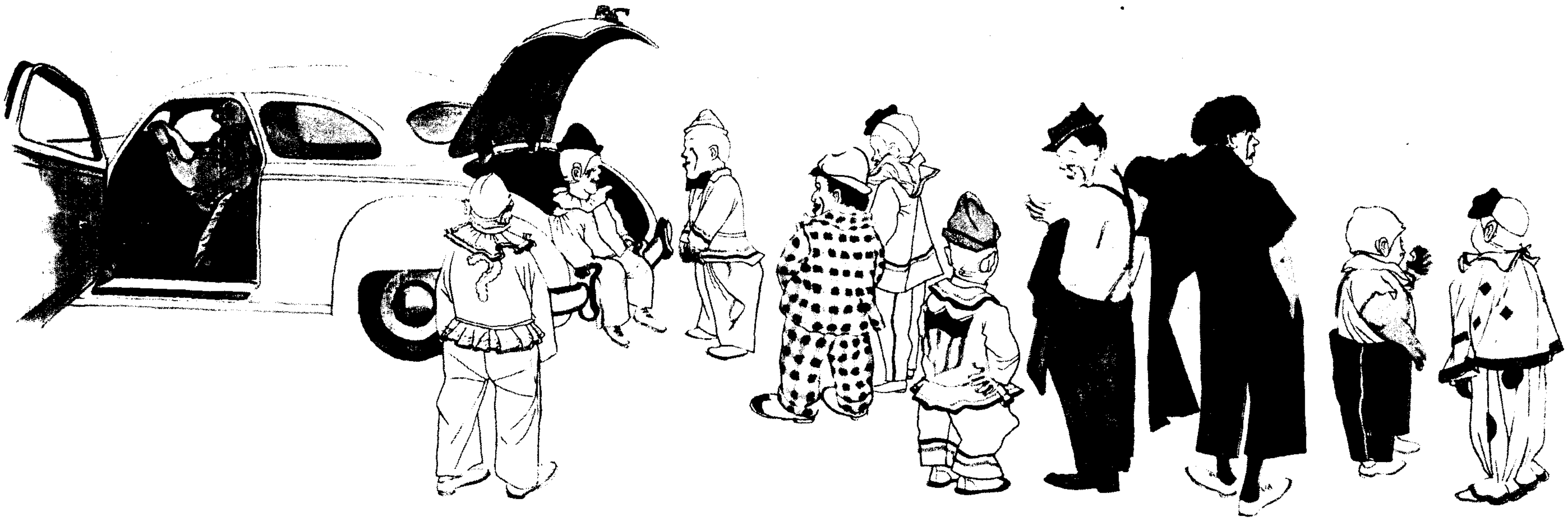


Harry Nelson helps a clown into a stilt toy man. The Nelson Brothers walk a mile on stilts every day

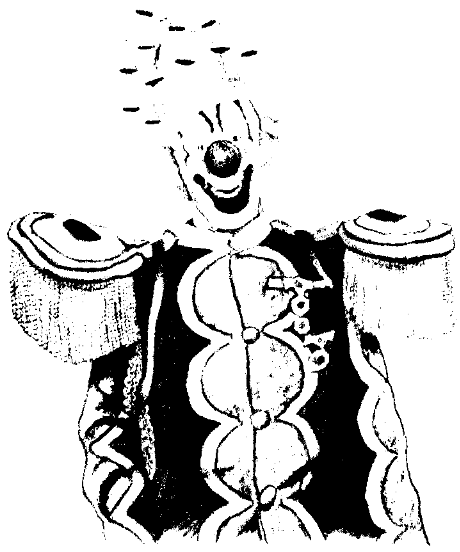
Arthur Burson's been with 34 circuses and tent shows. His favorite characterization is a take-off on three spinster sister acquaintances in Texas

Sad-faced Emmett Kelly's biggest worry is holding his glad rags together. On rainy days he has to change to a garb that's somewhat less fragile

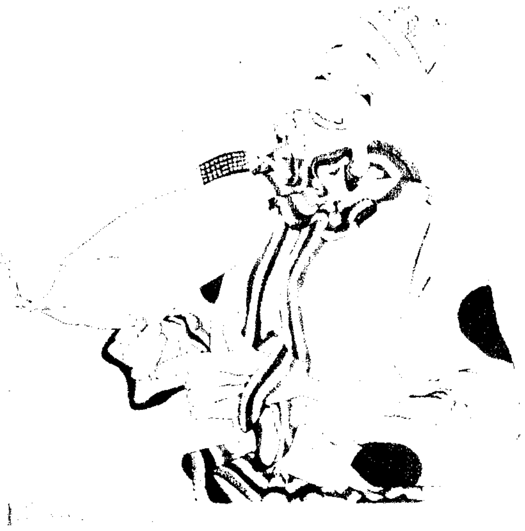
The Continental flavor comes to Clown Alley in the person of Toby Jorio, from Belgium. The false mustache and misfit suit, however, are American



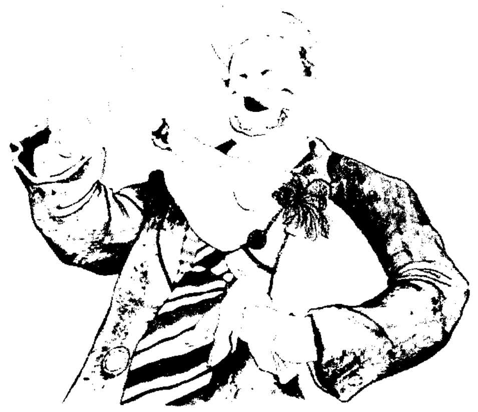
Clowns believe a gag once funny is always funny. Here they get ready for the familiar old-timer, in which two dozen clowns emerge from an ordinary coupé. A clown once got the idea at a football game when he saw a bunch of college boys get out of an old jalopy. At one time the gag also included a mule, but it got too frisky for comfort when some of the clowns took to tickling it en route



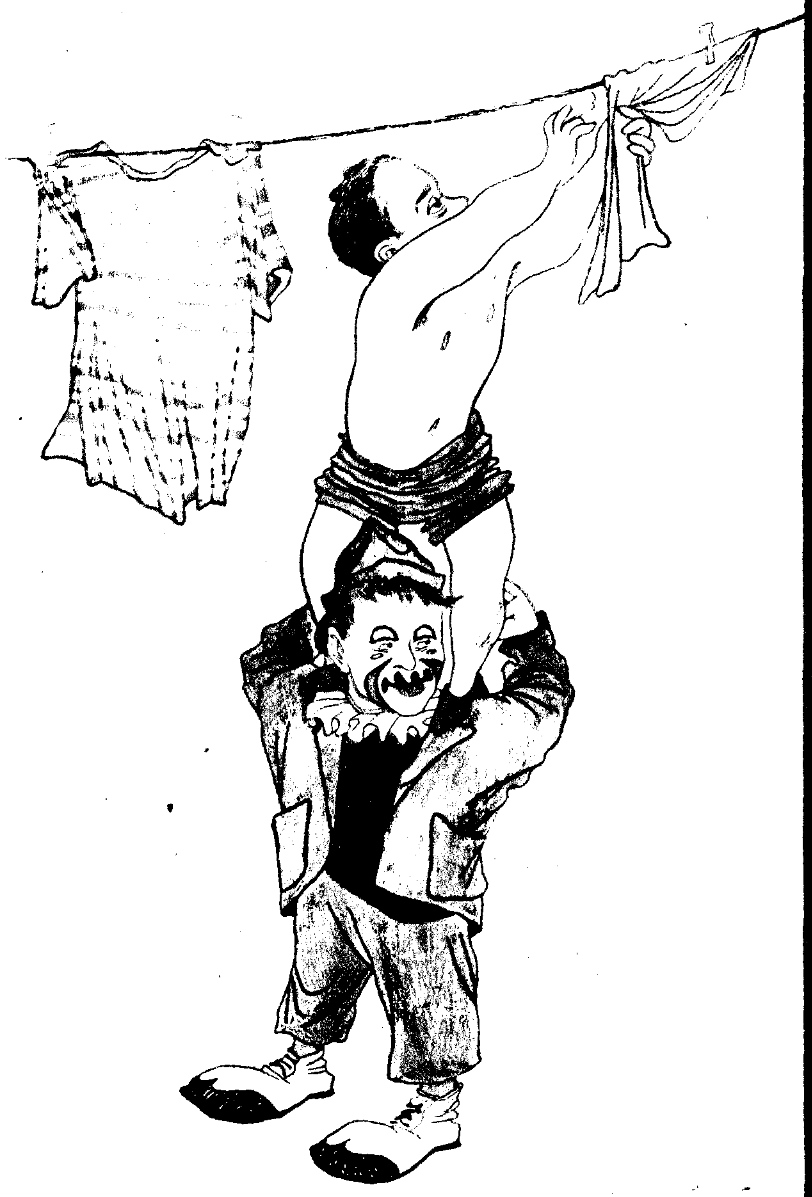
Lou Jacob's clown nose is a rubber ball



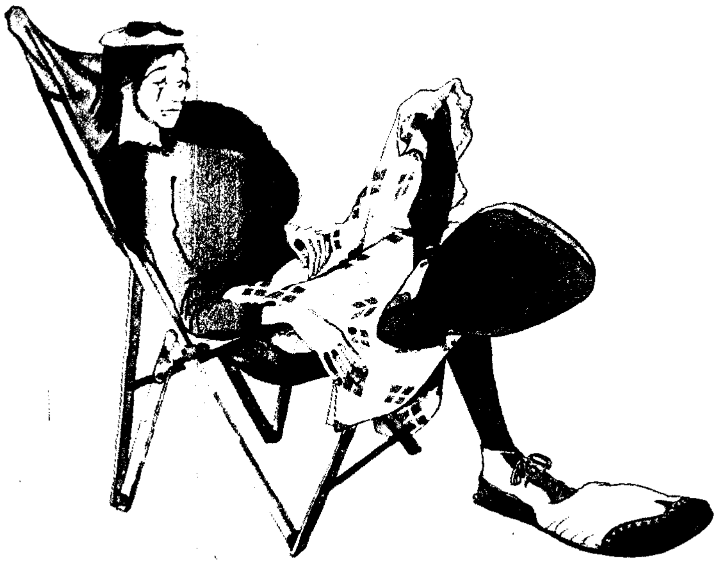
Harry Dann has a duck partner, Louie



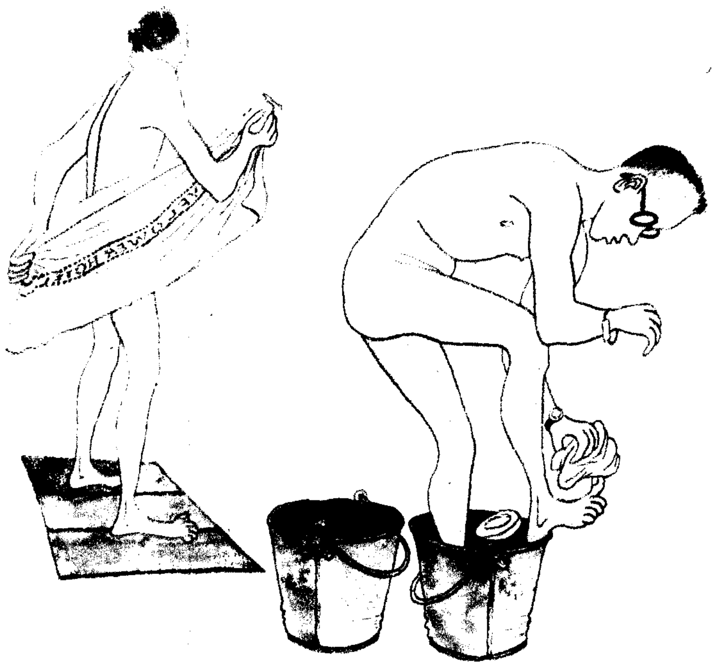
Felix Adler plays nursemaid to piglets



Every day is washday at the circus, and you might think it would pose problems for the midgets. But not in Clown Alley. If one midget can't reach the clothesline, two midgets will



The most boring part of clowning is waiting to go on. Bob Kellogg takes a big load off his feet, reclining in his circus folding chair



The clown's bathtub is a bucket and the water is cold. But sometimes it rains and the tent leaks. Then he can revel in a good old shower

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WAS NUREMBERG JUSTIFIED?

Continued from page 15

believe, but because they started it, and because they conducted it with a barbarism and *Schrecklichkeit* which Germany had renounced. Those American officers who, because of this precedent, worry about their fates in case the United States should lose a future war may come to realize that trial is their one guarantee that reason will stay the hand of vengeance. No one ever heard Napoleon's side of the story.

One can but wonder whether the unadmitted assumption of some critics of Nuremberg is that the United States should have remained legally free to wage a war of aggression. The irresponsible talk of using the atomic bomb in a "preventive war" is allied with this school of thinking. Yet those same people for whom the right of honest self-defense is not enough are glad that other nations are obligated, on pain of criminal penalties, not to wage aggressive war. They seem to feel that international law should be a one-way street binding all other states but not ourselves.

No Nation "Wins" a Modern War

But the ruin that lies today from the Rhine to the Oder is witness that no nation really "wins" a modern war, and least of all an aggressor. It is hard to see any injustice in the law which would hold American as well as German officials accountable for such criminal folly.

Besides the fanatics and special pleaders there are other detached critics who argue that the monstrous evils of the Nazis should have been dealt with somehow, but not by trial. One suggested alternative was to have let the Germans try their own leaders. This was the procedure adopted by the Allies after the first war, with farcical results. Out of a total of 896 accused listed by the Allies, only twelve were ever brought to trial, only six were convicted, and of these, several never served their sentences. And in the deNazification courts today the Germans are not eager to launder Germany's dirty linen.

Another suggested alternative was to have liquidated the top Nazis by political executions. But Americans have never believed anything is to be gained by executing anybody, even Nazi saboteurs who land on our shores in the midst of war, without hearing both sides. It was, among other things, a desire to be certain that we executed "only the right men and for the right reasons" that led the American government to decide on a trial.

But for those who still believe that the trial was not quite on the level, it may be useful to examine some of the chief criticisms.

First, as Senator Taft and others have alleged, the trial was "illegal" and "unconstitutional" because based on ex post facto law. The theory is that at the time the Nazis' wars of aggression were waged there was no law declaring such wars criminal, and that it is unjust to change the rules afterward. But nineteenth-century examples of the "legal" method of executive disposition, accorded to Napoleon I and the Chinese Boxers, are quite irrelevant, for the argument ignores twentieth-century changes in international law.

Following the Kellogg-Briand Pact of 1928, in which 63 nations including Germany, Italy, and Japan renounced recourse to war, a series of treaties and resolutions was adopted specifically declaring that "a war of aggression constitutes an international crime." The very minimum consequence of those solemn undertakings must have been to remove from those who launch an aggressive war the defense that they are engaged in a legitimate enterprise. Thus, killings in the course of such a war are no longer legally justifiable but simple murder.

The technical point is made that those treaties did not specifically provide for the criminal punishment of individuals. This is like arguing that although there was murder there was no murderer. But the various Hague and Geneva conventions on the laws of warfare also do not expressly provide that violators may be punished, and yet individuals have been tried and executed in two wars because there is no other effective way of enforcing those laws.

Even those who cry ex post facto as to aggressive war do not question the accepted practice of individual punishment for war crimes. Yet the authority for exacting personal penalties is exactly the same in the case of aggression as it is for atrocities. If it is legal to punish individuals for the one class of crimes, then it cannot be less legal to do so in the other class.

In its popular, catch-word usage, the ex post facto objection is essentially an objection that this has never been done before. But the reason for prohibiting ex post facto law is that a man should be protected in relying on the law as it was at the time he acted. For, as Blackstone put it, if he knew that an act was criminal at the time when he did it, he would have abstained from it. But the Nazis did not rely on the law as it was or in fact on any law. They defied all law. They abstained from *nothing*. Law to them was merely a propaganda device to be invoked when it helped and to be ignored when it condemned what they wanted to do. "Success," wrote Hitler in Mein Kampf, "is the only test of right and wrong." "In starting and making a war," he told his generals, "not the right is what matters, but victory."

Nazis Knew Their Obligations

After Secretary Stimson's nonrecognition doctrine, and after repeated American condemnations of Japanese and Italian aggression, the Nazis were well aware of their obligations under international law. The Nuremberg testimony disclosed that the only reason they did not openly denounce treaties which they planned to violate was that they wished the benefit of compliance by other countries.

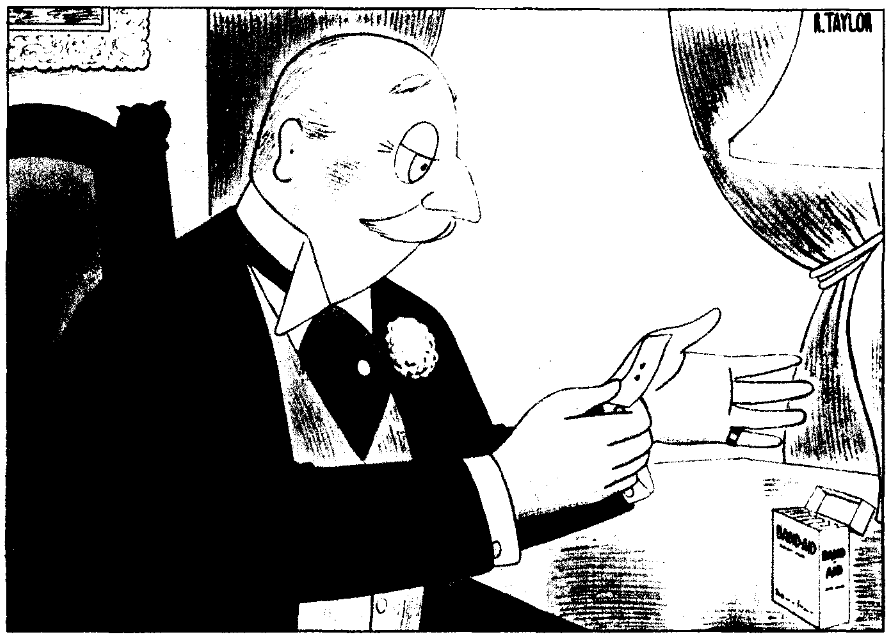
The armed forces were instructed to violate international law whenever advantageous to do so, and the Propaganda Minister was given a list of devious explanations to broadcast in case of protest. The Nazis' awareness of the criminality of their deeds was accurately stated by Hans Frank, who jestingly remarked: "We are all on Mr. Roosevelt's list of war criminals; I am Number One."

The Nazis always knew what the law was. What they did not know was that we would finally rouse from our slumber, catch them, and enforce the law. Thus, the real novelty of Nuremberg was the establishment of a court to try them.

Yet even if this were ex post facto law, which it is not, three important points should be noted: First, our Constitutional prohibition cannot be invoked to shield the Nazis, who, incidentally, never recognized that principle of law in their own regime. Long ago the Supreme Court made it clear that the ex post facto prohibition was intended to protect the liberties of American citizens only. Second, the Nuremberg law can have no "corrosive effect" on American law since Nuremberg applied not the law of any country, but international law.

Precisely, the reason why the Nuremberg court was made a military tribunal

All pipes aren't Briar!



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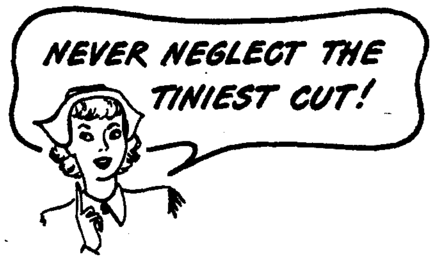
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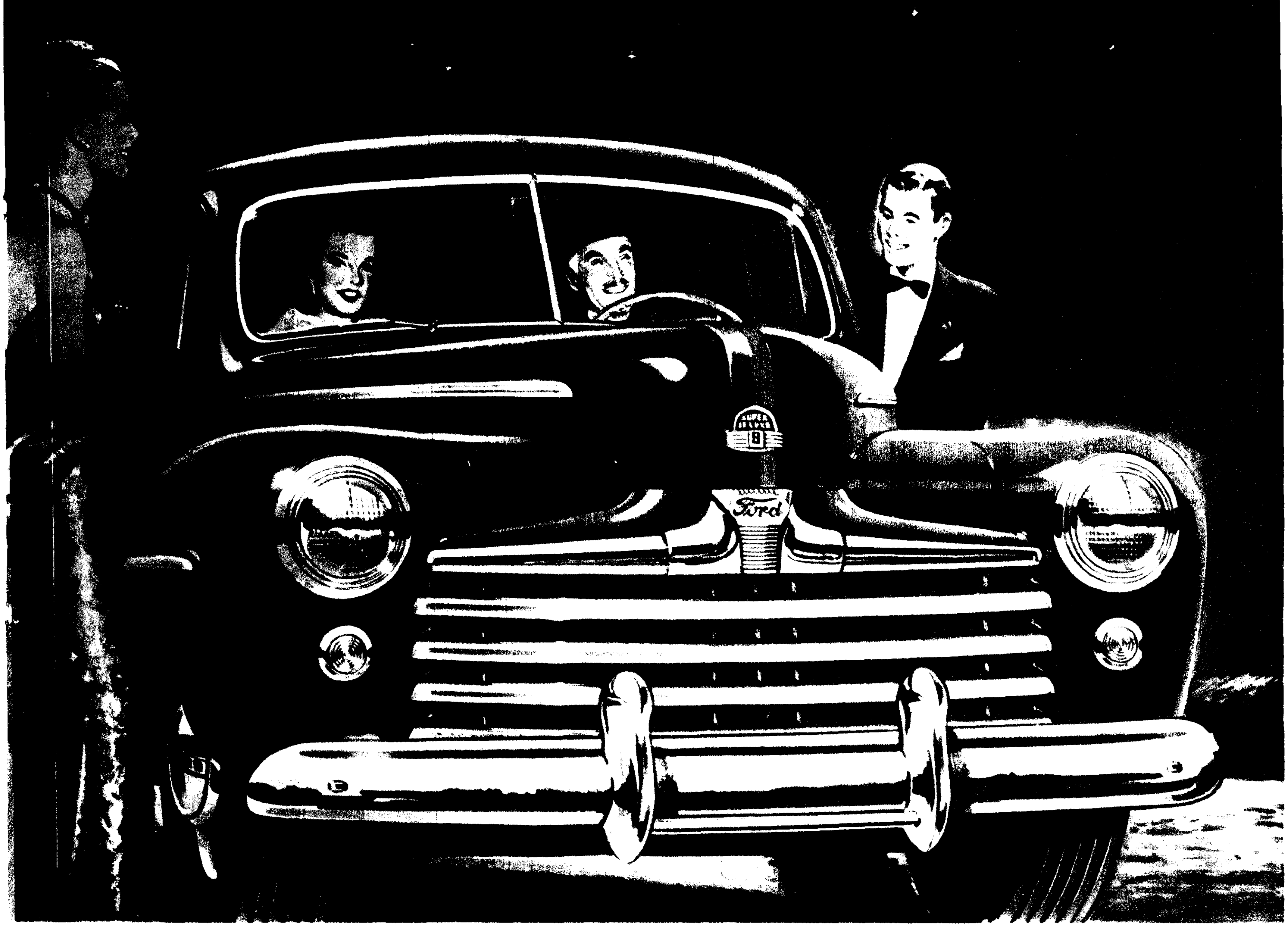
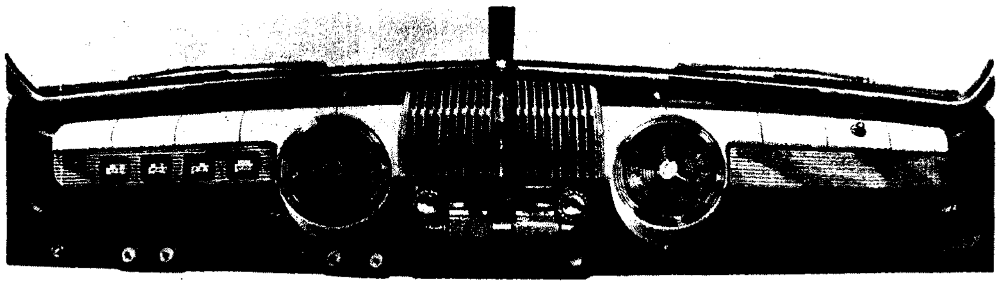
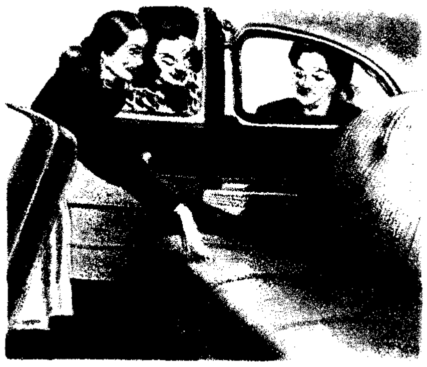


Spring's smartest styling...inside and out!



Any way you look at it, today's Ford is by far the smartest car in the low-priced field. One look and you know it's got *style* . . . from stem to stern . . . inside and out!



With all these new style features . . . A newly styled instrument panel with big new dials for easy reading . . . new body colors . . . new front-end appearance . . . new stainless steel body molding . . . new hood medallion . . . newly fashioned door handles . . . new wheel rims and hub caps . . . new heavier bumper guards—And many other new features!

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There's a FINER Ford in your future

was so that domestic law would not be affected by its rulings, any more than by the decisions of courts-martial. And thirdly, even if this law were retroactive, it may be justified on grounds of practical morality. For it was far better for the future to condemn the Nazis than to confess by inaction that the solemn international treaties of two decades had no meaning. That would have pointed the way for another generation of international anarchy.

Another frequent criticism is that the trial will not prevent future wars. None of us at Nuremberg ever claimed it would. Laws cannot prevent war any more than laws can eliminate murder. All that law—or diplomacy or power politics—can do is to make it clear to rulers contemplating aggression that the risks are too great to take.

Heretofore those risks were the consequences of defeat to the conquered nation, but they never involved the ruler personally, because heads of state were supposed to have immunity. But from now on, the risks of war are very personal to those who start it.

The "Neutral Judges" Dilemma

The third chief criticism is the allegation that the Nazis did not have a fair trial. One publication calls the tribunal a "political court" because the victors sat in judgment on the vanquished without the presence of neutral judges. Let it be said at once that if it had been practicable it would have been highly desirable to have chosen some of the judges from neutral countries. But the wars waged by the Nazis and their confederates were world-wide and left few real neutrals. There were good grounds for believing that all the ostensible neutrals save Turkey and one or two Middle Eastern states had in varying degrees aided the Axis cause.

But the presence of Turkish or Middle Eastern judges would have added another tongue to a proceeding already complicated by the translation of every word into four languages. It would have created the further difficulty of amalgamating the Islamic law into a charter which had striven mightily in order to *reconcile three different legal systems.* The decision to limit the court to the four major Allies was reached in good faith and because of insurmountable obstacles.

Yet the absence of neutrals did not mean that the court was rigged to convict. Nor is there any substance to the fantastic rumors that there was a special deal with the Russians to condemn certain defendants and release others. The cynics may say that Schacht, Von Papen, and Fritzsche were acquitted only as a face-saving device. Actually, the release of those men testified to an impartiality in the judges.

Whatever else one may think of the verdict, it railroaded no one. Its most remarkable feature was its leniency.

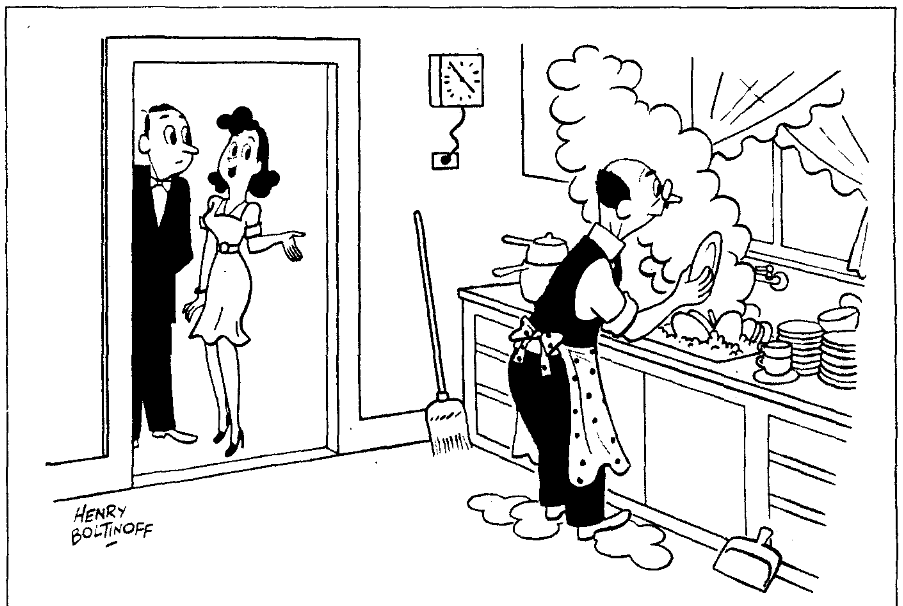
There are those who contend that there was a lack of fairness because the accused had no real opportunity to defend themselves. As Dr. Shuster puts it, "The truth was not allowed to emerge." The facts utterly demolish this charge. Long before the trial started Justice Jackson laid down the basic conditions which must be observed if the trial was to be entitled to credit: "You must put no man on trial if you are not willing to hear everything relevant that he has to say in his defense . . . if you are not willing to see him freed if not proven guilty."

The American prosecution leaned far backward in providing every possible facility to aid the accused in preparing their defense. In fact, the assistance given the Nazis exceeded by many times that which is granted an American citizen on trial in an American court under the Constitution. This was a measure not of the Allies' weakness but of the strength of their cause. For the case against the Nazis was built not on the testimony of their foes but on their own records.

To begin with fundamentals, the defendants were accorded a presumption of innocence, were permitted to testify in their own behalf and to address the court, and were not required to testify against their will—four privileges unknown to their own law. Each was permitted counsel of his own choice, and for those who chose none, counsel was provided from among the most eminent members of the German bar. Some of the lawyers chosen by the defendants were unregenerate Nazis. They were permitted to plead without hindrance or prejudice.

Defense counsel were given numerous legal and secretarial assistants, and generous office space and equipment. They were housed, fed, transported, and paid a fee equivalent to $3,000 in American money, all by their late enemies. They were allowed to hold press conferences, at which they frequently denounced the trial. No restrictions were placed upon them although some consistently obstructed the court, and others abused their privileges by disseminating propaganda tracts sneering that "the only good American is a dead American."

When they took the witness stand, the defendants were given extraordinary latitude to say whatever they wished. Almost uniformly they wandered off on windy harangues. They were even allowed to make countercharges, and accusations against Russia, Britain, France, and the United States. The forbearance of the Allied representatives was some-



"Go ask Dad if you can marry me. It's not necessary but it'll give him a lift!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

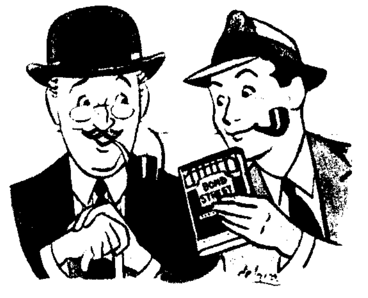
"I didn't get the name," says the fella from Boston"

As reported by The Old Conductor

WHEN TOM LIT HIS PIPE the fragrance was so tantalizin' it broke the reserve of that Boston fella: "Er, I say—smells mighty good."

"SMELLS FRAGRANT...smokes rich, full-bodied," replied Tom. "Here, try some." The Boston fella inhaled deep, and sighed in bliss.

THEN, ZINGO . . . he realized his Back Bay social error . . . borrowing from a stranger. "Er," he blushed, "I didn't get the name."



"BOND STREET," said Tom. "Made by Philip Morris. Contains a rare aromatic tobacco." And that fella *still* doesn't know *Tom's* name.

CONDUCTOR
BOND STREET
PIPE TOBACCO
Philip Morris & Co.

"change to BOND STREET . . . for fragrant smoking!"

Made by the special PHILIP MORRIS PROCESS

Seagram's
7
Seven Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY

In Flowery Language

BUT NO—let's have no bouquet of words. Because all you need to know about 7 Crown is that this is Seagram's *finest* American whiskey...with true pre-war quality in every drop.

Seagram's *Seven Crown*

SEAGRAM'S FINEST AMERICAN WHISKEY...DESIGNED FOR YOUR PLEASURE

Say **Seagram's** *and be* **Sure**
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WALKING ON AIR...

'til we tripped on a cloud

Jean and I thought my new job and our beautiful baby had made our lives blissfully complete, until I discovered one dark cloud in our private little sky.

The boys at the office had been discussing Social Security, and I suddenly realized that if anything happened to me, Jean would never have enough to make ends meet. It worried me . . . enough to ask my boss what he thought I should do.

"Do what I did years ago," he said. "Let someone from The Mutual Life set up a sound life insurance program for you. That's their specialty."

So I followed his advice, and had a Mutual Life representative explain their "Insured Income" Service. He showed me how Social Security provides the first step in a financial program, but is not nearly enough in itself. With the chart he prepared, it was easy to see how I could assure my family a really adequate income, by teaming up Social Security with life insurance.

I found that a few dollars, saved regularly, would guarantee Jean the kind of security I'd want her to have . . . her own home, free and clear, and monthly checks she and our daughter could depend on.

Brother, that did it . . . Social Security *plus* Mutual's "Insured Income" Service! Now we're walking on air again, and this time for keeps.

* * *

Why not make a date soon with the Mutual Life representative in your community?

FREE Social Security HELPS

How much do you know about the Social Security for which you are now paying? Mail coupon for easy-to-read booklet explaining your future benefits from Social Security. Included is a convenient file for official records you will need to avoid costly delay in collecting your Social Security benefits.

This offer is made only to residents of the United States.

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VETERANS: KEEP YOUR GOVERNMENT LIFE INSURANCE!

thing over which even the defendants came to marvel.

The statistics are illuminating. Whereas the prosecution called 37 witnesses, the defense was permitted to call 102. The prosecution case lasted 74 days, while the defendants were allowed to talk for 133½ days, or almost twice as long. In the face of all this, to assert that the Nazis got a dose of their own ruthless medicine is to trifle with the truth.

Another aspect of the question of fairness is involved in the criticism that the Russians, whose hands were stained with the same guilt as the Nazis, had no business judging the Germans. The Soviet guilt is beyond denial or excuse. By secretly agreeing on the advance partitioning of Poland in 1939 the Russians made themselves partners in the Nazi crime.

Cruelties of Muscovite Origin

The Soviet record on slave labor is probably on a par with German practices. The Nazi techniques of terrorism, persecution of political opposition, and concentration camp all had a Muscovite origin. These things were never minimized by the American prosecutor. Justice Jackson felt from the beginning that presence of the Russians in the case would probably provoke criticism. And yet there were overriding considerations why they could not be excluded.

In the Moscow Declaration of November, 1943, Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin pledged that the major war criminals would be punished by "the joint decision" of the Allies. Thus, we were bound to dispose of the top Nazis jointly with the Russians. The word of the United States had been given, not without reason, and to have ignored that commitment would have been an inexcusable act of bad faith. Moreover, by encouraging Soviet suspicions of the West at a time when we still had the Japanese war to win, it might have had repercussions jeopardizing our own security.

But the Moscow Declaration only required "joint decision." It did not state what that decision should be. Thus, there was plenty of room for negotiating. Accordingly, Justice Jackson made it clear to the Russians that he was prepared to reach an agreement only if it contained certain important guarantees for a fair defense and of a real trial on the evidence before an independent court. Secretary Byrnes, with whom the justice conferred at the Potsdam Conference, agreed that on no other basis could we accept the Russians as teammates. When the Soviets balked at the Jackson conditions, the justice intimated that the United States might have to try its own prisoners in its own way by itself.

This was of course the last thing the Russians wanted, for the American Army was in possession of nearly all the leading Nazis. For weeks they had been promising their people to bring Goering and the others to justice. They finally agreed to the Jackson requirements, and to their credit it must be said that they faithfully lived up to them.

Throughout the trial the American prosecution made it plain that the Russians were on their own when it came to defending Soviet actions. When in the indictment the Russian prosecutor described Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia as parts of the U.S.S.R., Jackson noted in a reservation that the United States had never recognized Soviet sovereignty over those territories, which had been acquired by force.

On another occasion the justice bluntly warned his Russian colleague that in the case of expected Nazi countercharges against the Soviets, he could not be expected to join in seeking the exclusion of any relevant evidence. It was up to each nation, knowing its own position best, to keep its skirts out of the mud. The Russians agreed, and in the case of numerous counterattacks defended themselves, often very ably as in the dispute over the Katyn Forest massacres. Thus, far from any attempt to cover up for the Russians, the whole effort was to get at the truth regardless of embarrassment to any of the prosecuting nations.

The sins of Soviet Russia do not make the Nazis any less guilty. And against the disadvantages of Russian participation in the trial, one great advantage must not be overlooked. It is a significant achievement in the present state of world affairs that the Soviet Union is unequivocally committed to the proposition that a war of aggression is a crime for which the responsible statesmen may be hanged. Without the embarrassing presence of the Russians in the Nuremberg courtroom that great advance would undoubtedly not have come about.

The price was great, but can there be any doubt that it was worth paying? For although there were aggressions in the past, the U.S.S.R. has now limited the permissible means of carrying out its foreign policy. In setting standards for judgment of the Nazis it has sanctioned standards for the testing of its own conduct. This is an event, however skeptical one may be of Soviet intentions, which should rightly be cause for hope.

Finally, it is said that the trial gave the Nazis a chance to build up a legend of martyrdom. The chief event on which this theory is based is Goering's suicide a few hours before the execution. But Goering did not cheat the gallows; he only cheated himself. It had been his ambition to make a heroic exit from this world, dying gloriously for *das Vaterland*. But by his own hand he denied himself that lustrous stature. When the final showdown came, he could not take it. He died a poisoned rat in a hole. In this he was merely following his master, the supreme coward, Hitler. This is the way the Nazis end—"not with a bang but a whimper." Is that the stuff for a heroic myth?

No Basis for Martyrdom Legend

If, instead of holding a trial, the Allies had stood the Nazis up against a wall and executed them, then indeed there might have been the material for a legend. The victors would have simply liquidated their late enemies, and it would have been easy to make it appear that the only crime of the Nazis was losing the war. But martyrdom is not possible after Nuremberg, where the guilty truth was exposed to all the world.

The so-called martyrs are simply discredited as common criminals. They were not shown as men whom any nation would wish to remember long, much less enshrine as martyred saints.

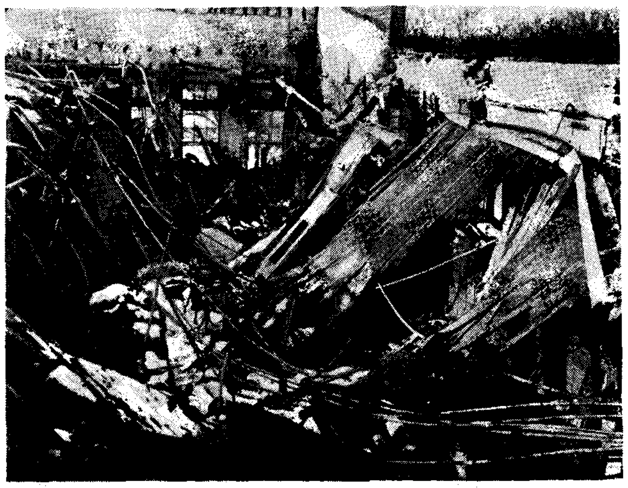
But if these men could still be heroes to some Americans, they are nothing of the kind to the German people, who now know them for what they were. It was a dramatic irony that for several days after their exoneration Schacht, Von Papen, and Fritzsche pleaded to remain in their jail cells rather than face their countrymen outside, who were determined to give them treatment which they had escaped at the hands of the Allies.

There *were* martyrs at Nuremberg, but not in the ranks of the accused. They were the legions of slaughtered innocents who were invisible witnesses against the men responsible for the shame of their deaths. The real martyrs are the millions of helpless humanity who died in gas chambers and concentration camps because they did not fit into the New Order. There was once a Man who asked forgiveness of His tormentors because they knew not what they did. But to overlook these crimes and to glorify the men who perpetrated them is to forget the things for which that Man, in earth's greatest martyrdom, gave up His life.

THE END

Burned-out Telephone Exchange replaced in 11 DAYS!

HERE'S HOW BELL SYSTEM TEAMWORK
MADE IT POSSIBLE



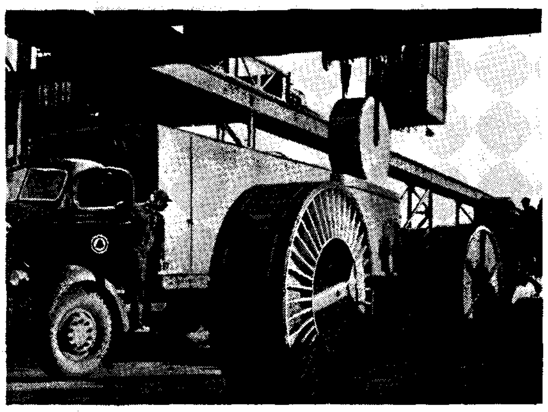
3 A. M. DEC. 14, 1946: 10,000 Bell telephones, serving six communities in suburban Chicago, suddenly go dead when pre-dawn blaze completely destroys River Grove central office. Illinois Bell Telephone forces rush to scene—start work to restore service—FAST!

EMERGENCY CAR

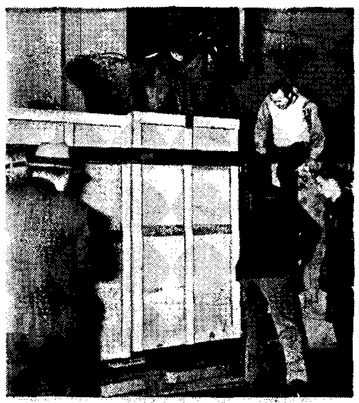
6:30 A. M.: As fire rages, Chicago Distributing House Manager of Western Electric—Bell System supply unit—alerts his organization by mobile radio; orders equipment.

8:30 A. M.: Engineers and service units at Western Electric plant, Kearny, N. J., where drawings of all Bell System manual exchanges are on file, confer by phone with Illinois Bell engineers, help plan new exchange.

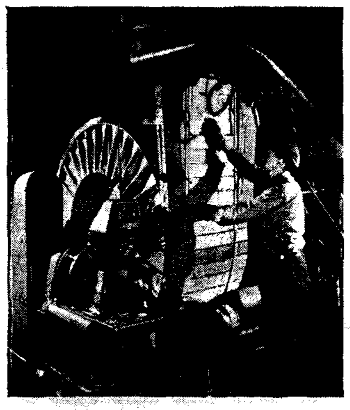
10:00 A. M.: Illinois Bell Telephone men start pulling in cable from emergency stocks — work day and night—to provide service for emergency calls.



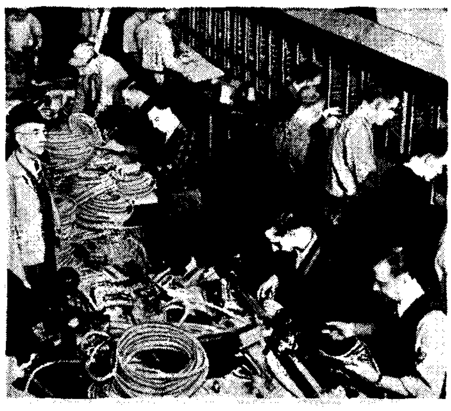
2:30 P. M.: First of 113 reels of cable—half of them made to order—start rolling from Western Electric Hawthorne Works, Chicago. Thousands of other items of telephone apparatus flow out in step with installation schedules.



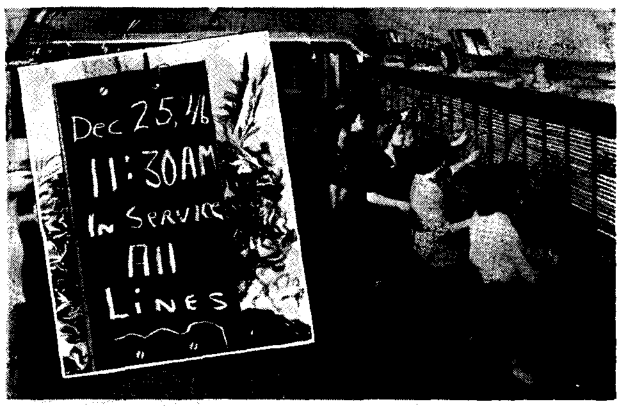
3:00 P. M.: Switchboard replacements leave the Kearny Works. Cable, power equipment, tons of apparatus follow by fast trains, chartered trucks and planes.



DEC. 17: Working 36 continuous hours, Western Electric Kearny Works manufactures and ships 30 reels of special cable containing 20,000,000 feet of wire.



DEC. 19: Western Electric installation crews on job since morning of fire now total 169 men—connect subscriber lines to new switchboards in Quonset huts set up to house exchange.



CHRISTMAS MORNING: In 272 hours, Illinois Bell and Western Electric people have created a new central office containing 7,000,000 feet of wire and 1,000,000 soldered connections. Service restored to 10,000 subscribers. Normally, such a job would require months.

The River Grove job is typical of what happens whenever disaster strikes at Bell telephone service. One reason why such speed is possible is that Western Electric—manufacturer-supplier of telephone facilities—is *an integral part of the Bell System team.* Year in, year out, the same time-tested ability, standardization of parts and methods, and Bell System teamwork give you the world's best telephone service at the lowest possible cost.

MANUFACTURER...
of 43,000 varieties of telephone apparatus.

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of supplies of all kinds for telephone companies.

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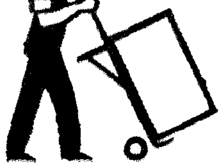
of telephone apparatus and supplies.



INSTALLER...
of telephone central office equipment.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

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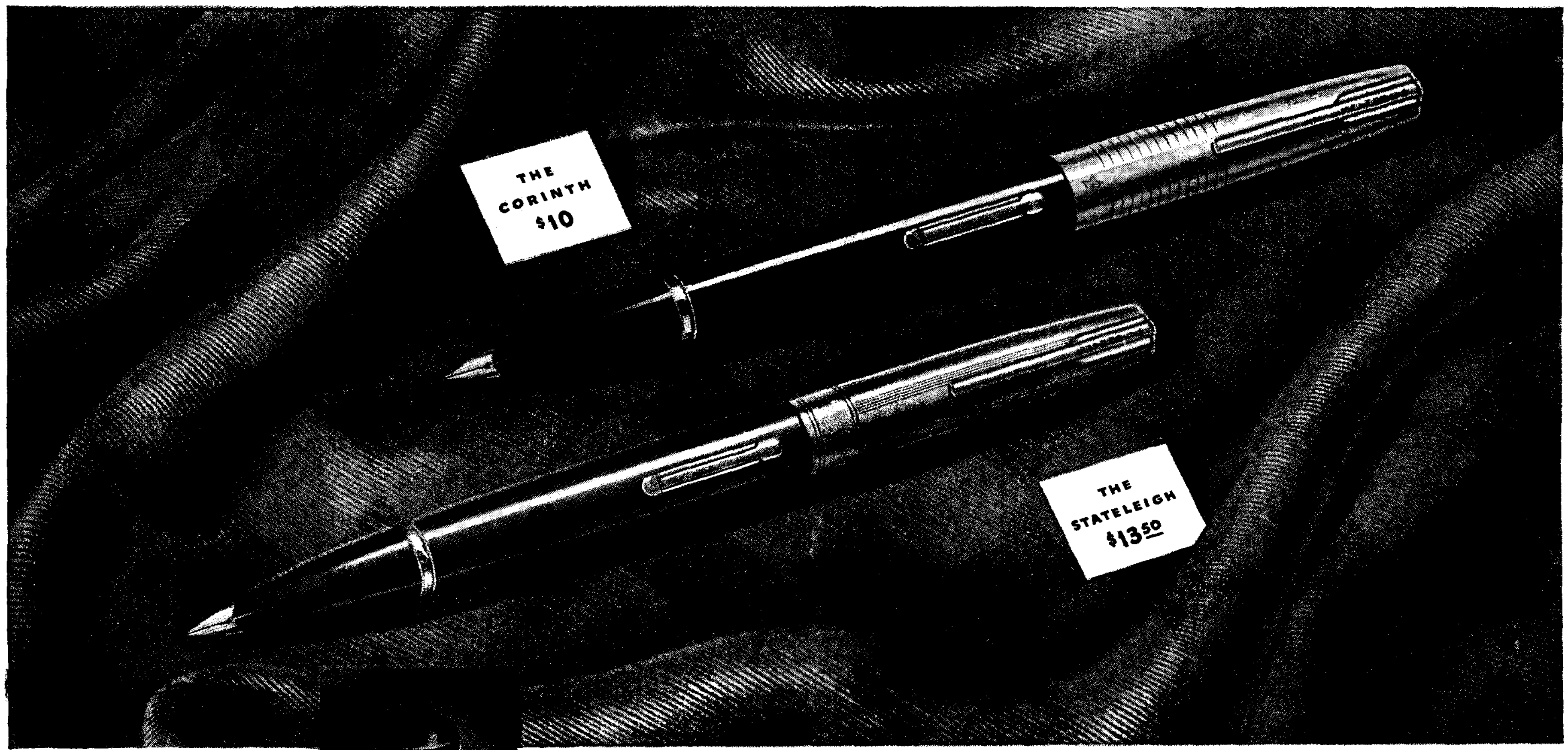
■ IN ANY fountain pen you buy today you should expect good looks and good value. At the same time you should expect good *performance*—for today as always the purpose of a pen *is to write.*

■ We take a great deal of pride in the fact that so many people say "No other pen writes like a Waterman's." It justifies our ideals of still grinding every point by hand to assure absolute smoothness . . . of still providing a point selection to match individual styles of writing. And it justifies our principle of making better and better pens rather than more and more pens.

■ The new Waterman's are the finest we've ever made. Waterman's Taperites are the *only* hooded-point pens that provide real point selection. But whether you select a Waterman's Taperite at $13.50 or a regular Waterman's at just $3.50, we think you'll agree—*No other pen writes like a Waterman's.*



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Waterman's *Taperite*

AMERICA'S NO. 1 MYSTERY MAN

BY HERBERT ASBURY

Concluding the fantastic saga of Frank Costello, gambling promoter extraordinary, known as the "King of the Slot Machines"

II

FRANK COSTELLO, the kingpin gambler, racketeer and Democratic political power, was in a Broadway restaurant one night when he received a telephone call from Al Howard, also known as Albert J. Contento, his partner and front man in several lucrative gambling operations. Howard, who a little later was indicted with Costello in connection with a $185,000 jewel robbery, was in Miami, preparing to open a gambling joint and night club. He wanted $5,000 at once.

Now an ordinary man would have mailed a check, or waited until his bank opened next morning; or, in an emergency, scratched around among his friends to raise the sum in cash. But not Costello. He simply pulled $5,000 from his pocket, without making an appreciable dent in his roll.

"I gave it to my shirt man," he told a federal official afterward. "I says, 'Wire this to Al Howard.' "

"Why didn't you wire it yourself?" he was asked.

"Well, just a case of maybe being a little too lazy. I sent this friend of mine across the street."

Of course, $5,000 was small change to Costello then, as it is now, and there was really no reason why he should be bothered with the details of such a petty business. But in every respect the affair was a typical transaction, although a minor one. Underworld big shots like Costello, Joe Adonis, Frank Erickson and Dandy Phil Kastel handle folding money in fabulous amounts; it isn't at all unusual for one of them to have from $20,000 to $50,000 in his pockets, with additional thousands handy in the safes of friendly saloonkeepers and night-club operators.

The average reputable citizen, with as much cash money in his possession as Costello and his pals habitually carry, wouldn't feel safe unless he had a police escort armed with atomic bombs. But the big shot never worries, although everyone who knows him is aware that his pockets are stuffed with riches. He is seldom robbed, for throughout the underworld his strict ideas about the sanctity of private property—his own property, that is—are well known. It is also well known that he travels with bodyguards.

However, occasionally even the big fellows get a little careless, as Frank Costello did on Wednesday, June 14, 1944, when he stepped out of a taxicab in New York and left two envelopes containing $27,200—two fifty-dollar bills and 271 one-hundreds—lying on the seat. The taxi driver turned the envelopes, with the money intact, over to the police, and it was placed in the custody of the department's lost-property clerk, Maurice Simmons.

That night a lawyer representing a client put in a claim for the money, and on the following Saturday morning, he and his client, Costello, visited the clerk's office. For years it had been customary for the lost-property clerk to notify the newspapers when an appointment was made for a claimant to appear and identify lost property. On this occasion, however, the identity of the claimant was not known until Costello had officially appeared to put in his claim.

Once the identity of the claimant became known, there was a considerable hullabaloo. At a preliminary hearing before the lost-property clerk, Costello testified that he was taking $15,000 of the lost money to his lawyer, to be used in closing a real-estate deal. When asked where he had got it, he replied that for some five years a man had owed him various sums of money, and that all of a sudden they had amounted to $15,450, and so the man had paid. He refused to divulge the name of the debtor. He said he had also borrowed $11,750 "from someone whose name I do not wish to disclose," to pay his current debts and living expenses.

About six months before Costello left his money in the taxicab, the New York City Council and Board of Estimate passed an ordinance which required a claimant to lost property to prove not only that it had actually been lost, but that he had a clear and legal title to it. The new law further provided that a claimant could have no legal right to lost property if it was the proceeds of, or intended to be used in connection with, any illegal activity.

Acting under this statute, the police refused to surrender the money to Costello; they said it was clearly the proceeds of gambling or racketeering, and suggested that $12,000 of it may have represented Costello's weekly take from a roadhouse and gambling joint in New Jersey. Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia characterized the $27,200 as "outlaw money" and said:

"What I'm interested in is, where did the bum get it and where was he taking it?"

On June 19, 1944, the federal government filed two tax liens against the $27,200. Meanwhile Costello had filed suit to recover the money, and when the case was heard in the State Supreme Court, Justice Carrol G. Walter held that the $27,200 belonged to Costello and should be returned to him, but that Costello must then satisfy the government tax liens. Frank Horan, assistant corporation counsel for the city, appealed, and the Appellate Division ruled that Costello would have to go to trial and prove ownership of the money.

This trial was held late in January, 1947, in the New York Supreme Court, the government appearing as intervenor. This time Costello testified that $15,450 of the money had been sent to him by his slot-machine and gambling partner, Dandy Phil Kastel, and that he had borrowed the remaining $11,750 from his brother-in-law, Dudley Geigerman, who works for Costello's slot-machine corporation in Louisiana. Geigerman, he said, had handed him both envelopes at the Hotel New Yorker a little while before he got into the taxicab.

In another interesting bit of testimony Costello described himself as "King of the Slot Machines" and said he had been born Castiglia, and had adopted the name of Costello some thirty years ago. He also swore that he knew Frank Erickson, Arnold Rothstein and other more or less

INTERNATIONAL

Costello (right) with his lawyer, George Wolf, at Supreme Court disbarment proceedings of Aurelio

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Superior to Bamboo or Steel . . .
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Here is a new miracle of science—a rod absolutely proof against the elements, yet excelling bamboo or steel in action and tensile strength—The amazing Howald WONDEROD by Shakespeare.

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shady characters. He admitted doing business with Rothstein. The records of the New York Surrogate's Court are very clear as to his dealings with Rothstein.

In his charge to the jury Justice Ernest E. L. Hammer pointed out that if the money were awarded to Costello he would have to give most of it to the government to pay the tax liens. On January 31, 1947, the jury decided in favor of Costello by a ten-to-two verdict. The city did not appeal, and on February 20th the money was turned over to Costello. But he kept very little of it. The government got $24,286.90, and the court costs were $166.45. Costello had already given the taxicab driver $2,625 with which to buy War Bonds, so he came out of the mix-up with only $121.65. And he will still have to pay his lawyer. His only comment to the reporters was:

"Give me a break for a change and write a nice story about me."

Investigators Are Baffled

Although various federal agencies, the New York police and the district attorney's office have made numerous investigations of Costello's activities, they still have no very clear idea how he operates his many enterprises. Nor can they define with exactness his position in the underworld hierarchy.

The business of carrying on crime today has been extraordinarily complicated by the use of front men, cash transactions, high-priced lawyers who know how to cut the legal corners, corporations and partnerships, and by concealed ownership of real estate and other assets. Cartels and corporations, with all their interlocking directorates and their legal and financial shenanigans, are miracles of simplicity by comparison. It is likely that only a full-scale Congressional investigation could trace the ramifications of America's underworld empire and its relations with politicians and elected officials, or arrive at a correct estimate of the enormous sums of money involved.

There are many indications that Costello is the head of the criminal octopus, and that big shots like Joe Adonis, Dandy Phil Kastel, Frank Erickson, Tony Bender, Bugsy Siegel, the Lansky brothers and a dozen others operate as the tentacles. It is interesting to note, incidentally, that virtually all of these men are products of prohibition.

Through them, police believe, Costello dominates gambling in New York, New Jersey and down the Atlantic coast to Florida, where he and Adonis and Erickson are supreme in Broward County and have begun to encroach upon the native talent in Miami; across the Gulf country to Louisiana, where he reigns with the assistance of Kastel; in California, where Bugsy Siegel is viceroy, assisted by one or both of the Lansky boys; and back to Chicago and Detroit, with some interests in Kansas City, St. Louis and other large Middle Western towns through tie-ups with such notorious mobs as Egan's Rats.

For a long time Costello's gambling interests are said to have been represented in the Detroit area, and elsewhere in Michigan, by Lefty Clark and Mert Wertheimer. These gentry usually spent a part of each winter working in the big shot's Florida joints. Clark is still around, but little has been seen of Wertheimer in recent months; he and a former mayor of Flint, Michigan, were charged last fall with conspiracy and attempting to bribe Michigan officials to permit gambling in that state.

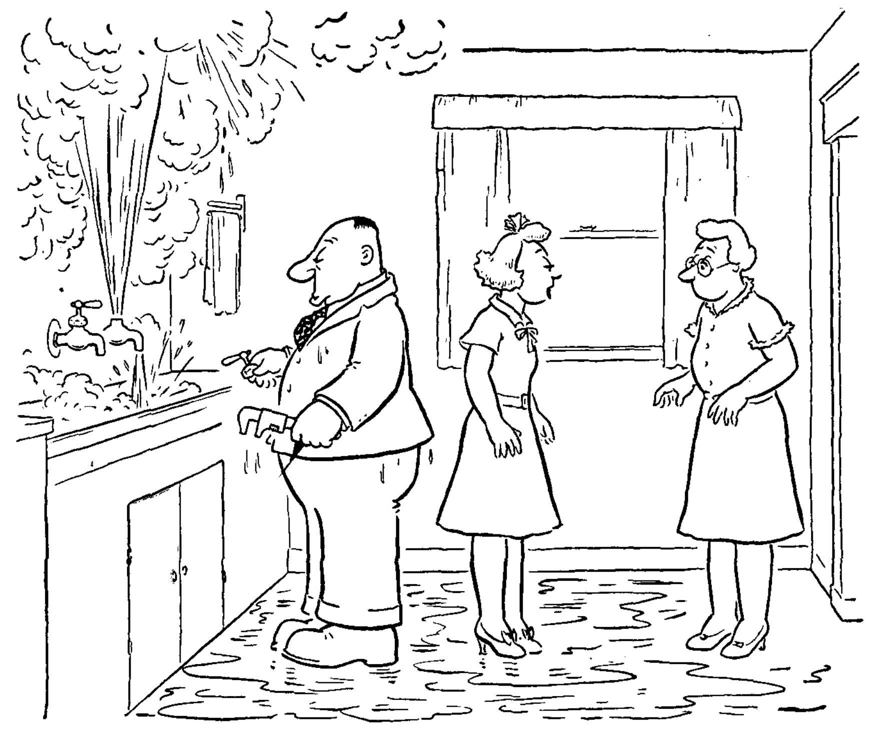
Wertheimer wasn't much in evidence for several months, but he's back in Detroit now, and seems to be the same medium-sized big shot there that he used to be. At any rate, a few weeks ago he was able to get a friend a room in one of the city's biggest hotels, though there were a hundred reservations ahead of him.

Although in his younger days Costello had something of a reputation as a gunman, in his maturer years he has consistently deplored the use of violence. He became convinced more than twenty years ago that more could be accomplished by persuasion, and by the judicious handling of politicians and officials than by the use of guns and bombs.

In 1929, soon after Al Capone had forged ahead in his war with the Irish gangs of Chicago by importing killers from St. Louis who machine-gunned seven of Bugs Moran's gangsters in a Chicago garage—the famous St. Valentine's Day massacre—Costello was instrumental in calling a remarkable convention of gangsters in Atlantic City, N. J. It was attended by gang captains from all over the East and Middle West, and under the urging of Costello and other farsighted leaders they agreed to abandon internecine warfare and to arrange a suitable division of territory. A group known as the Big Mob was appointed to supervise the rackets and the liquor business from Chicago to the Atlantic coast.

Capone then went to Philadelphia, where he permitted himself to be arrested for carrying a gun. He relaxed comfortably in jail for a year while Costello and others soothed the Bugs Moran outfit and the remnants of the old Chicago gang headed by Dion O'Banion, who had been murdered by order of Capone. By the time Capone got out, the Big Mob had things well in hand and everything was lovely in Chicago. An indication of Costello's importance at the Atlantic City convention is seen in the fact that the newspapers there published pictures of him in close consultation with Capone and Nocky Johnson, a Republican political boss who was later sent to prison for income tax evasion.

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Now don't be upset, Mother. Alfred has fixed lots of leaky faucets and he always expects a certain loss of water at this stage"

COLLIER'S

The basic factor of every underworld activity, now as during prohibition, is cold cash, and big shots like Costello, Erickson, Adonis and Kastel operate on a strictly cash basis. If an important gambler or racketeer puts money into a night club or a gambling joint, or even in a legitimate business, it is in cash, so that it is very difficult to trace a connection. It will be recalled that the $15,000 which Costello was taking to his lawyer to close a real-estate deal, or so he said, was in cash. All protection payoffs to politicians and police are made in cash, and the rentals of premises used for gambling and racketeering operations are likewise paid in currency.

As an added precaution, the big-time gambler and racketeer nearly always carries and pays out his money in small bills—hundreds, fifties and twenties—for while the banks are no longer required to record serial numbers, they often do so for their own protection, and a large bill is much easier to trace than a small one.

In addition to his store of ready cash, or working capital, the big racketeer these days will occasionally invest some of his surplus funds in real estate and then fail to have the deed recorded, so that he will not appear as owner of record. Or the deed may be made out to a front man, or to a relative. Or the property may be held in the name of his wife. Mrs. Costello owns a twelve-room house and about two acres of land at Sands Point, an exclusive residential section on Long Island, which was purchased in 1944. A neat sign at the entrance to the driveway reads, "F. Costello." The Costellos' neighbors here include Herbert Bayard Swope and members of the Guggenheim family.

The underworld big shot has also learned to make use of corporations and partnerships, duly licensed by state and city. Some of these companies carry on legitimate businesses, while others are used as fronts for illegal operations. Costello has used a dozen corporations, through which he has handled his real estate, his slot machines, etc.

Wall Street Real Estate Holdings

His property in New York's financial district is held by the 79 Wall Street Corporation, which he described in an affidavit as "a corporation organized by me and of which I am president and sole stockholder." According to the certificate of incorporation filed in the office of the New York County Clerk, the incorporators were Blanche Wolf and George Wolf, both of 30 Broad Street, and Harry Schapiro, of 261 Broadway. Costello's lawyer is named George Wolf, and his offices are at 30 Broad Street.

The annual take of gangsters and racketeering from policy, slot machines, illegal gambling and the innumerable other

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rackets in this country will run into the hundreds of millions of dollars. Henry Reno, a police reporter for the Miami Herald and an authority on gambling in Florida, says that in the single season of 1945-46 Costello and Joe Adonis made a profit of $3,000,000 from the Colonial Inn, a big roadhouse and gambling joint in Broward County, north of Miami. Reno published this estimate, and it has not been challenged.

Costello is said to have taken an average of about $12,000 a week from a New Jersey night club, and that was never regarded as a particularly profitable operation because of the high pay-offs. He has probably made even more from the Piping Rock in Saratoga, New York, during the various times when he had an interest in this club, and from similar resorts in the New Orleans and Miami areas.

Even larger sums have flowed into his pockets from his slot-machine interests in Louisiana and elsewhere, and it has often been reported that he controls a great number of legitimate vending machines, including electric washers installed in apartment houses. Then there is his reputed share of the revenues of the Unione Siciliana, his cut from Frank Erickson's bookmaking and horse-parlor operations. In the underworld there is persistent talk that Costello is building up important gambling and other interests in Mexico. The gossip at one time was that some of these interests eventually were to be handled by Lucky Luciano, but if that was the plan it was probably abandoned after Luciano was deported from Cuba.

Agent For a Distillery

In 1938, Costello testified that he had an interest in the Whiteley Distillery at Leith, Scotland, manufacturers of King's Ransom and House of Lords Scotch whiskies. According to a former prohibition agent who investigated Costello during his bootlegging days, Costello and Kastel went to Scotland either just before or right after the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. There they told the Whiteley people that Costello, as a former bootlegger, had friends and connections in every state of the union, that these contacts could be re-established, and that he was the logical person to handle the American distribution of Whiteley whiskies.

This very profitable connection is said to have earned for Costello, in commissions, approximately $35,000 a month for almost ten years. On September 11, 1943, Lewis J. Valentine, police commissioner of New York, told a conference of commanding officers of his department that "Costello is the owner of King's Ransom and House of Lords Scotch whisky. They are the Number One and Two Scotch, and they are Costello's." Four days later Commissioner Valentine wrote to the American distributor of these whiskies, stating that further investigation had shown that his charge was erroneous. In his testimony at the Aurelio disbarment proceedings Commissioner Valentine thus clarified the apparent confusion:

"The attorney in the case advised me that prior to a reorganization Costello received two shillings, sixpence (about 50 cents) on every case of King's Ransom and House of Lords that came into the United States; but since the reorganization they had discontinued paying him the two shillings sixpence, and the attorney represented that he was having difficulty with his bank. . . . He was having difficulty in obtaining credit because of a statement that Costello had an interest in King's Ransom and House of Lords."

Commissioner Valentine further testified that he had written the letter so the distributors could show it to their bankers. Aurelio's lawyer asked him when the commissions were paid, and the commissioner replied:

"Why, up until the recent reorganization."

"And when was that reorganization?"

"Why, I should say up until 1942 or probably all of 1942 or it may have been in 1943 because I was led to believe it was recent."

Income-tax returns provide no real indication of the resources of a big racketeer and, of course, they are supposed to be secret and confidential. But sometimes tax information becomes public, and it can be very revealing. For more than ten years Costello is believed to have reported an annual income of from $60,000 to $100,000, and that's probably but a drop in the bucket. In 1936, for instance, he reported income of $77,805.83, but the report of a government tax agent said that he had failed to include additional income amounting to $188,822.98. In 1937 he gave his income as $60,595.47, but according to the agent neglected to report additional income of $192,255.79.

These very considerable amounts, the report charged, represented his share of the profits of the Bayou Novelty Company, which operated the Costello-Kastel slot machines and other enterprises in New Orleans. In both years, according to the government, Costello had transferred this additional income to his brothers-in-law and other persons by means of false partnerships and other devices. He and Dandy Phil Kastel, who reported, and failed to report, approximately similar amounts for each of these years, were tried with four others for conspiracy to evade payment of taxes. The court ordered a verdict of acquittal because the government could produce only circumstantial evidence.

Costello's first brush with the law occurred in 1908, when he was about 16 years old, and his second in 1912, when he was 20. Both of these cases were referred to by Judge Edward Swann of the Court of General Sessions on April 5, 1915, when Costello was up for sentence, having pleaded guilty to an indictment charging him with illegally carrying a revolver.

"I find that in 1908," said Judge Swann, "he was arrested for assault and robbery and in that case he was discharged. I find that in 1912 he was again arrested for assault and robbery, and he was discharged in that case. . . . One case was he assaulted and robbed a woman going to the bank with $1,600. . . . I have looked him up, and I find his reputation is not good. On the contrary, it is bad. . . . I have got it right from his neighbors that he has the reputation of being a gunman, and in this particular case he certainly was a gunman. . . . Now, I commit him to the penitentiary for one year. . . ."

A Company That Didn't Exist

Costello was released after serving ten months of his sentence. According to his testimony in the Aurelio hearings, he was employed as a packer and salesman for the Horowitz Novelty Company from 1916 to 1920, and also had a small interest in the business, having invested $400. It is unlikely that anyone ever had a more unusual job than this, because records on file in the United States District Court show that the Horowitz company was not organized until 1919, so that for more than two years Costello performed the extraordinary feat of working for, and owning part of, a company that didn't exist.

Actually, the Horowitz Novelty Company was formed in August, 1919, by Costello and Henry Horowitz, to deal in punchboards and novelties. They started with a total capital of $3,000, and in less than a year did a business of between $80,000 and $100,000. In July, 1920, the company went bankrupt, owing its creditors a little more than $14,000. According to the bankruptcy record on file in the United States District Court in New York, the company had outstanding claims which would have been sufficient to pay the creditors in full. But the attorney for the assignee made this statement to the referee:

"The debts which are due the company cannot be collected by the bankrupts as they were all East Side gangsters."

In listing his assets Costello said that he was completely broke, but he came back very rapidly, for during the next two or three years he was able to invest $20,000 in one company and $50,000 in another. This money, he testified in 1943, came from bootlegging.

Sometime in 1923, Costello joined Big Bill Dwyer, a former longshoreman who had already grown rich from illegal liquor, and together they organized what the government later described as the biggest rumrunning ring in the history of prohibition.

This outfit, with headquarters in New York—Costello had an office on Lexington Avenue at the time—was organized like the big business it was, with a traffic department, a distribution department, a corruption department to handle bribery and kindred matters, a corps of gunmen to subdue ambitious rivals, and an intelligence department to keep track of what prohibition enforcement agencies were doing, both in New York and in Washington. This last department naturally worked in close co-operation with the corruption department, each supplementing the labors of the other.

Afloat, the Costello-Dwyer ring operated a dozen fast speedboats, some of which were armored with steel plates and armed with machine guns, and also controlled a number of other vessels. Among them was a boat large enough to carry 20,000 cases of whisky. One of the armored boats, the Klip, fought a running battle with a Coast Guard cutter in broad daylight in the Hudson River, with bullets zipping around ferryboats and other river craft.

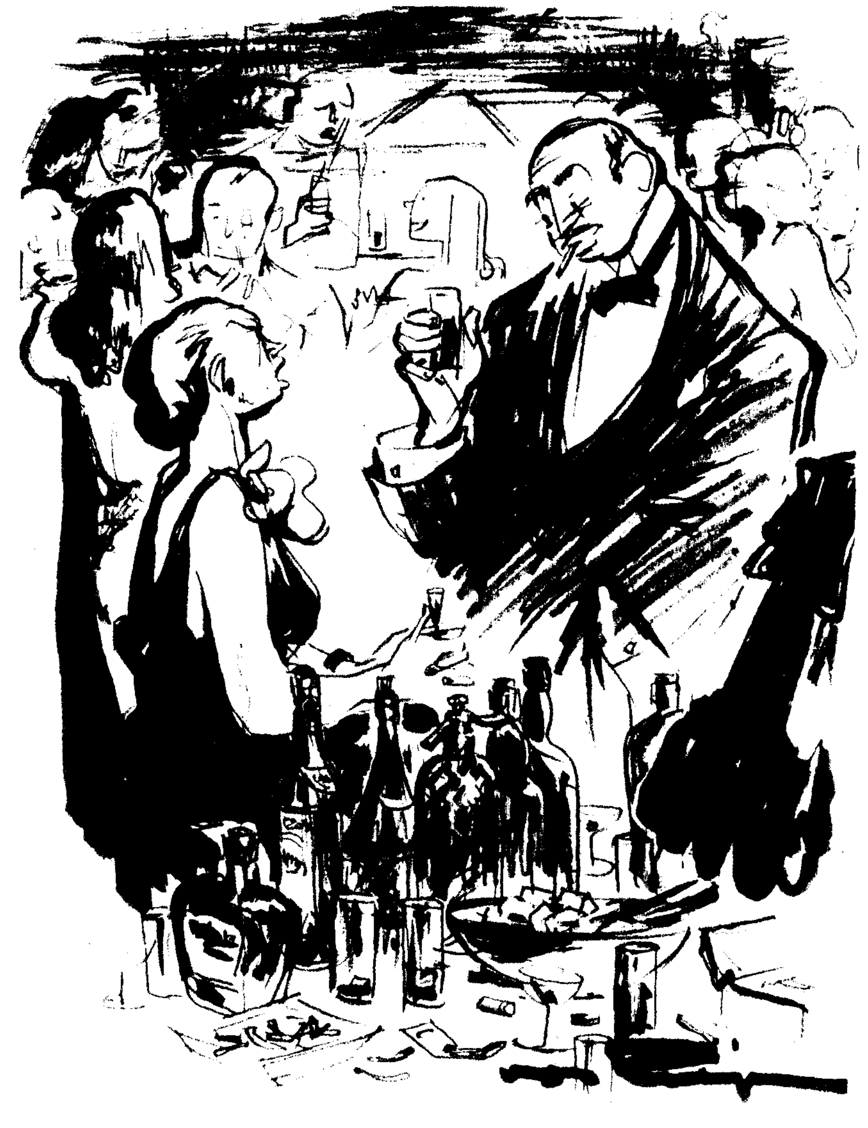
Ashore, there were garages, trucks, warehouses, cutting plants, wholesale and retail outlets, and other facilities. Enforcement agents said that the Costello-Dwyer gang imported nearly all of the whisky consumed along the Atlantic seaboard, and had enough left over to make large shipments to Chicago and other cities. And so powerful was the ring that other gangs which wished to run liquor by sea had to pay a tribute of two dollars a case; if they refused, the corps of gunmen handled the matter.

Twenty Who Were Indicted

In December, 1925, some three months after Costello had become an American citizen, some twenty members of the ring, including Costello, Dwyer and several enlisted men of the United States Coast Guard, were arrested on an indictment which charged illegal importation and sale of liquor, as well as wholesale bribery and corruption of government and police officials and members of the Coast Guard.

This indictment was later dismissed, and superseding indictments were brought against Dwyer, Costello, and most of the others, based on the results of further investigation. In July, 1926, Dwyer and one other were found guilty and sentenced to two years in the federal prison at Atlanta. In addition, Dwyer was fined $10,000.

Eighteen of the defendants in the rumrunning case, including Costello, his brother Edward, and several coastguardmen, went on trial in the United States District Court in New York in January, 1927. Costello was accused by



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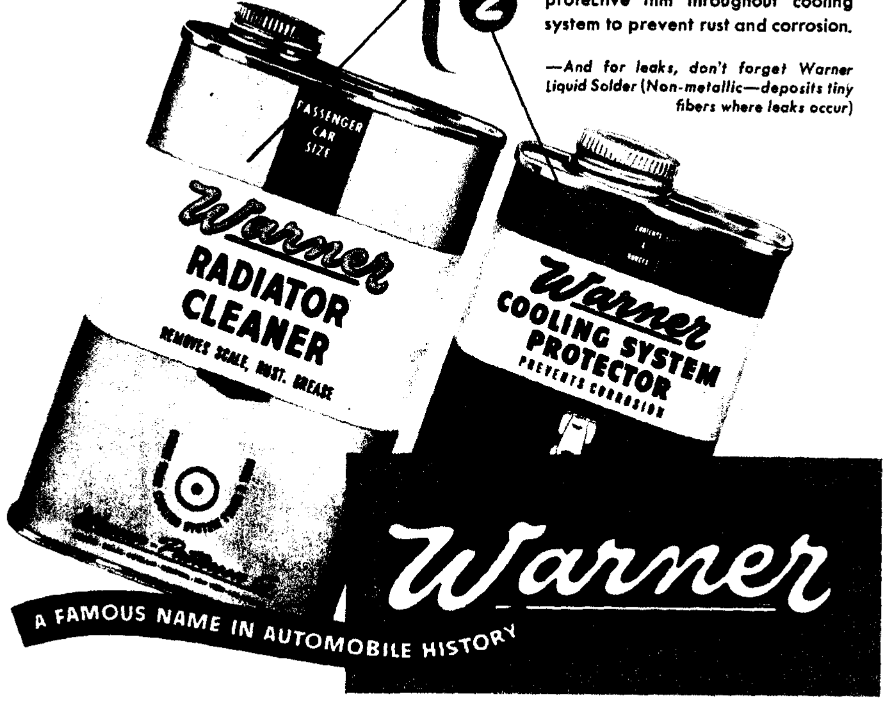

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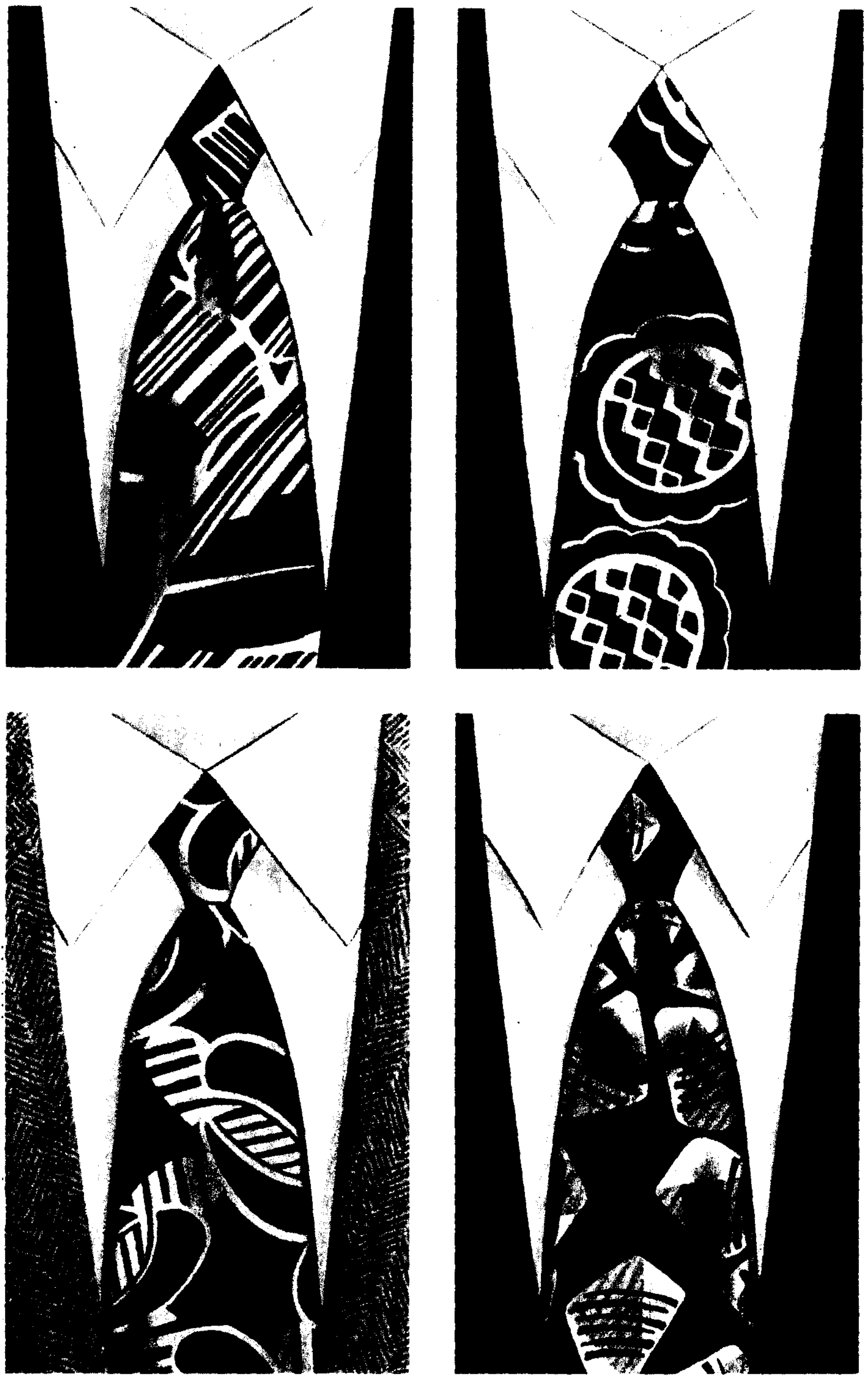

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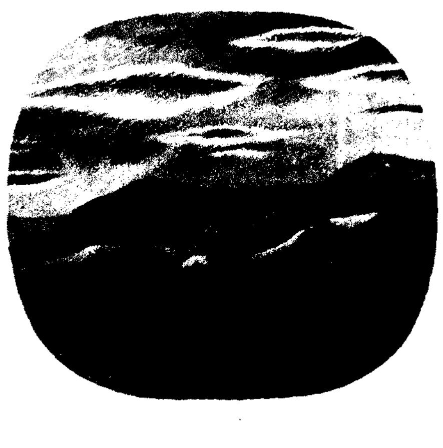

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the government of being the big pay-off man of the gang, handling most of the bribery business. Six of the coastguardmen pleaded guilty and testified for the government, and one swore that Costello had twice hired him to man the engines of a rumrunning speedboat, paying him $75 a week and $100 extra for each trip with a load.

On January 17th, the court directed a verdict of acquittal as to Edward Costello, and three days later the jury found eight of the defendants not guilty, and disagreed as to Frank Costello and the others. Costello was never tried again, and in 1933 the indictment against him was dismissed. The coastguardmen who had pleaded guilty were never sentenced, and the case was finally abandoned in 1942, when the United States attorney told the court that it would be impossible to find the missing men. Anyway, he said, his file on the case had disappeared.

Charges Against the Judge

Costello's trial was before Judge Francis A. Winslow, who resigned from the federal bench two years later while under impeachment charges before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives. Judge Winslow had been accused of "general corruption, collusion, favoritism, oppression and judicial misconduct" in connection with a crooked bankruptcy ring in which Arnold Rothstein, the notorious fixer, gambler and financier of the underworld, and Marcus Helfand, a lawyer, were involved. Rothstein had been a friend and associate of Costello's for many years prior to his murder late in 1928, and Helfand, later disbarred as a result of the bankruptcy-ring disclosures, had been the assignee of Costello's bankrupt corporation, the Horowitz Novelty Company.

It was common knowledge throughout the underworld during the 1920s that Rothstein and Costello were firm friends, but the details of many of their numerous transactions have never been divulged; it still is not known whether Rothstein financed some of Costello's bootlegging operations, or whether Costello was the big money man behind Rothstein. When Rothstein's papers were searched after his death, four important things dealing with Costello were found.

One was a little black memorandum book, several pages of which were filled with closely written records of financial dealings, between Rothstein and Costello. Alexander Mayper, the lawyer who found the book and later negotiated the final settlement of the estate's claims against Costello, said that only Rothstein could have explained all of the entries. Mayper couldn't estimate the amounts involved in the listed transactions, but his recollection was that they were very substantial.

The other three things found among Rothstein's papers were two notes and a check, all signed and delivered to Rothstein by Costello. One note, for $25,000, was made payable to Rothstein's operation company, the Rothmere Corporation, through which Rothstein held hotels and other property. It was dated September 4, 1928. The other note, for $10,000, was made payable to Costello's order at the Chelsea Exchange Bank, in New York, and was endorsed by Costello. It was dated September 26, 1928. The check, also for $10,000, was made out to Rothstein, signed by Costello, and drawn on the Chelsea Exchange Bank. It was dated October 28, 1928. A little more than a week later, on November 6, 1928, Rothstein was murdered.

In February, 1929, the administrators of the Rothstein estate said, under oath, that they had presented the check to the Chelsea Exchange Bank, and that it had bounced right back. It was a phony. The bank refused to pay it because Costello had no account there. The police were never able to learn whether Rothstein knew, before he was killed, that Costello had given him a worthless check. But it was pretty well known around New York that Rothstein felt very strongly about such things.

The records of the New York Supreme Court show that according to the affidavit of the process server, a summons and complaint in actions involving the two notes were served upon Costello on February 14, 1929. Costello failed to interpose answers, and judgments were thereupon entered against him for the $35,000 claimed to be due by the Rothstein estate. Then began a curious game of hide-and-seek that continued until 1942, or almost 14 years after Rothstein's death. Having been served in supplementary proceedings, Costello on July 14, 1942, submitted to the court an affidavit in which he denied that he had been served in 1929 and asserted that he had never heard of the judgments, and that no effort had been made to serve him.

In reply, Attorney Mayper filed an affidavit on August 5, 1942, pointing out that the judgments had received considerable newspaper publicity, and that since 1929, papers had been submitted to process servers at least half a dozen times for service. The affidavit further said:

"Invariably the papers were returned with the information, in substance, that either the defendant could not be located, or, if located, that access to him could not be obtained, that he had bodyguards and others who made it impossible to reach him."

Finally on October 5, 1943, a few weeks after the Aurelio case had broken in the newspapers, Mayper notified the referee appointed by the surrogate that a settlement had been effected. The papers dealing with the settlement seem to have disappeared from the surrogate's court, but Attorney Mayper recalled that Costello had paid the Rothstein estate $5,000. He said the surrogate had congratulated him and expressed the opinion that this was an excellent settlement.

Going in for Slot Machines

Although Costello had negotiated the Peace of Atlantic City in 1929, he doesn't appear to have had much faith in the ability of his fellow bootleggers to still their itching trigger fingers. Or else he sensed the coming of repeal and wanted to get out from under. At any rate, he had scarcely returned from Atlantic City before he began even further to diversify his activities. He started with slot machines, and took Dandy Phil Kastel in with him.

Kastel claims to have been born on Henry Street, in New York. He was first heard of as a night-club operator in Montreal before the first World War. During the war he is said to have run a badger game in New York. Later he became a protégé of Arnold Rothstein, was arrested on a charge of extortion, and went to prison for two years on a securities swindle and for using the mails to defraud. He was well equipped to become Costello's chief underling.

Costello made the necessary arrangements with the Mills Novelty Company of Chicago, the country's largest manufacturer of slot machines, and began organizing his setup. The Tru-Mint Company was formed, with offices in New York City, and ten or a dozen subsidiary companies were organized to operate in various parts of the city.

By 1931 these companies, with plenty of political protection, had installed more than 5,000 machines in speak-easies, candy stores, stationery stores and other advantageous locations handy to drunks and children. All were so manufactured that they could be used as vending machines to deliver a small package of mints, or as gambling devices. In some places the only platforms available

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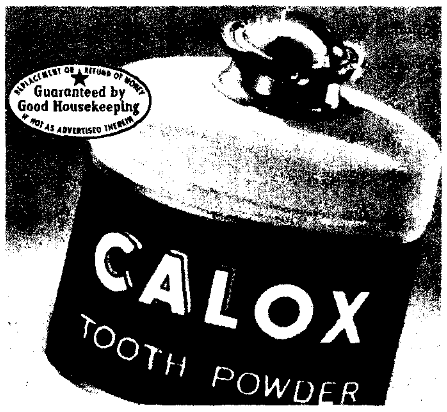
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for the heavy machines were too high for children to reach, so ladders were constructed on which the youngsters could climb up to contribute their coins.

At his press conference in New York a few days before last Christmas, Costello said that all of his slot machines, in New York and later in New Orleans and elsewhere, were designed either to sell mints or to be played for amusement. He said, with a smile:

"If the storekeeper wants to exchange the slugs to increase his business, I'm not responsible."

With more than 5,000 of the "one-armed bandits" in operation, counting the ones worked with quarters and half-dollars, this meant a daily gross of between $100,000 and $150,000, or around $50,000,000 a year. But of course not all of this was profit, for expenses were heavy. In the first place, the machines had cost $100 each. About 40 per cent of the total take was supposed to go to the owners of the locations, and 10 per cent to the men who made the collections and looked after the machines, about one man to each ten machines.

High Expenses But Huge Profits

Large sums were expended in salaries to the tough boys of a private police force who protected the machines and recovered them when they were stolen. Sometimes a bit of disciplinary shooting and slugging was necessary. There were many legal expenses, for whenever the owner of a location was arrested, Costello and Kastel paid his fines and lawyer's fees. And politicians had to be appeased. There is no way of knowing the total of all these expenses, but assuming that they amounted to as much as $18 a day for each machine, the operators had left a daily net profit of about $10,000, or more than $3,000,000 a year.

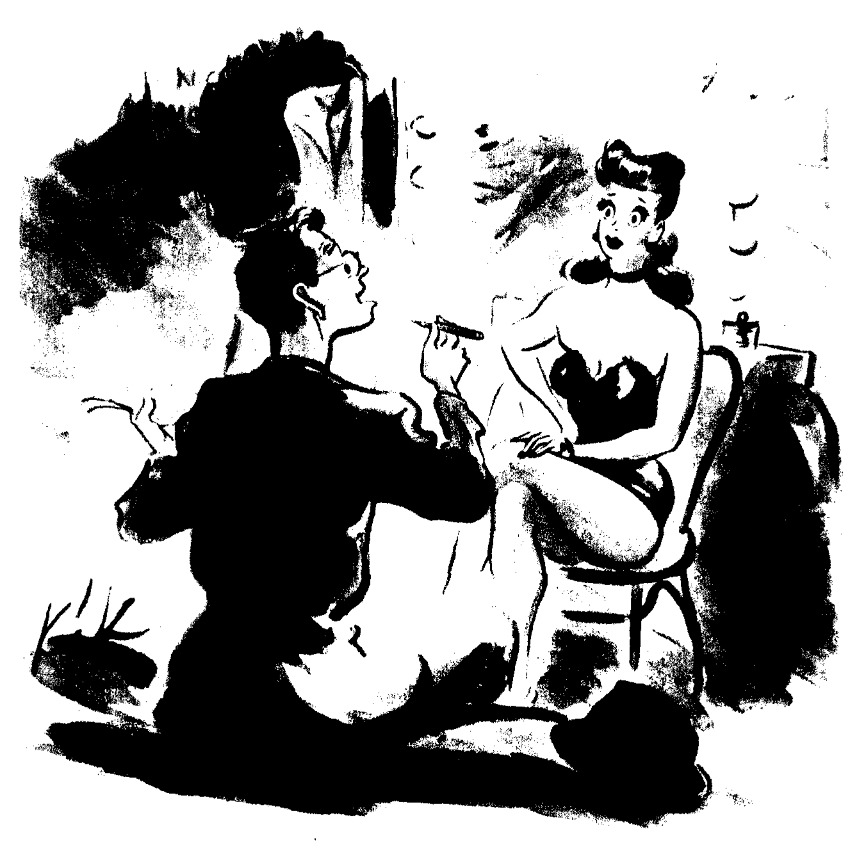
Early in 1935 Costello met Huey P. Long, the Louisiana Kingfish and United States senator, in a New York hotel, and arranged with Long to put slot machines in New Orleans, with Long guaranteeing protection from the police. Costello testified later before a grand jury in New York that all this was done at Long's request.

It seems that Long wanted to raise about $40,000 a year with which to set up a state fund for the relief of widows, orphans, the aged and the blind, a project which Costello described as "some kind of ordinance for the poor, the blind ... a certain kind of relief. . . ." Costello agreed to pay into the fund a certain sum for each slot machine in operation. Various factors operated to reduce the fund's share to about $600 during the first year, and after that the relief angle slipped everybody's mind.

Costello's operations in New Orleans were similar to those he had carried on in New York, though they were on a slightly smaller scale and probably not quite so profitable. At first the corporation front was the Bayou Novelty Company, but that was succeeded in a few years by the Pelican Novelty Company, which in turn gave way to the Louisiana Mint Company. This last outfit is still in existence. Phil Kastel was put in general charge of the racket, and moved to New Orleans, together with Costello's brothers-in-law, Dudley and Harold Geigerman, who were employed as agents and collectors.

The interests of Long and his political henchmen were looked after by Jimmy Brocata, one of the senator's bodyguards, and C. R. Brainerd, now dead. Some of the machines which had been used in New York were shipped to New Orleans, but were soon replaced by new ones purchased from the O. D. Jennings Company of Chicago. The new machines were called "chiefs" because they were decorated with the bronze head of an Indian, and were easily identified. When a slot of another make appeared anywhere in New Orleans it was seized and destroyed by the police. Costello's machines were not molested.

The Bayou Novelty Company began operations in New Orleans in the summer of 1935, by which time approximately 1,000 machines had been placed on location. They were removed after the assassination of Huey Long on September 8th of that year, and operations were suspended for two weeks. When Robert S. Maestri, one of Long's men who had been appointed by him as mayor of New Orleans to fill out the unexpired term of the late T. Semmes Walmsley, took office, he announced that



"Just one more question: What, in your opinion, should we do with the atom bomb?"

COLLIER'S KIRK

BOY! WHAT A SHINE!

Venus Polish

cleans and waxes in one operation!

When you use VENUS *double-action* POLISH, you can clean and wax your car in a single operation—*in less than an hour!* VENUS POLISH quickly removes the accumulation of dirt, scum, and oxidation that makes a car dull and dingy. It provides a beautiful, *weather-tested* wax finish that defies sun, rain, snow.

Give your car new beauty—lasting beauty—ask for VENUS POLISH wherever automotive products are sold. It brings new beauty to *old* cars; helps *new* cars keep that show-room shine! *R. M. Hollingshead Corporation, Camden, N. J., Toronto, Canada.*

Whiz
VENUS
THE BODY BEAUTIFIER FOR ALL AUTOMOBILES
CLEANS WAXES

Hollingshead

Welcome home!
Daily
Schlitz
Schlitz
Just the KISS of the hops
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Familiar footsteps are drawing near. And at the doorway a thoughtful wife has staged a welcome that a husband likes to dream about . . . a cheery smile, the evening paper, easy slippers, and a bottle of Schlitz to flavor golden moments. Famous as a product in which quality has never been sacrificed for volume, Schlitz is an unchanging friend of your leisure hours . . . a symbol of good living in any home.

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the slot machines would not be permitted to operate. But a week later he went on a vacation to Hot Springs.

Two days after Mayor Maestri returned to New Orleans, all of Costello's slot machines appeared in their old locations, and the flood of nickels and dimes began anew. Again in 1937 the machines were suddenly removed when a group of Protestant ministers protested. They were back again as soon as the furor had subsided.

In September, 1945, according to the New Orleans Times-Picayune, there were 8,100 slot machines in Louisiana, of which 6,200 were in New Orleans and in Jefferson and St. Bernard parishes. In another article the Times-Picayune said that on an original investment of $942,500, the cost of the 8,100 machines, the slot-machine racket grossed $32,840,000 in 1944. This was compared to the gross of the New Orleans Public Service, Inc., a little less than $30,000,000 on an investment of almost $69,000,000.

Reform in New Orleans

The slot machines were finally thrown out of New Orleans last year when De Lesseps Morrison was elected mayor. In December, 1945, at a time when rumblings of reform were beginning to be heard in New Orleans, Costello and Kastel went into Jefferson Parish and, after making the proper political fix, opened a roadhouse and gambling casino called the Beverly Club. The location is splendid, not more than fifteen minutes by trolley from the heart of New Orleans. Lee Mortimer, night-life columnist of the New York Daily Mirror, visited the joint in January of this year and said the Beverly had cost a million dollars.

At first it was painfully snooty and swank, and it was made very clear that only high-class, big-time people would be welcome. Dinners ran from $15 to $20, and in the gambling rooms a minimum play of $5 was required. But during the past season, dinners were reduced in price, and the gambling minimum dropped to a single dollar, one buck.

But a few hundred miles across the Gulf coast, in Florida, the situation is entirely different. Florida, especially the Miami area, is the winter playground of the big-time sucker, and the scene of the heaviest illegal gambling in the United States. Gambling in Florida is a big operation. Collier's report on the activities of Costello and his associates there runs to almost 200 pages. Briefly the current setup is this:

Whatever gambling there is in Miami and Miami Beach, which are in Dade County, is in the hands of native talent, and is kept down by the Miami police. But in Broward County, north of Miami, where the heaviest gambling is done in roadhouses and night clubs, the so-called Northern mob is in control, and the authorities seldom interfere. This outfit has the gaming concession at the Colonial Inn and Green Acres, the largest of the resorts, and also at many of the other places which are open each season.

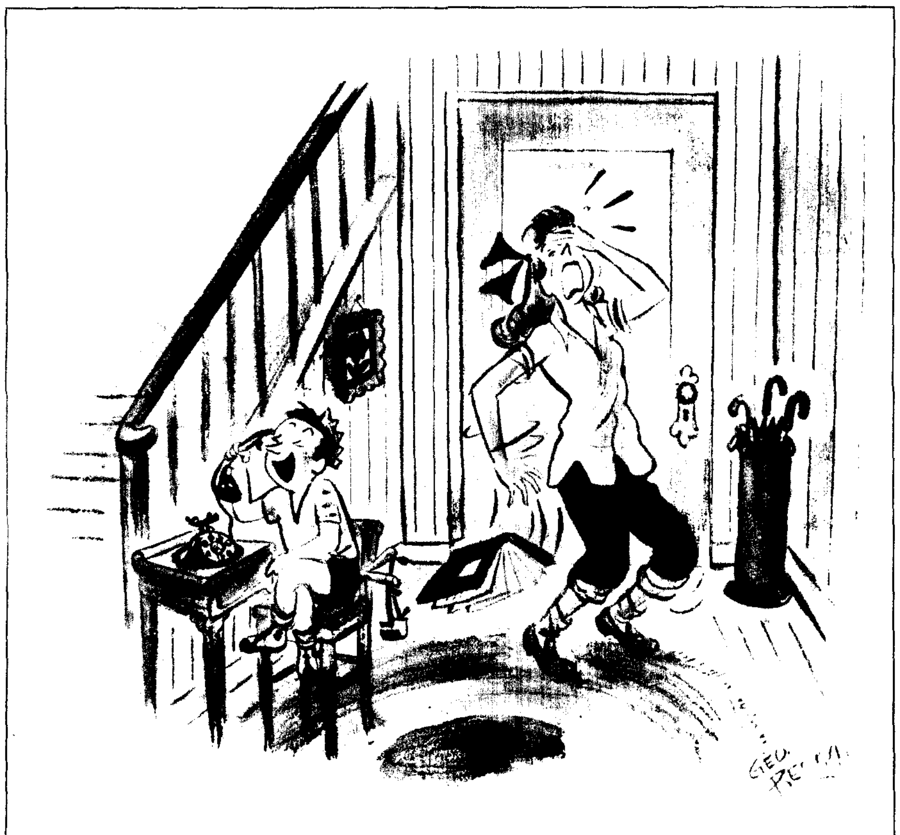
A few independents are also permitted to operate by the mob with the understanding that the big play is to go to the resorts controlled by the mob. When one of the independents gets a bit too popular, the Northerners take steps.

Somebody took some very effective steps in the case of Big Jack Letendre a year or so ago. In his home town of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, Letendre was a real big shot—he owned a hotel, was a member of the board of the Narragansett race track, and was a power in politics. Late in 1945, apparently without making arrangements with the Northern mob, Big Jack opened the La Boheme Club in Broward County. Business was booming one night when he received a telephone call. He talked for a few minutes, and then, white with rage, turned to a group of his customers.

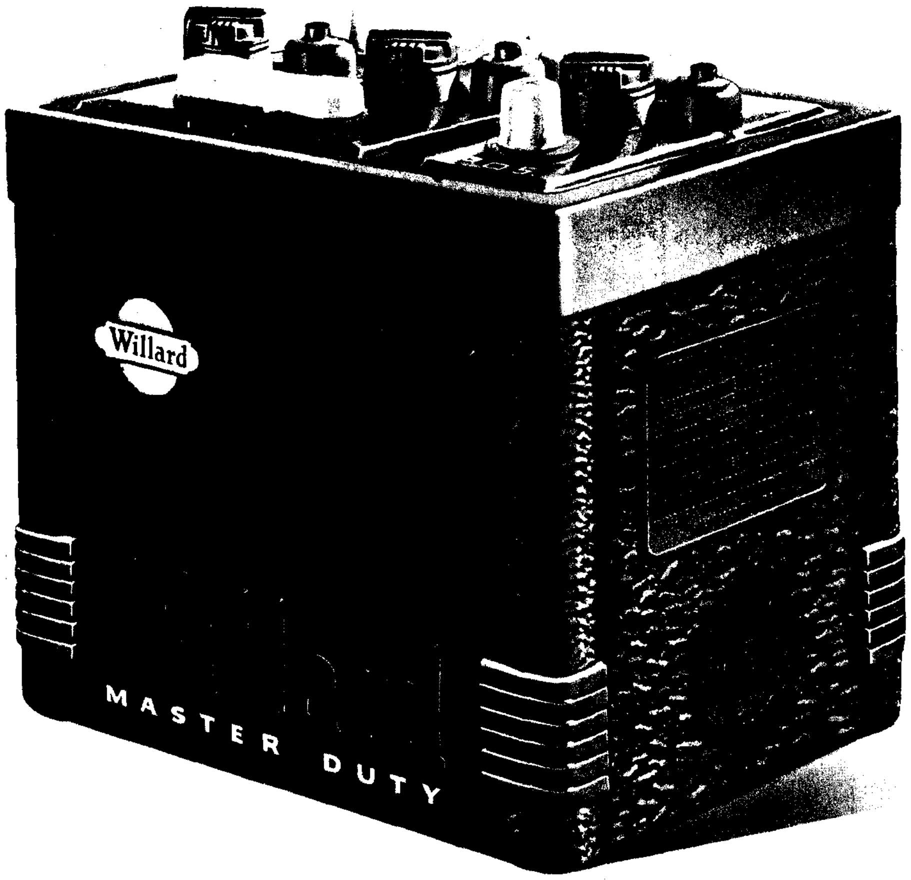
"They told me," he said, "that the Northern mob was buying into this place as of right now. If I won't go along with them I'll have to close."

A few days later the La Boheme Club was closed. Big Jack hung around Miami for a while, talking very angrily about the Northerners, and finally went home to Woonsocket. A few days after his arrival in Rhode Island he was mysteriously murdered.

The names most frequently heard in connection with Broward County gambling are Meyer Lansky, his brother Jack, Lefty Clark of Detroit, Bugsy Siegel, and Mert Wertheimer, indicted last fall on charges of trying to bribe Michigan officials to permit gambling in that state. But men who really know what's going on north of Miami say that these are merely a few of the most prominent



COLLIER'S "Lucille? Sure, Tom, she's always home!" GEORGE RECKAS



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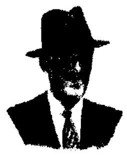
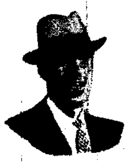
How to take a load off your mind

Give your spirits a lift with a new lightweight hat! You'll look tops in the new Spring styles and colors. They've got a gay, lighter-than-air feeling that gives *you* the air of a good sport. Yes, lightweight and light-color are right for this season. And the *right* lightweight adds the final touch of good taste to your good looks and good spirits!

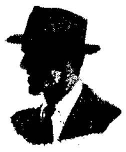
So be sure your new lightweight hat is *right* in shade, shape and style—for your coloring, face and personality. Step into your nearest *Recognized Hatter*, wherever you see the plaque shown below. There, expert fitters will put the *right* light hat on your head—and take a load off your mind!



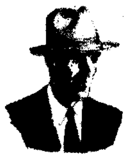
right Brown hat with brown and tan suit is a tasteful blend.



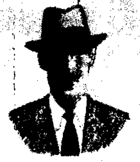
right Grey off-the-face hat is widely approved for town clothes.



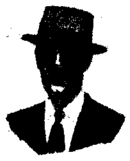
right Casual and sport clothes call for colorful sport hats.



wrong Brown hat shades are off the beam with blue suits.



wrong Grey off-the-face hat with casual suits or tweeds.



wrong Sport hats with business suits give you a mismatched look.

RECOGNIZED
Hat Research
Foundation
1946-47
HATTER

This plaque identifies a Recognized Hatter

a light hat is the right touch . . .

front men, that the real boss of Florida gambling is Frank Costello, and that Frank Erickson and Joe Adonis are his principal lieutenants.

Henry Reno of the Miami Herald says so, and has often said so in print without being challenged; he has done as thorough a job of investigating the situation as anyone. Lieutenant C. O. Hutto of the Miami police department, who drove the Northern mob out of Miami after Lepke Buchalter and Luciano had opened a club there, agrees with Reno.

As far as the police were able to learn, the Northern mob made no attempt to operate night clubs or open gambling houses in Miami or Miami Beach during the past season. But reputable citizens of both towns are becoming increasingly worried by reports that the big-shot racketeers and gamblers are moving into legitimate business. Frank Erickson, backed by Costello, is believed to have acquired 80 per cent of one of the leading Miami Beach hotels—the Miami News of August 18, 1946, said flatly that he had—and members of the mob are said to have bought up large blocks of stock in other hotels. In some, the Costello outfit has gained control of the cigar stands and is using them for handbook operations.

For one such concession the racketeers are said to have paid $50,000. The Miami Hotel Men's Association places so much credence in these reports that it has employed a former F.B.I. operative to investigate the ownership of every hotel in the city.

For many years it has been the custom in New York for an underworld big shot to be on terms of intimate friendship with at least one Tammany Hall politician. Occasionally a Republican has been admitted within the charmed circle, but not often, for Republicans have never amounted to very much in the metropolis. Costello has improved upon this custom; he has been friendly with a whole lot of Tammany luminaries, some of whom he has known for as long as he knew Arnold Rothstein. He was for years a pal of James J. Hines, a Tammany big shot who went to prison for protecting racketeers and gangsters.

According to his own testimony in 1943, Costello has, during the past dozen years, frequently consulted on political matters with Michael Kennedy, leader of New York's Democratic organization; Clarence Neal, Democratic leader of the 20th Assembly District; Dr. Paul Sarubbi, Democratic leader of the 1st District; Jimmy Di Salvio, also known as Jimmy Kelly, Democratic leader of the 2d District and night-club operator. For some six months in 1943, when he was boosting the candidacy of Thomas A. Aurelio, then a city magistrate, for justice of the State Supreme Court, Costello was in daily touch with these men.

Through them and other Tammany politicians, Costello has acquired a dominating position in the Democratic organization, although he holds no office, belongs to no political party, has never voted, and probably couldn't deliver half a dozen votes. But he does have plenty of money and is willing to spend it in what he considers a good cause; he has always been very receptive to the pleas of district leaders for campaign funds.

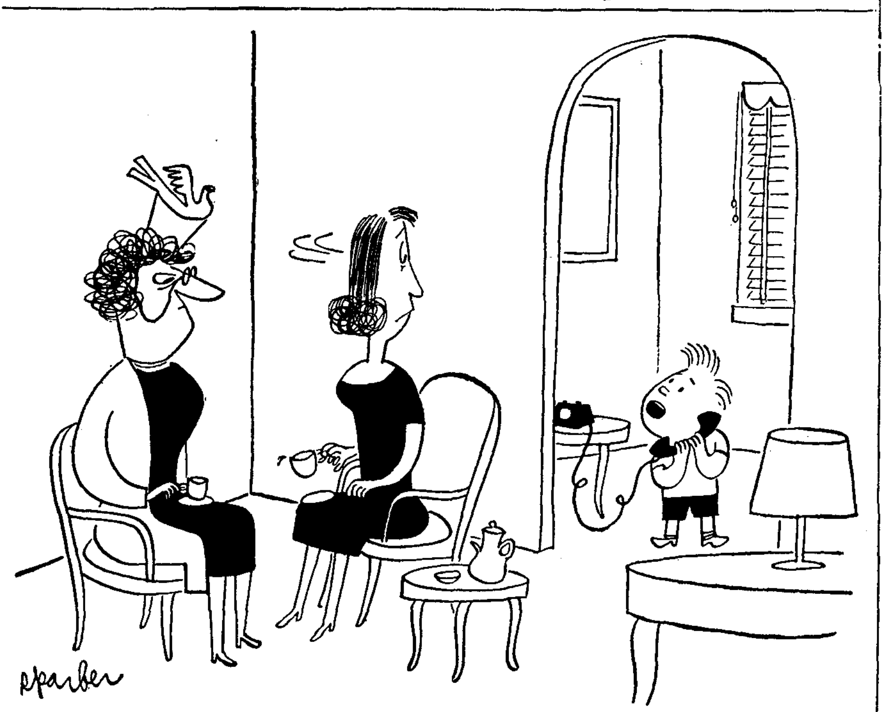
The Amazing Aurelio Case

A few insiders had known of Costello's political power for several years, but the average New Yorker didn't know that he was the real boss of Tammany Hall, and that he chose many of the candidates for whom New Yorkers voted, until District Attorney Frank S. Hogan broke the Aurelio case. The Democratic party nominated Aurelio on the night of August 23, 1943. A few days later he was also designated as the Republican nominee, under a bipartisan arrangement, designed to keep the judiciary out of politics, whereby the two major parties alternated in providing candidates On August 28, 1943, District Attorney Hogan issued a statement to the newspapers, in which he said, in part:

"Frank Costello, ex-convict and underworld leader . . . allied with certain leaders in the Democratic party, brought about the nomination of Magistrate Thomas A. Aurelio as a candidate for justice of the Supreme Court. Costello, racketeer and gangster, is notorious throughout the country. He has been for years an associate of Charlie 'Lucky' Luciano, Louis 'Lepke' Buchalter, Jacob 'Gurrah' Shapiro, Abe 'Longie' Zwillman, Meyer Lansky of the 'Bugs-Meyer' mob, Joseph Doto, alias Joe Adonis, the leader of the Brooklyn underworld, and other notorious gangsters and gunmen. At the present time Costello is on the black list of a federal agency as one who finances illicit narcotic transactions."

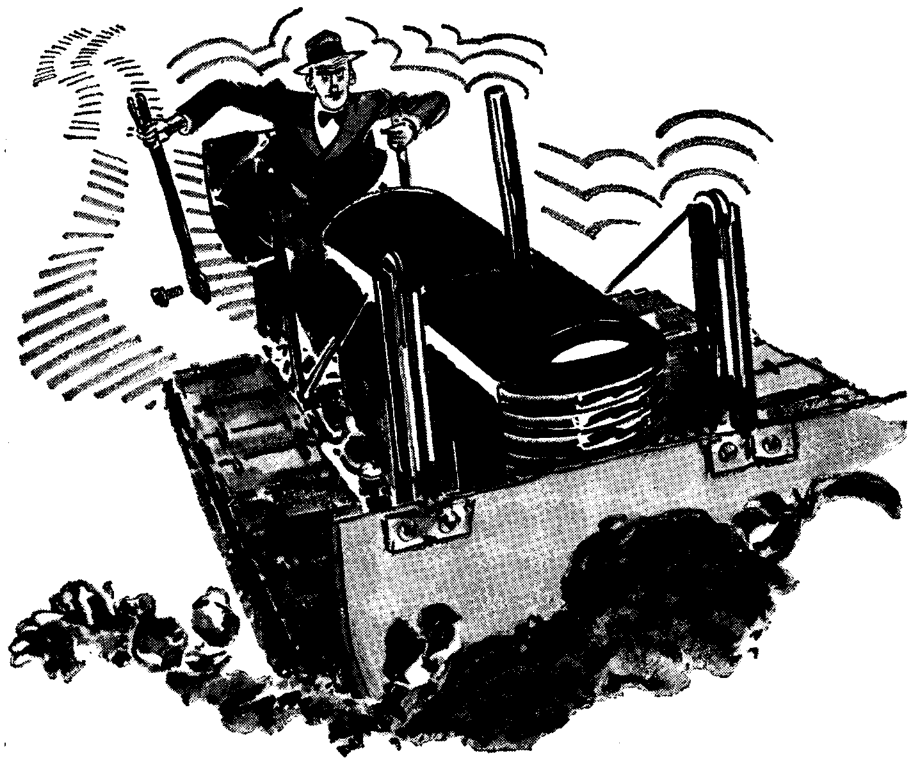
For some time, "in the course of an investigation pending in my office into the criminal activities of Frank Costello,"

TIMMY by **HOWARD SPARBER**



"It's Daddy. He wants to know can he come home or is Mrs. Green still here?"

COLLIER'S



If your car feels like *this*...it's time for

MARFAK Chassis Lubrication

THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH MARFAK!

Tough, longer-lasting *Marfak* fights wear and friction — gives you "cushiony" driving and smoother handling right from one lubrication job to the next.

With *Marfak,* you can forget about once-over-lightly grease jobs, gone after a couple of hundred miles. *Marfak lasts* — for 1,000 miles, and more. Always applied by chart, never by chance. Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that "*Marfak* feeling" now.

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THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Tune in: TEXACO STAR THEATRE presents the new TONY MARTIN show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

I'm breathless! You're brushless!

keep brushless with Barbasol

STAY SMOOTH LONGER. For fast, easy; clean, long-lasting smooth shaves, wet your face, spread on Barbasol and shave it off. That's all. Then see how long your face stays smooth! Brushless in the morning, you're still brushless in the evening . . . no wonder Barbasol is the biggest-selling shave cream in the world!

A "FACIAL FOR NOTHING." The same soothing beneficial ingredients in Barbasol that tame your beard also help keep your skin in good condition; never tighten or dry it. If your skin is tender, Barbasol's your bet! Get some today, and *enjoy* shaving.

● No brush
No lather
No rub-in

Sizes: Large 25¢; Giant 50¢; Family 75¢, $1.00

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Sanitary Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush-No Lather
No Rub-in
Barbasol
Barbasol Blades
Double Edge
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New!

Barbasol Blades, 15 for 25¢ or 5 for 10¢. Super-sharp!

District Attorney Hogan's detectives had been listening to Costello's conversations over his private, unlisted telephone. They had heard a good deal of talk between Costello and various Democratic politicians about the candidacy of "Mr. A." but were unable to identify Mr. A. definitely until the early morning of August 24, 1943, when Magistrate Aurelio telephoned Costello a few hours after he had been nominated. The following conversation was recorded by the detectives:

Aurelio: "Good morning, Francesco, how are you and thanks for everything."

Costello: "Congratulations. It went over perfect. When I tell you something is in the bag you can rest assured."

Aurelio: "It was perfect. . . . It was fine. . . ."

Costello: "Well, we will all have to get together, you, your missus, Joe and myself, and have dinner some night real soon."

Aurelio: "That would be fine, but right now I want to assure you of my loyalty for all you have done. It's undying."

Costello: "I know. I'll see you soon."

District Attorney Hogan's statement said that although the facts did not disclose the commission of a crime, they did constitute an affront to the electorate and a threat to the integrity of the judiciary. He decided to present the matter to Kennedy in the hope that Kennedy would demand that Aurelio withdraw.

"Accordingly," he said, "in the presence of two distinguished members of the judiciary, I gave Mr. Kennedy the facts. He admitted that he knew Costello and had met with him and certain of the leaders mentioned to discuss politics. However, when I read the conversation between Magistrate Aurelio and Costello to him, Mr. Kennedy told me that he was "shocked," that he would insist that Magistrate Aurelio decline the nomination, and that, if he refused, he would repudiate him."

It did not come out until later, when Costello testified at the Aurelio disbarment hearings, that Kennedy had known the racketeer for twelve years, that they called each other by their first names, that Costello had supported Kennedy for the Tammany Hall leadership, that Kennedy had thanked Costello for his support, that Kennedy had been entertained in New Orleans by Dandy Phil Kastel, that since Kennedy became leader of Tammany Hall he had seen Costello at least once a week, and that Costello had been present at a meeting in Kennedy's office at which the nomination of Aurelio was decided upon.

Repudiated by Both Parties

District Attorney Hogan took no further action until 6:30 o'clock on the night of August 27th, when he was informed that Aurelio had refused to withdraw his candidacy. It was then only a few hours before the legal deadline for filing such withdrawal, and the district attorney notified the Republican and American Labor parties of the conversation. The Republicans immediately reassembled their judicial convention and repudiated Aurelio's candidacy, and the Democrats were forced to do likewise.

But Aurelio contended that the election laws did not permit such action, and was upheld by the courts. The Bar Association then decided to institute proceedings to remove Aurelio from office as magistrate, which if successful would have debarred him from holding judicial office. Aurelio circumvented this move by resigning.

Disbarment proceedings were then brought against Aurelio by the Bar Association, and hearings were held before Judge Charles B. Sears of Buffalo as referee. Both Costello and Aurelio testified, and admitted that Costello had been one of the prime movers in Aurelio's nomination. But Aurelio testified that he had known nothing of Costello's criminal background, and had supposed him to be a reputable businessman.

A strenuous write-in campaign was then undertaken on behalf of an independent candidate named by the Democrats and Republicans, and support was also thrown to the American Labor party candidate. But Aurelio had the distinct advantage of having his name printed on both ballots. He was elected, although he polled 90,000 fewer votes than the combined total of his two opponents.

The Aurelio case thus ended with a victory for Aurelio and Costello, but the election didn't end the complaints against Costello's domination of Tammany Hall. More than a year after Aurelio's election, in January, 1945, five Tammany district leaders wired Attorney General Francis Biddle declaring that Costello dominated the Hall, and urging him to oppose for federal office any candidate recommended by the Tammany leaders dominated by Costello.

Mayor Moves to Clean Tammany

Two years after that, on January 7, 1947, Denis Tilden Lynch wrote in the New York Herald Tribune that Mayor William O'Dwyer of New York had begun a fight to clean up Tammany Hall and divorce it "from any ties with dealers in narcotics, gamblers, dealers in judicial nominations and keepers of houses of prostitution."

A week or so later Frank J. Sampson, one of the insurgent Tammany leaders, went to Washington to confer with President Truman on the New York political situation.

When the showdown finally came, Sampson was elected leader of Tammany Hall, and as this is written Costello's friends seem to be on the way out. But there are few political observers in New York so naïve as to believe that Costello's influence in the Hall has been eliminated. The strength of Tammany has always been in its district leaders, and Costello still knows plenty of them and there is scant indication that his influence over them has been lessened.

District Attorney Hogan never divulged the nature of the inquiry "into the criminal activities of Frank Costello" upon which his office was engaged when his detectives overheard the conversation between Costello and Aurelio. It was generally believed, however, that it was in connection with an investigation of New York night clubs which was being made by the License Bureau of the Police Department.

The original purpose of this investigation was to determine whether the night clubs were withholding sales and business taxes due the city, but it ended as an effort to find out whether Costello owned an interest in the Copacabana, a night club operated by Monte Proser and recently immortalized in a moving picture, complete with gossip columnists and other characters out of Damon Runyon.

Costello refused to testify at the hearings because he claimed that the city wished to pry unduly into his private affairs. The investigation was booming along in great shape, with everybody getting plenty of publicity and Mayor La Guardia having a fine time issuing statements to the press, when it was suddenly abandoned and the hearings discontinued. It was then announced that the Copacabana had received a temporary license for six months, and that a compromise agreement had been signed This agreement called for the dismissal of the seven individuals named by the city as being connected with both Piping Rock and Copacabana. In reference to Costello, the agreement said in substance:

Copacabana and Proser state that whatever interest Frank Costello may now have or have had in Copacabana . . . is completely terminated and severed.

THE END

PLAYER'S WIFE

Continued from page 14

side of town playing bridge in the spacious living room of Aunt Harriet's stone mansion.

"But that's wonderful," Ann's mother had cried, when she first heard the name of the city where Chummy would be playing. "I'll write Harriet right away. She adores you, Ann, and Miles is always doing the most marvelous things for young men—bright, able ones, I mean. He takes them into that enormous factory of his and finds the right place for them, and pushes them."

"Don't look at me," Chummy had replied. "I have a job, you know."

Ann's mother had assumed the wistful expression which meant she had said enough for the present. She believed, and would always believe, that professional baseball was something that existed only on the sports pages, which she never read.

FOUR blocks from the stadium Chummy went around to the back of a faded house with clean windows, where he and Ann had the upstairs flat. "Not bad at all," Ann had said when she first had seen it. Chummy had sighed silently. It was the best he had been able to find in this town. The outside covered stairway, said Ann, was cute. Chummy sighed again. Aunt Harriet could, after all, keep the "quite presentable little house" she had found for them in her own section of the small inland city.

It sounded like drums when you ran up, and Chummy ran up the covered stairway hoping. Once there had been nothing in his life but baseball. Then there had been Ann and baseball and heaven. Maybe he could not go on having everything, and the time might come when he would have to choose, but not yet. So it was all right for him to run upstairs hoping.

The door at the top, which opened into the kitchen, was locked. It was half past five, and come to think of it he really had no idea what time women got home from bridge parties. All the windows in the flat were closed against sudden summer storms. Chummy walked into the carton-sized living room and opened both windows. The room had the same spare unfrilly look that Ann had.

Pacing, he rolled his shirt sleeves to the elbow and bent to smell the snapdragons, as crisp as salad, in a blue bowl.

Idly he picked up a straight-backed chair, hefted it in both hands, his long lanky body swinging easily in the small space. His face and neck were burned darker than his hair, and his eyes were blue. There were three or four girls, kids really, who had season boxes and watched only Chummy, screamed only for Chummy. Kids that age were nuts. They must know by now he was married.

He heard the slam of a car door outside and then the squeak and rattle of the paper boy's bicycle. He'd have gone down to get the evening paper from the bottom step, but Ann's feet were already making drumbeats on the stairway.

"Hi," he called from the kitchen door before she was quite up.

"Hi, baby-baby," Ann said. "I'll bet you're starved. Did we win?"

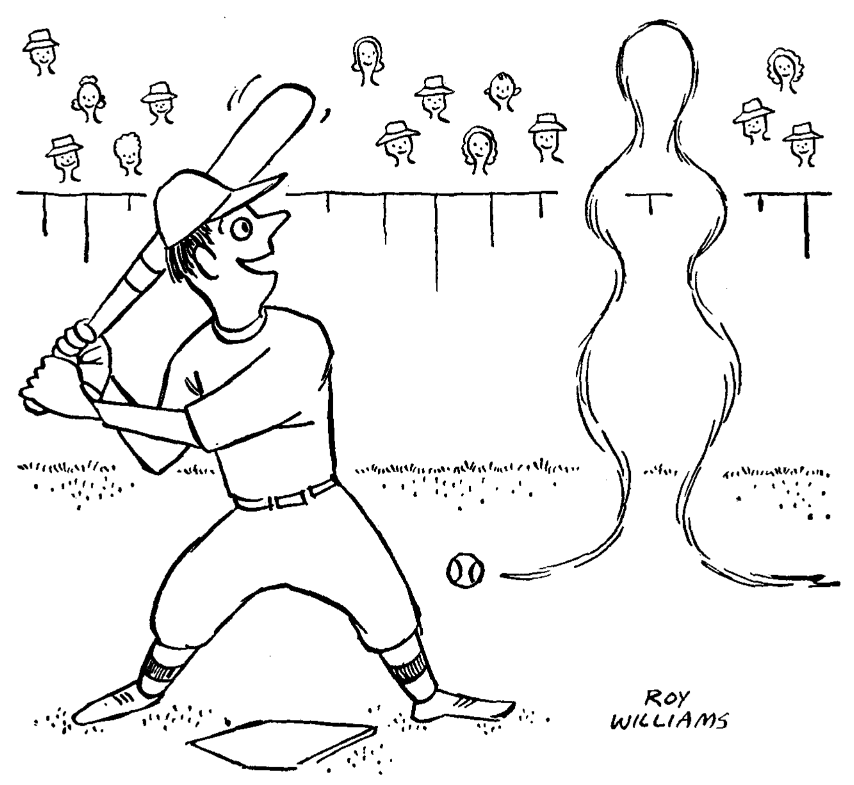
He wanted to keep her from hurrying away from him after he had kissed her, to keep his arms around her, to maul her a little. He should have known that she would come home promptly and unchanged from Aunt Harriet's.

"Haven't you heard about us?" he asked against her light struggle. "We don't win any more. We've given it up."

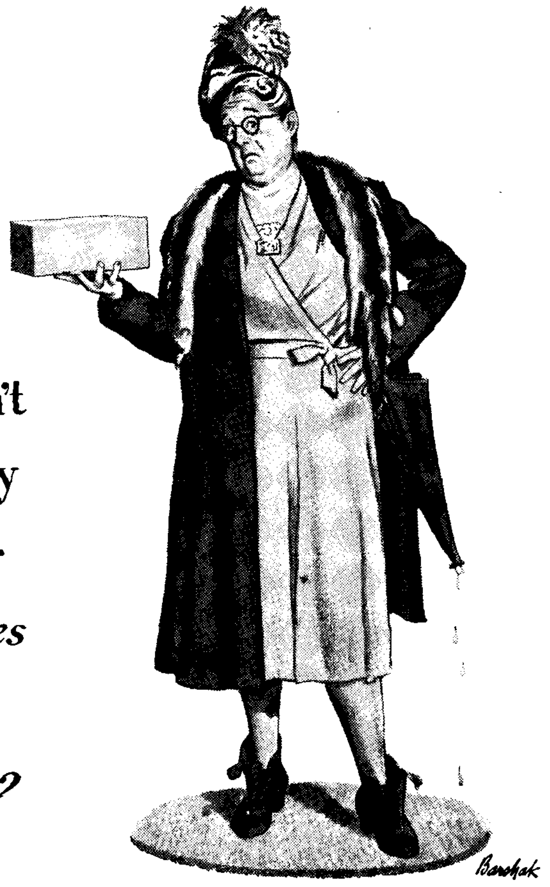
"Then tell the fans. They've been darned loyal all summer," she said, laughing and pushing him away. "Throw my pocketbook on the bed, will you? I'll put on an apron."

She had a tart good humor but almost none of the trivial expressions of affection. Not that she was cold—far from it. But she could push him away without a qualm when she had things to do.

Her big straw summer pocket book in his hand, Chummy watched her tie an apron around the waist of her blue Shantung dress, watched her cross the floor to the refrigerator in the white sandal things she wore without stockings, watched the pale waves of her hair slide forward as she leaned toward the cold interior. No other girl wore her hair that length, cut thick and soft just below the tips of her ears. He could not have said whether Ann was pretty or not. He only knew he could never watch her enough. Maybe

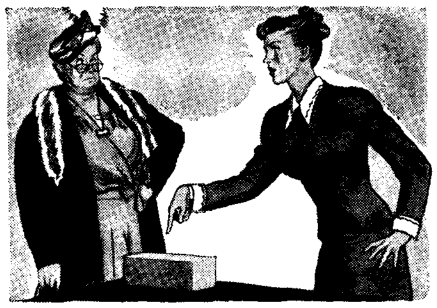


COLLIER'S "Boy! Can that guy throw curves!" ROY WILLIAMS

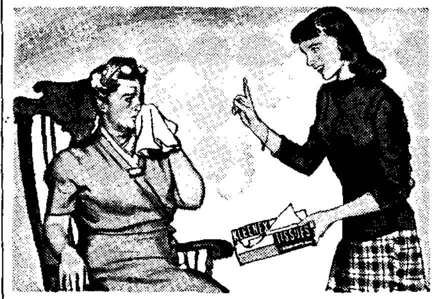


Why didn't somebody tell me - *All tissues aren't Kleenex ?*

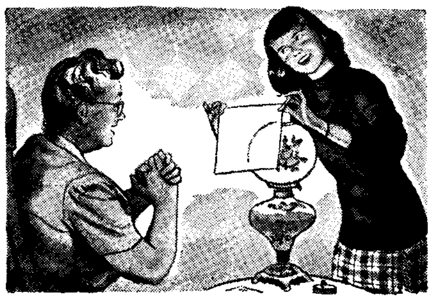
Not on your life they aren't! bellowed Uncle Mayhew. Fine thing!—I'm sneezing my fool head off and my own sister brings home just plain *tissues.* If you think *all* tissues are Kleenex, I just wish you had this sniffle-sore nose of mine! It knows there's *only one* Kleenex!



Bess, you alarm me—snapped Cousin Cynthia. Surely you know better than to confuse Kleenex with other tissues. Very unfunny—when I *depend* on Kleenex so. Listen. You can bet my *skin* knows there's not another tissue on earth just like angel-soft Kleenex!



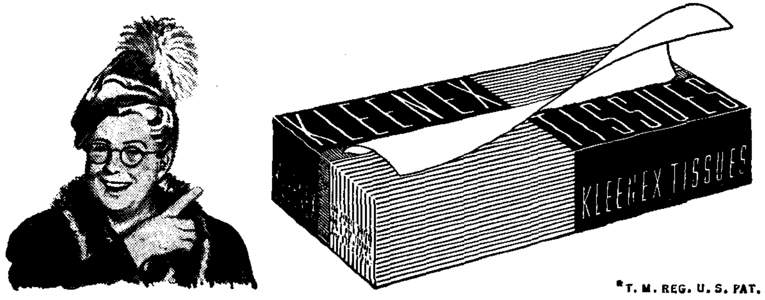
Don't let it get you, Auntie! said Teena. Just bend an eye at the real McCoy—the one and only Kleenex! See that Kleenex box, how different it is? How it gives with the tissues—one at a time? Neat feat! And only Kleenex can do it. What's more . . .



Your own eyes tell you Kleenex is super. Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps or weak spots? 'Course not! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through—always the same—so you just know Kleenex has strictly-from-heaven *softness.* And are those tissues *rugged!*

Now I know... *There is only one KLEENEX**

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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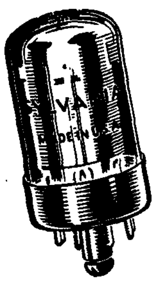

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Scads of "Scotch" Tape ideas in the new free "Slick Tricks" booklet. Send for yours today... and if you have some clever hunches on how *you* use "Scotch" Tape, let us hear from you! Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., 929 Fauquier Ave., St. Paul 6, Minn.

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she was too thin for prettiness, or maybe the delicate arc of her nose turned up too definitely. But he had seen Mary Caprini's curly prettiness and Bertha Pazek's statuesque beauty fade to nothing when Ann sat beside them in the box.

"Have a good time?" asked Chummy.

"What? Oh, I guess so." She laughed. "I'd forgotten what afternoon bridge was like."

"I can just see you with your Aunt Harriet's friends."

"Oh, she had some girls my age, too. One of them drove me home."

Leave it to Aunt Harriet to do things right, make the picture attractive.

"They were nice," she said, dumping clean greens into a bowl. "I've been invited to someone's place at the lake for the day—one of those big places at High Woods we pass on the way down to the boys' cottage." She looked smug. "And out to the country club, and one of them has a swimming pool right at home."

"Swell," said Chummy, taking the pocketbook into the bedroom. She should have something to do besides sit in the stadium and watch him strike out. Maybe she was beginning to see she had been a good sport long enough. She must have had glimpses of it before, like the time Tony got a little high on his birthday and tried to kiss Ann with his wife sitting there laughing her head off. Tony was a good guy and didn't mean anything and sobered up enough to look scared when Chummy pushed him back in his chair. Tony, Carl, Scooter, any of them might ask what the hell Chummy Chalmers was doing with a wife who was too good for one of them to make a pass at just in fun.

"Get the flowers from the living room, will you, Arthur?" she called from the kitchen. She almost never called him Chummy. Chummy was for the fans and the sports writers. Sometimes she called him Junior, or Boy-doll, and often Baby. He teased her about the way she said "Ahthuh," but he secretly got a kick out of the way she talked.

"Where did you go to school?" he would say. "Don't you know there's an R in the English language?" And she would tell him she had gone to schools her parents really couldn't afford.

HE BROUGHT the bowl of snapdragons and put it in the middle of the clean blue-and-white tablecloth, set with the silver that a friend of her father's had given them for a wedding present. Meat patties were browning in onions, and there was the rich smell of coffee.

"So you loused things up again today," she said, her finger at her mouth as she checked the table for salt and pepper, butter, sugar. No cream for the coffee. She always forgot something.

"Practically singlehanded," said Chummy.

"What's the matter with you, old one? Don't you know you'll never make the big leagues that way?"

"Or even stay in the minors. They're probably selling me back to the pony leagues this minute."

She knew he was kidding, but she turned away quickly to slide the patties onto a platter and fill the silver coffeepot—another wedding present.

"My aunt and uncle are coming to dinner tomorrow night," she said primly, as though she didn't think it was funny for him to kid that way.

"Here?"

"Well of course here, dope. Where else?"

"That I would like to see," said Chummy, as they sat at the table. "Aunt Harriet pattering up our covered stairway, Uncle Miles puffing up—come to think of it Aunt Harriet would puff, too. But I won't be here. Double-header tomorrow night."

Ann put down her fork. "You didn't tell me there was a double-header. You said a single game Tuesday night."

"I didn't get the word myself, until I heard it announced over the loudspeaker this afternoon."

"Oh, well, maybe they can come Wednesday night instead."

"Wednesday night we leave on a road trip for ten days, and you know it," said Chummy.

"But you don't go till eleven-thirty. They can come to the game with me. Aunt Harriet has never seen a real game—Rolls!" she said, jumping up.

"What is this?" he asked. "Uncle Miles going to offer me a job?"

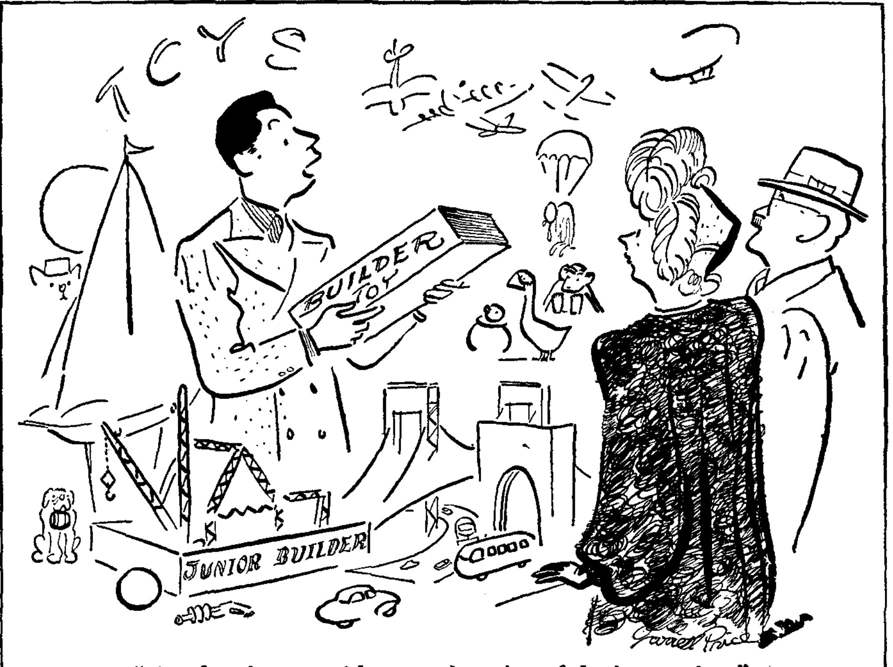
Her reply was muffled by the rattling of plates.

"What?"

"I said," she said distinctly, "that you didn't have to take it if you didn't want to."

No. He didn't have to take any job that Uncle Miles might offer him. It was up to him. And Ann had been a good sport long enough.

When the meal was finished Ann said she'd be back in a minute and went downstairs to use Mrs. Keenan's telephone. It was all right for Wednesday, she said coming back—better as a matter of fact than Tuesday, when there was a board meeting Uncle Miles had forgotten about.



"Now here's a set with an explanation of the instructions"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

Well, Chummy told himself, he'd live through it. He had lived through dinner at the Orcutts' house one rainy Sunday when the game had been called. He had lived through Uncle Miles' talk about strikes, and stoppage of production, and the absence of raw materials, and young men getting the right start early in life. He had lived through the efficiency of the waitress at his elbow, and he had lived through Aunt Harriet's silly questions about professional baseball.

While he was drying the dishes Ann said, "You could make Daiquiris. You make wonderful ones. But I wouldn't drink any if I were you. Uncle Miles thinks the only good thing about baseball is that the players have to keep in condition all the time."

He put an arm tight around her neck and pulled her to him. "If I want a drink I'll take one, Uncle Miles or no Uncle Miles. See?"

Ann laughed and ducked from under his arm. "Well, I'm telling you."

He was no good at putting dishes and things away, but he liked to watch Ann as she moved, bent, stretched up to the top shelf.

"Carl wants us to come down tonight for a swim," said Chummy. Three of the ballplayers and their families had taken a sprawling old cottage at the lake for the season.

"Not tonight," she said. "I always expect to fall through that porch of theirs and break a leg."

It wasn't the way she had felt about the cottage on some of the brutally hot days in July. "Why didn't we think of this, Junior?" she had said, lying on the sand in the two scant pieces of black jersey she called a swim suit, while the Caprini youngsters crawled over her. Scooter had winked at Chummy. He knew why the Chalmerses hadn't thought of this. Chummy had wanted his girl to himself and said so.

LATER, in the unyielding twin beds which came with the flat, Ann fell asleep at once, while Chummy lay on his back, looking at the bar of light from the street lamp patched with leaf shadows moving constantly in the night wind.

They would have their first anniversary in October. On the anniversaries to follow Ann would say, "The first year we were married Arthur played professional baseball. We lived in some of the worst dumps. But we didn't really mind. Not then."

The Army had it right. A sergeant should do no more than look at a major's daughter. The whole year he had been in uniform Chummy had been attached to the cadre in his camp, and there wasn't a thing he could do about it. Every camp needed trained athletes. Major Mason was crazy about baseball. He had seen every World Series for years, and he introduced Sergeant Chalmers, the manager of the camp baseball team, to his wife and daughter just as though enlisted men were people.

Ann had to do it all at first. No major's daughter was going to brush *him* off. He kept hoping he was dreaming the first night he had a date with her, because in dreams everything turned out fine. And coming into the darkened barracks one night after a late pass, Chummy walked cockily and pulled his tie loose and said to himself: By golly, I can have that girl if I want her. At once the red ran up into his face, and he sat down on his bunk his cockiness gone. "Darling, I'm sorry," he whispered to the darkness. "It's you that can have me if you want me. But I don't know why you should."

She did, it seemed. Subjects were mentioned. "Don't be silly," she said. "We aren't rich. This is the best job Father ever had." And another time, "Poor Mother, all her generation thought they were born to have lots of money. Army life has been a break for her. All this brass and glamor are almost as good to her as money." There was no nonsense

"But who *should* raise the child—you or me?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"FRANKLY, *I* should!" exploded Elmer, the bull. "At least *I* wouldn't be turning my daughter into any doggoned social butterfly!"

"It would be quite a trick," giggled Elsie, "to turn a calf into a butterfly!"

"This is no laughing matter," snapped Elmer. "Can't you even be serious about bringing up our only child?"

"Indeed, I *am* serious, dear," answered Elsie. "And Beulah's serious, too. In fact, she studies so hard, a party certainly won't do her any harm!"

"Listen, Daddy, I *do* study hard!" piped Beulah. "I can spell *Borden's Homogenized Milk . . .* B-o-r-d-e-n-'s H-o—"

"I might have known!" groaned Elmer. "Feeding her up on Borden's when she's too young to know what it's all about!"

"No one's *ever* too young," beamed Elsie, "to appreciate Borden's Fine Foods. Just as an example—young folks, old folks, *everybody's* crazy about the flavor of Borden's Homogenized Milk. There's cream in every sip, a full day's supply of Vitamin D in every quart!"

"Good heavens, woman!" gasped Elmer. "Do you expect a half-pint like Beulah to remember all that?"

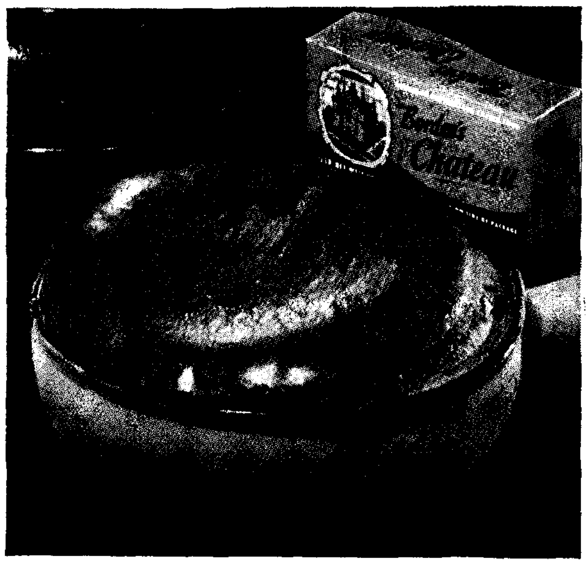
"Why not?" teased Elsie. "If she only remembers that every child should have *two* pints—one quart—of Borden's Milk every day, I'll be quite satisfied."

"Well, I'll *never* be satisfied," grumbled Elmer, "till *you* forget to mention Borden's!"

"Then you'll have to keep me far, far away from the sight of *Borden's Fine Cheeses!*" said Elsie. "Just a glimpse of that Borden's Chateau package, for instance, makes me want to whip up all sorts of tasty omelets, sauces, and snacks! Chateau, you know, is the glorious cheese food with the mellow-mild Cheddar flavor—and it's *concentrated* nourishment!"

"Suppose *you* concentrate on nourishment," muttered Elmer. "*I'll* concentrate on putting some practical ideas into the child's head."

"Practical?" twinkled Elsie. "There's nothing more practical than Borden's Chateau—it slices, it spreads, it melts! Why, it's a cheese food of a *hundred* different uses!"



"I'm not interested in hearing *one* of them," grunted Elmer. "All I want is to bring up my daughter the right way!"

"Of course, dear," laughed Elsie. "And how can she miss? Beulah's part of the Borden family, isn't she? And *if she's Borden's, she's GOT to be good!*"

-if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!
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Borden's
Eagle Brand
Borden's Instant Coffee
None Such Mince Meat
Borden's Chateau
Borden's Milk

Tune in the Ginny Simms Show! Music! Comedy! CBS, Friday—9 P. M., E.S.T.

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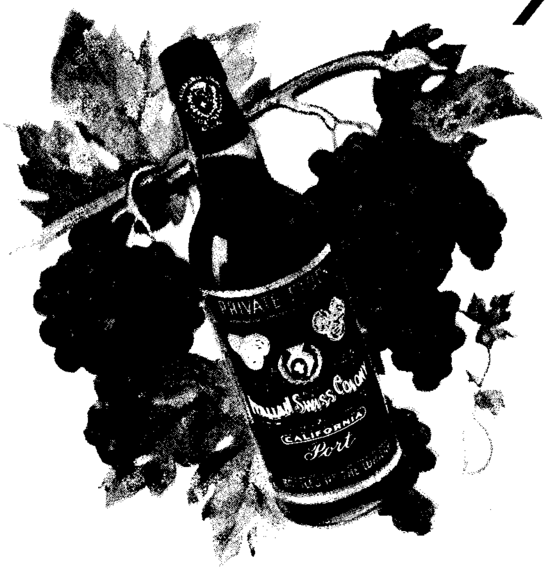
Picking choice wines



Picking fine wine is easy. Simply look for the label that reads *"Italian Swiss Colony."* Choose this bottle and you will pick a wine with exquisite bouquet—with clear color—with wonderful flavor. For *this* is world-famous wine from California's historic Colony . . . wine made with skill handed down through *three generations.*

Brighten your dinner tonight with a dry, golden California Sauterne or a rich, ruby-red California Burgundy from the Colony cellar. Try, too, a delicious Italian Swiss Colony dessert wine—perhaps a California Port or Sherry. One taste and you'll know you've picked the *pick of them all!*

ITALIAN SWISS COLONY
CALIFORNIA WINES

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about Mrs. Mason's thinking enlisted men were people.

In the end Mrs. Mason had done her best. The war was over, and the Masons were back in Maine. They were informed, as Ann's marriage approached, of Chummy's wonderful contract with a minor league. It was then that Mrs. Mason first talked about Miles and his factory. Her haggard, still-pretty face was absolutely unbelieving as she said, "Maybe it is wonderful. I don't pretend to know anything about that kind of baseball. But you two kids can't spend the rest of your lives wandering around the country—you won't have any roots."

"Then we'll have wings," Ann had answered. "I'd just as soon be a bird as a tree."

He remembered that Ann was always laughing last winter in Florida, where, with money in the bank, he had sold insurance just for the fun of supporting a wife. He had not realized that she was being a good sport.

The next day he hung around, helping Ann when she'd let him, feeling good because the sun was shining, because Ann was practically affectionate. Those things he'd been thinking last night were so much hooey. Imaginative cuss, he was. And hell, the best of them—Williams, Kurowski, Musial—had slumps now and then.

He ran downstairs to empty trash and garbage and stood by Mrs. Keenan's clean barrels, hands around a mop handle. His muscles eased into position, and he saw the maple tree with its dark late-summer foliage, the orange and red and yellow flowers whose names he did not know, the worn spot between the deck chairs. It was all very clear, the way he sometimes saw things at the ball park. When the scoreboard in deep center field rose sharp and black, and the roofs of the near-by houses cut across the sky so that you wanted to run your finger along the edges, and you walked up to the plate feeling every muscle in place, then you knew you were going to get a hit. Hefting the too-light mop handle Chummy began to whistle. He stood the handle back against the wall and drummed up the covered stairway, whistling.

"You must have had your birdseed this morning," said Ann, and wasn't there when he reached for her.

Chummy followed her through the narrow hall to the living room. *Your damned aunt and uncle and your whole damned family are going to butt in, but you're still my wife.*

"Why don't you go for the groceries?" asked Ann, wheeling Mrs. Keenan's vacuum cleaner ahead of her.

"I'm going," said Chummy, right at her heels. In the living room he stepped in front of her, took her hands from the vacuum, and walked her toward the wall.

"Ahthuh! You know I'm busy—"

"Busy she says." His lips on hers, his hands at his sides, he pressed her head gently against the wall. She moved a little, then caught her breath, wilting sweetly as he went on kissing her.

"There," said Chummy, moving away. "Let that do you."

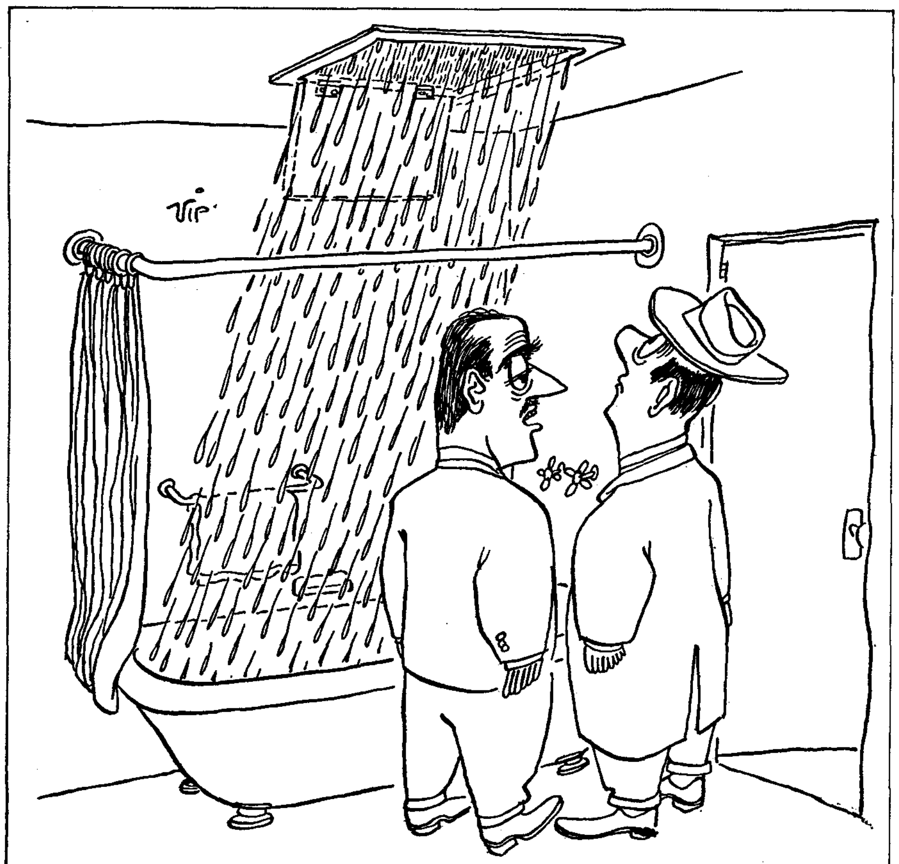
He swaggered down the hall and picked up the grocery list from the table. When the vacuum went on viciously he grinned and ran down the covered stairway. Mad clear through, she would be. And when he got back she'd be blithe and busy and completely unaware of any reason to be mad.

WAY out in deep center field, because this guy could really hit, Chummy pounded his glove and yodeled at the pitcher, Carl. Carl was hot tonight. They were playing the first-place team, and Carl had not allowed a hit yet. Two out in the first half of the second. Hell, it was just as easy to beat a good team as a lousy one. Easier. Everyone sharpened up.

Ann had not come with him, but she was here now. He could see the fair hair in the box with Mary and Bertha and Scooter's wife. It was cute of her to be too proud to be mad about this morning. "Kill 'em, baby," she had said, and kissed him when he left. She would come along, she said, as soon as the dishes were done.

The guy could hit. There was a pistol crack and the ball came fast. High and too fast. Chummy watched it, moving back, the red setting sun in his unblinking eyes, his legs touching the fence, the ball dropping, not low enough, two feet between it and the top of the fence as it began to wobble—he jumped. A solid roar of sound rolled out from the stands filling every corner of the field.

Throwing his glove to the grass he trot-



"Of course it works only when it rains, you understand"

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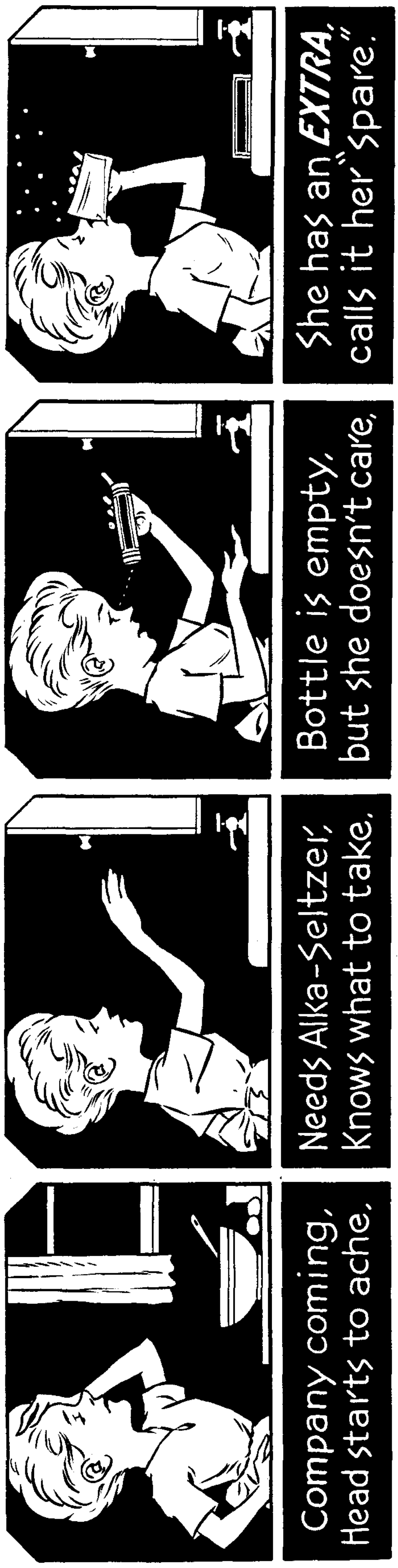
At All Drug Stores

Alka-Seltzer



ted toward the dugout, head down as though he had not made the catch of his life—of any center fielder's life. Headlines tomorrow—CHALMERS' MIRACLE CATCH. Tony touched his shoulder and trotted along with him. "Too bad the Duchess didn't see it," he said. Ann didn't know the players called her the Duchess.

"She's here," said Chummy, trotting. The bobby-soxers along first base were yelling their heads off.

In the dugout he was met by wide speechless grins. Jake nodded.

The third one up this inning, Chummy stood swinging two bats around his shoulders as he watched Tony. Tony let two go past, two balls. Chummy turned to smile at Ann. It wasn't Ann sitting with Mary and Bertha. It was a strange girl with bleached hair and pancake make-up. Swiftly Chummy's eyes swept the boxes. She was there in the last row of the last box behind home plate. Alone. He did not have to see the hand she raised as he turned away.

All summer she had sat with the other wives. As a player's wife she had sat in the box for players' wives, beside the ones she liked. Or said she liked. And now she could begin not to be a player's wife. Arthur Chalmers' wife, perhaps, if Arthur Chalmers did exactly as she wanted him to.

Safe on first base Tony watched him, took a lead of three or four steps from the bag, watching. The outfielders had moved back, out near the fences, as though Chummy Chalmers could still hit. And the fences were just boards with milk and beer and used-car ads. No sharp angles, nothing extra clear as though you could run a finger along the edges, no feeling of belonging right here.

Ann was waiting for him outside the gate. It was too late for the gang of small boys to be hanging around. With a brief searching smile she turned, and they made their way through the stream of slow-moving cars to the other side of the street. There was nothing to say and no one they wanted to talk to.

HALFWAY home Chummy said, "Kind of exclusive tonight, weren't you?"

"I got there late. Their box was full."

It was too bad she had come at all. If she had stayed home polishing the silver, or whatever, for Aunt Harriet and Uncle Miles she would not have had to see him fly out, strike out twice, and only get on base by a walk. Just another flash in the pan, just another hard-hitting rookie who fell apart at the seams under pressure.

Ann said, "If it's this hot tomorrow I think we'd better have ice cream. I ordered one of Mrs. Haas' pies, but—"

"Look! It's tomorrow night your aunt and uncle are coming for dinner. Do we have to rehearse the whole damn' thing?"

"He's a wicked dwarf," murmured Ann to some shadowy figures on a porch. "You can be glad you're not coming to his house for dinner." Chummy snorted.

Ann walked beside him, her head at his shoulder, not dreaming that he had just left a part of himself on the half-green, half-bare baseball diamond of a minor-league club. A young and vital part, perhaps the only valuable part of himself—she'd never know that. He'd look the same, or almost the same after he had been to Uncle Miles' tailor, after he forgot to think about the feel of the right-weight club in his hands, after he forgot how it was when the exact center of the ball hit the club six inches down from the end. Kid stuff, outguessing the pitcher, grinning as he jogged around the bases, putting his foot precisely on home plate, the stands going wild. If it had seemed important that he could do something better than the next man up at bat, he knew now that it wasn't.

The light out, he was in bed before Ann. Toothbrush and glass clinked in the bathroom, and then she stood for a moment, her pajamas rolled up to her knees, silhouetted against the light from the hall. She turned and padded in bare feet to the kitchen where she had to look at something in the refrigerator, something for tomorrow night that had to be perfect.

When she came back she felt for his face in the darkness, kissed him on the left cheek, and said, "Good night—sissy."

He glared at the leaf shadows. Good Lord. Did she think he was *afraid* of Uncle Miles?

The room was warm and sticky when Chummy woke. As he dressed he heard Ann in the kitchen making breakfast. Through the window he saw the lead-gray clouds of an approaching August rainstorm. Rain and baseball didn't mix.

At four o'clock the game was called, and Ann said, "Well, we'll just have to sit around and talk tonight. They don't play gin rummy or hearts or any of the games you like."

Swell. Maybe he could sneak downstairs and call Tony and tell him to come for him early. The Caprinis had a car, and Mary was driving them to the station for the eleven-thirty train.

Chummy put on an old field jacket and walked to the market, where Shultz, a faithful fan, drew a thick package from the big icebox, grinned and said, "This is what you need, Chummy. Don't give any of it to the dog."

Grinning back, unoffended, Chummy said, "What dog?"

Other customers in the store eyed Chummy Chalmers, thinking it glamorous to shop at the same place as one of the ballplayers. Then he picked up the pie that Ann had ordered at Mrs. Haas' bakery.

At home Ann said, "Now don't splash the bathroom all up when you take your shower." He did, but he wiped up the floor and the wall with a towel which he slipped into the hamper before she could see it.

Aunt Harriet's voice came first up the covered stairway at six o'clock. Ann opened the kitchen door, and her aunt and uncle panted in, brushing rain from their shoulders. Aunt Harriet wore a flower in her neat dark hair and a sleek silk suit under her raincoat. She had no more waistline than a cat.

"We had to run," panted Aunt Harriet, "all around to the back. Isn't this *darling?* And that wooden stairway—like something out of Dickens."

"It's quaintest when you have both arms full of bundles and have to get your key out," laughed Ann. She kissed them both.

"Miles, doesn't it remind you of the first little place we had?"

"No," said Uncle Miles. He examined his expensive coffee-colored hat and shook it. His big face was wider at the bottom than at the top, and his short figure was froglike too. His glance swept the kitchen. "No cupboards," he said. "Very inefficient."

"Arthur, dear," said Aunt Harriet and would have kissed Chummy. He shook hands firmly with her. "All this rain. Do you play baseball rain or shine? I know they have races even if it's pouring."

"Those are horses," said Chummy. "Some of us aren't as strong as horses."

"I've been thinking," said Uncle Miles.

RESPECTFULLY Aunt Harriet looked at her husband.

"There's a great deal of waste in professional baseball," announced Uncle Miles. "Take a day like today—all those tickets turned back or duplicated. It should be a simple matter for each stadium to have a covered building, kind of an arena, to be used in bad weather."

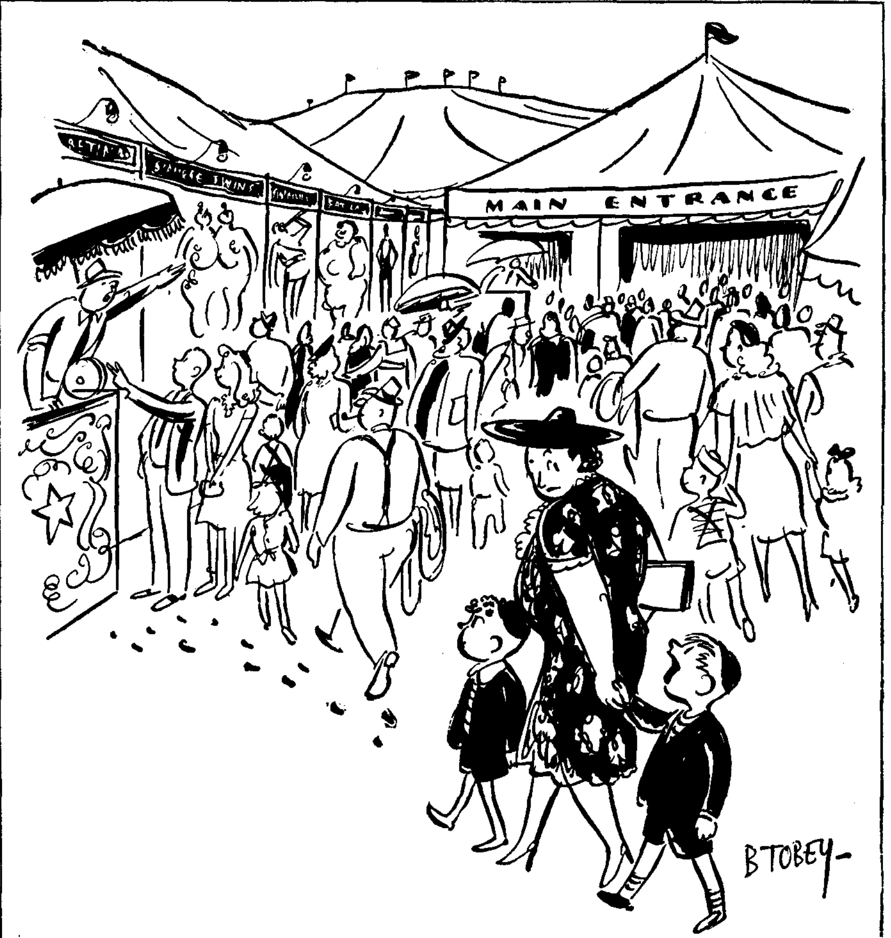
"But not by baseball teams," said Chummy taking Aunt Harriet's black satin raincoat. "You'd have to have a softball team. That's a different game."

"Then have the baseball teams learn the other game."

"I'll tell 'em," said Chummy, smiling.

"Let's go in the living room, shall we?" said Ann, pushing Aunt Harriet ahead of her. "Arthur has made a wonderful cocktail."

"Not necessary," said Uncle Miles, bumping into Ann in the narrow hall. "We enjoy our meals without a drink first. Not that I'm narrow-minded about liquor. It has its uses," he chortled, "but



"Mama, can you think of something for us to do after we get out of the circus?"

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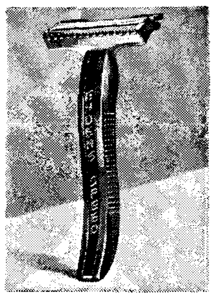

Mystic, Conn., Mar. 2, 1947. Everywhere in America where it's been tried, the new simpler method of shaving is winning men over. The new Enders Razor gives the world's simplest shave!

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that's when the other fellow is drinking it."

Behind them all with the cocktail tray Chummy eyed the back of Uncle Miles' head. Aunt Harriet was still pouring it on about the darling apartment.

Uncle Miles cleared his throat and sat down. He took the glass that Chummy offered him and said, "You had two years of college, didn't you, Arthur?"

"That's right."

Aunt Harriet accepted a glass.

"And you were majoring in chemistry?"

"Right."

Ann took a glass from the tray. Her face had an odd, set, thinking expression.

"Most of our young men finished college," said Uncle Miles. "And there's no reason why you couldn't. The city university here has excellent extension courses and by plugging a little—"

IT WAS coming now, the big offer, the job that would take him out of baseball, that would make him a suitable husband for Ann. Her face had changed. It was alert, expectant.

"—you could get your degree, not that we'd have to wait for that—"

Uncle Miles was not finished but Ann said abruptly, "Where's your drink, Junior? I thought these were supposed to be good."

Chummy looked steadily at her over the cigarette he was lighting.

"Oh, Arthur won't have a drink," said Uncle Miles positively. "He's in training. And it's a good habit for young men to get into, saying no. Even one or two can take the edge off one's efficiency."

"That's just it," said Ann gaily. "One or two are never enough for Chummy." She almost never called him Chummy. "Once he gets started he has to go to town, and you can't play baseball with a hang-over."

Either he had gone out of his mind without any warning, or Ann had a new brand of humor that he couldn't follow. Sure, he'd got tight a couple of times last winter in Florida, but Ann had laughed at him.

"A hang-over?" Uncle Miles' eyes were slightly glassy. He put his drink down. "Nobody can do anything with a hang-over! And let me tell you this," he glared at Chummy, "nobody working for me ever has more than one hang-over. One is good for a complete discharge."

Chummy blew a smoke ring, watched it dissolve. "Do you put it in writing?" he asked.

Uncle Miles' froglike face was alarmingly mottled. Then, "Ha, ha, ha," he laughed. "I forget sometimes that you young people pretend to take nothing seriously. Always kidding."

"Well, of course," said Ann, "Chummy doesn't really have many hang-overs. Beer is his drink. He can drink gallons and hardly show it at all. It just slows him up a little."

Word by word Chummy went over what she had just said, staring at the end of his cigarette. He found only half the answer there. He gazed thoughtfully out the window where the leaves glistened in the fading daylight. He found the rest of the answer. Ann was fixing it. If Uncle Miles gave him a job then she'd be stuck. Arthur Chalmers would be in the family then, completely, and she'd be stuck. But she'd leave him his baseball, which she had ruined.

He turned his head. Uncle Miles was gazing at him in quiet and controlled outrage. Aunt Harriet, bewildered, was saying that she had read someplace in the paper that they were trying to stop the manufacture of all liquor.

"You take care of the cocktails, Junior," said Ann jumping up, "and don't you touch one."

He gave her a long level look over his shoulder. Ann blushed. He saw it, but no one else did, since she was already on her way to the kitchen, calling out that she didn't want anyone coming out to help.

The only happy moment Chummy had came when Uncle Miles discovered that he was to eat in the kitchen. But he had no intention of starving. Aunt Harriet and Ann talked.

"Gee, Aunt Harriet, that sounds swell." Ann got up to pass the cauliflower for the second time. "I'd love to stay with you while Chummy's away, but I may go home for the rest of the summer. I haven't seen Mother and Father since Christmas."

Fine, said Chummy silently, *go ahead*—and then suddenly could not swallow. *For the rest of the summer—*

The bone of the steak was carved clean, and Uncle Miles came back to the fact that he was eating in a kitchen. He flashed a displeased look at them all. He muttered a little about freight cars and shipments and ate a large wedge of Mrs. Haas' good pie.

Then he tramped heavily up the hall.

"Care to look at the evening paper, sir?" asked Chummy. The "sir" was a balm to Uncle Miles, who felt he had been pushed around.

"Yes, yes, thank you, my boy," said Uncle Miles crossly. "I didn't have a chance to look at it before I left the house. Very early for dinner, six o'clock."

If he turns to the financial page before he looks at the headlines, Chummy bet himself, then I'm right about the other things. She doesn't want him to give me a job because then there'd be no way out for her. And she's not going home for the rest of the summer. She's going home for the rest of her life.

Uncle Miles shook out the paper and turned like a homing pigeon to the financial page.

Chummy lighted a cigarette. Blood drummed in his head for a moment and then receded, leaving his scalp cold. Fear could do that. No one need ever know that for a moment he had been frightened. He could take it. Give him a little time to get used to it, and he'd be a good sport, too.

AFTER one sharp glance Uncle Miles decided to put up with the radio. Chummy sat there, not listening to the commentator, not thinking, just waiting to get used to everything.

Bursts of laughter came from the kitchen where Aunt Harriet had insisted on helping Ann with the dishes. And low earnest voices followed as they made their treacherous women's plans.

Smiling like serpents they later came into the living room.

"Miles," said Aunt Harriet, forgetting for once to be repressed, "we can take Arthur to the train, can't we?"

"What time?" asked Uncle Miles irritably, looking at his wrist watch. He had been interrupted.

"Eleven-thirty," said Chummy, snapping off the radio. "Don't bother. Tony's going to pick me up."

"Tony who?" demanded Uncle Miles.

"Tony Caprini, our shortstop."

"Oh," said Uncle Miles. "A lot of these foreigners in professional sports."

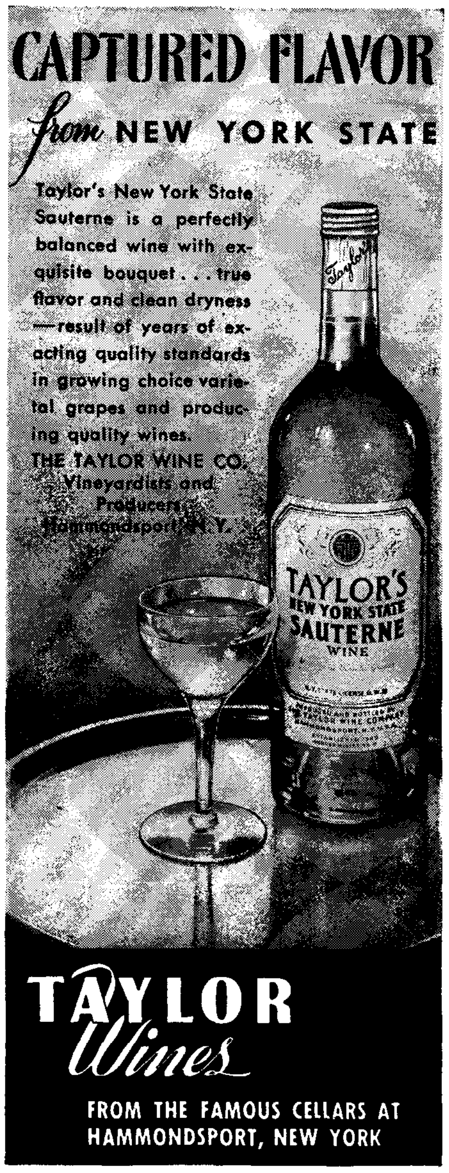
"Tony isn't a foreigner," said Chummy. "He's a third-generation American. He just happens to like his name well enough not to change it."

"Oh, well," said Uncle Miles washing his hands of the whole thing. "Eleven-thirty's pretty late for me. In bed by ten-thirty as a rule."

He must have made it easily. At nine-thirty Aunt Harriet was being helped into her black satin raincoat, while Uncle Miles examined it to see if the rain had damaged it any.

After lighting the Orcutts down the stairs Ann came back and put the flashlight away. She said, "I'll pack your bag," and slid past Chummy.

He stood in the bedroom doorway as



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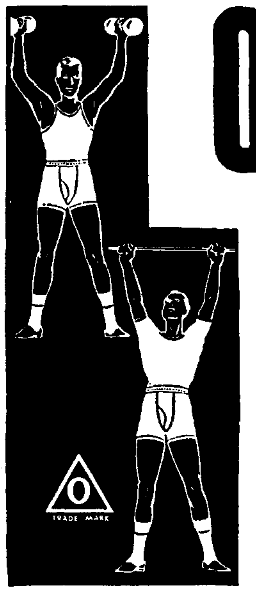

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she got things from the dresser drawers, opened the traveling bag on the bed.

"Any particular reason for lying your head off?" he asked.

"Yes." She counted shorts, socks, shirts. "I don't want you working for Uncle Miles."

"Oh. *You* don't want me working for Uncle Miles."

She went on packing. "You don't know what it's like, working for him. Oh, he's generous enough, and he only wants his money's worth. But he builds his business on young healthy men. You'd hate it."

"That's for me to decide. Maybe I'd have said no."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't! By the time he got through telling you what your salary would be to start with, and that he had just the little house in mind for us, and he'd see you were in a position to buy it, and he'd know about getting you a car even if there aren't any."

"You think I'd fall for that stuff?"

Straightening up she looked at him. "Yes—because you think that's what I want. And I had to stop him before he offered you anything. He'd never have listened to me if I just told him you didn't want a job."

He did not move. She was too far away. She would push him aside. She was busy.

"Well," he said weakly, "what do you want?"

"I'll tell you. I want you to go on doing the thing you're good at, the thing that makes you happy. Not enough people in this world do one thing well. It's terribly important but hardly anyone seems to realize it. You don't know how you used to look when you'd had a good day, so relaxed and contented and satisfied. Nobody ever looks like that just because he's made a lot of money."

He clung to the door jamb so that he would not go to her. She was busy.

He said, "I haven't looked like that in a long time."

"I know." Her hair slid forward as she pressed things down into the bag. "And it's my fault. That's why I thought I'd go home for a little while. But you ought to have more guts than to let little things bother you."

"Like you going away?"

"I don't mean that, I mean about the girls. I thought if I wasn't here while you finished out the season—oh, I know they don't like me any more. I've always been crazy about Mary and Bertha, but I can't help the way I talk, and I've heard them making fun of me. Why, I suppose everybody in Maine talks the way I do. And they call me the Duchess behind my back." She looked at Chummy in hurt surprise. "Did you know they call me the Duchess?"

"Oh, yes." She was so far away. "Funny thing about baseball players, they never tag a nickname on anyone unless they like them. Never. And the girls would give their eyeteeth to talk the way you do. They imitate you and make fun of each other. They say on anyone else it sounds phony—I've heard them."

"Have you?" She looked uncertainly at him, hoping, not quite sure. "Then what's the matter with us—with you?"

SOMETIME he'd tell her, and about what fear could do to a man, but not now. He smiled at her, the kind of smile he wore when she was busy, and he was bothering her. She waited. Then she flushed and moved to the dresser for more things. Somewhere along the way she got lost, and sighed with relief to find herself safe in his arms, forgetting that the bag was not packed, that she had other things to do.

They both raised their heads. "Who's that?" asked Ann.

"Damn," said Chummy. "It must be Tony. I told him to come early. They're going to that place down near the station, all of them, and have sandwiches and coffee before the train goes." He dropped his arms and walked toward the kitchen. "I'll have to let him in."

"Hi," said Tony in a hoarse whisper, "think you can get away now?"

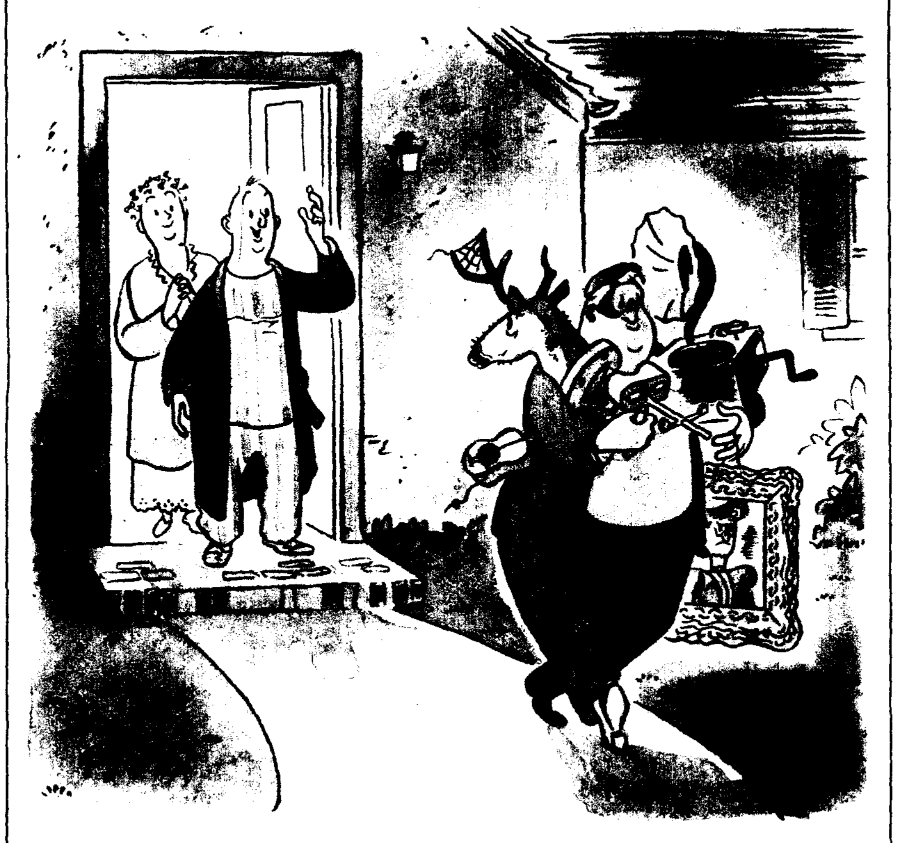
"Get away from what?" asked Ann from the doorway.

"Oh, hi!" said Tony, grinning and unabashed. He looked at Chummy and jerked his head toward Ann. "The Duchess coming with us?"

"If you'll wait till she gets a coat," said Ann, "the Duchess will."

THE END

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Don't forget now, the latchstring's always out for you"

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Hamm's

Smooth and
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YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Carry Them Better

The handy mesh bag, now commonly used for oranges, will be popular for packaging potatoes and many other items the housewife now has to carry home under her arm, when grocers adopt an ingenious little combination fastener and handle, just invented. For closing the bag the little device is placed close to the mouth and the drawstrings are wrapped tight around it and locked in a special notch. The other end of the handle is hooked through the mesh, providing a flexible grip for lifting the bag. These little handles can be stamped out of fiber by the million and will add so little to the cost of packaging that the convenience and visibility of the net bag can be fully utilized.

Work Gloves That Stay Clean

The good old cotton work glove has acquired a new dress—a flexible plastic coating that puts it in the class of the heavy rubber glove, but without its weight or clumsiness. The new glove is actually lighter than most cotton ones and wears longer, since it can't get frayed. The plastic coating gives a better grip than cloth and can be cleaned in a jiffy. Oil and grease don't bother it. These plastic-fabric gloves will be particularly good for gardening and messing around in cellar or attic.

Heal Those Little Cuts

A sterilizing agent, a soothing salve and a liquid bandage now come in a bottle, combined as a single solution to be dabbed on small injuries such as cuts, abrasions, burns and hangnails. Unlike collodion, the stuff kills bacteria at once, then dries into an air-tight, flexible film which prevents further contamination and at the same time gives a steady healing action. When the injury is well, the film can be stripped off easily, leaving no sticky residue as adhesive tape does.

What Caused That Plane Crash?

To help find the answer to this question a new instrument called a "flight recorder" has been devised. It will keep a continuous record of the plane's altitude, air speed, direction of flight, engine performance—in fact any data desired. Operating at all times during flight by electrical connections with the standard flying instruments, the recorder is ruggedly built and can be placed in the tail or other part of the craft likely to be least damaged. Thus investigators can recover the record after an accident and obtain a complete picture of the plane's performance when trouble was starting.

No Stumbling Over This Lamp Cord

Something new for clearing your floors of that extra lamp cord that catches fluff and trips people up is a small, neat reel of extension wire that can be attached to lamps, toasters, washing machines, vacuum cleaners. The reel is installed permanently on the appliance and connected to it by a short wire. Five or ten feet of extension cord can then be unwound, to reach the nearest utility outlet. A push-button spring release winds excess cord back into the reel. Another type of reel attaches directly to wall outlets, giving the proper length of wire to reach any appliance. Still another refinement is a reel that can be set flush with the wall when the house is built.

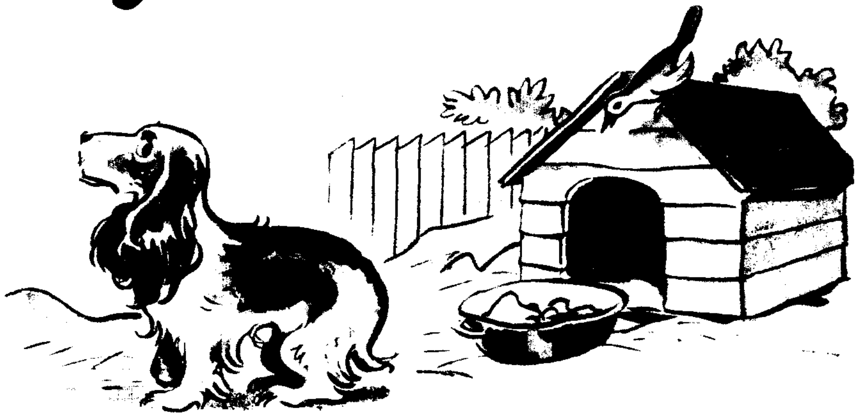
Lifelong Protection Against Rust

Large-scale production is announced for a new kind of paint that will protect iron and steel from rust for as long as thirty years without renewal. Made with zinc compounds, it contains chemicals that keep the paint itself from chalking or scaling off, while insulating the surface underneath from corrosion. The paint goes on with a spray gun or brush and can be dried by air or heat. It is especially resistant to salt spray and violent weather changes, hence will be used on ships and on outside structures like water tanks, bridges and exposed metalwork in factories and electric power systems.

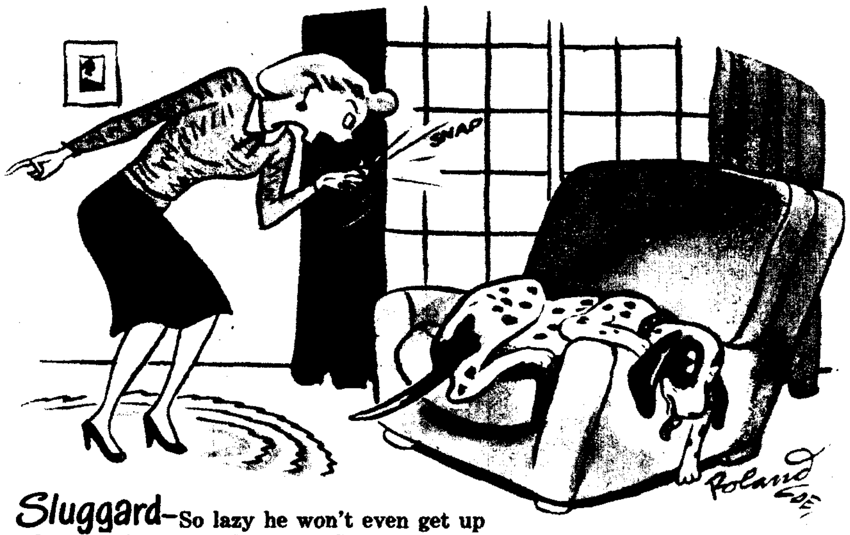
Rayon That Won't

Just coming on the market are various items of feminine clothing made of a treated rayon that will stand washing just as well as other common fabrics. Shrinking, stretching and coming apart at the seams will be troubles of the past with this new material, which will survive repeated laundering because of a chemical treatment that holds dimensional changes to one per cent, or less than the shrinkage limits for treated cotton. One particularly good feature of the new fabric is that it will not pick up chlorine from the wash water. In the past, rayon subjected to chlorine quickly deteriorated. ★★★

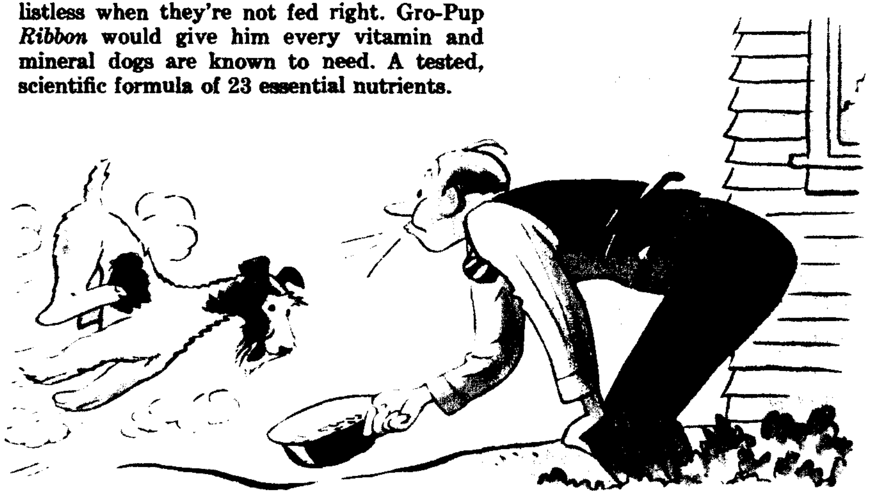
Dogs I've Known... by Roland Coe



Bird Appetite—Eats more like a sparrow than a spaniel. But watch his picky appetite perk up on a diet of Gro-Pup *Ribbon*. There's no other dog food like it! Only Gro-Pup comes in crisp, toasted ribbons. And according to a recent survey of owners who've fed it, dogs really *go* for this different dog food!



Sluggard—So lazy he won't even get up when a lady enters the room. Dogs *are* often listless when they're not fed right. Gro-Pup *Ribbon* would give him every vitamin and mineral dogs are known to need. A tested, scientific formula of 23 essential nutrients.



Fireball—Always eager for a romp or a round with his feed pan. Yessir, *his* basic diet is Gro-Pup. It's economical, too. Each box of Gro-Pup *Ribbon* supplies as much food by dry weight as five 1-lb. *cans* of dog food. Ask your grocer for Gro-Pup—made by Kellogg's, a famous name in nutrition.

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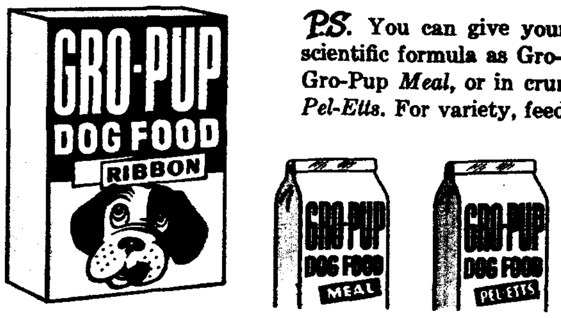

P.S. You can give your dog the same tested, scientific formula as Gro-Pup *Ribbon* in popular Gro-Pup *Meal*, or in crunchy, bite-size Gro-Pup *Pel-Etts*. For variety, feed all three.

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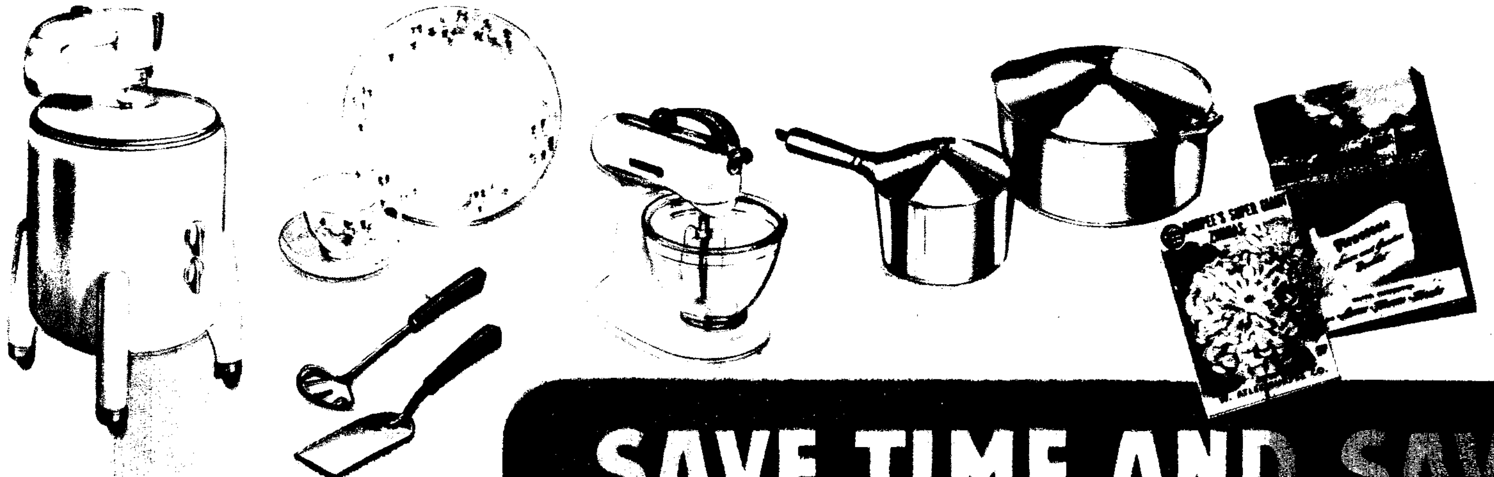

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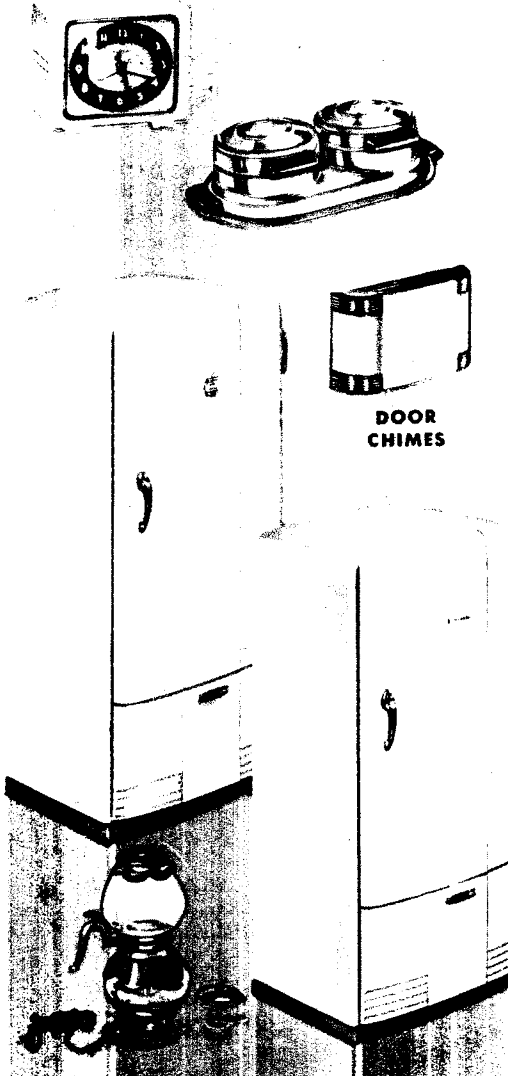

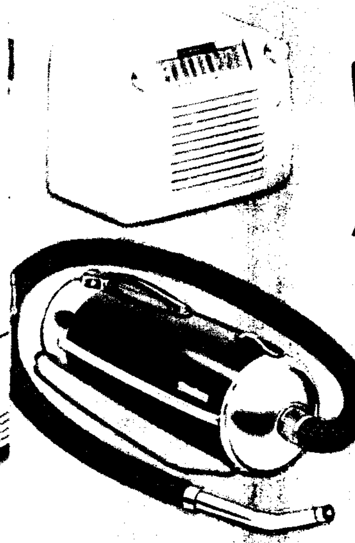

FOR HOME AND FARM

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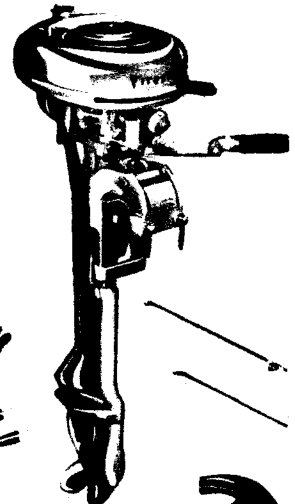

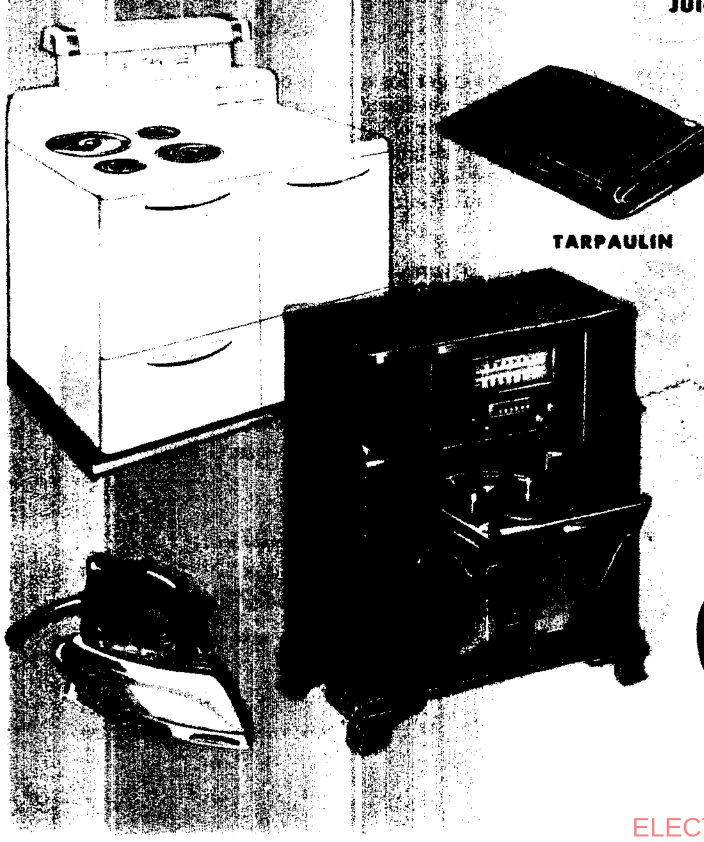

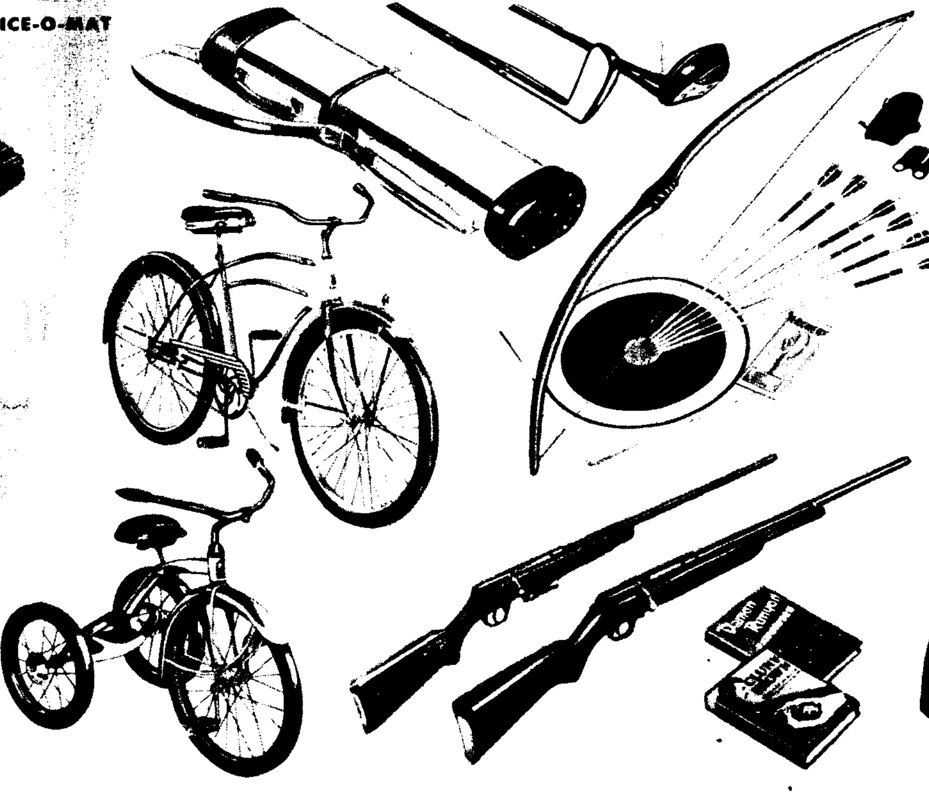

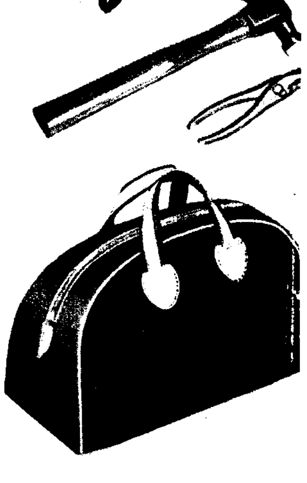

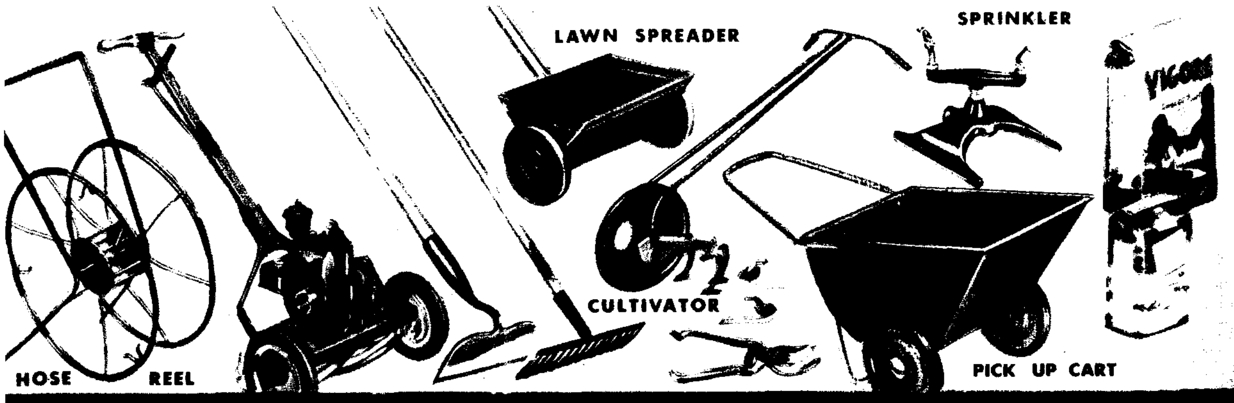
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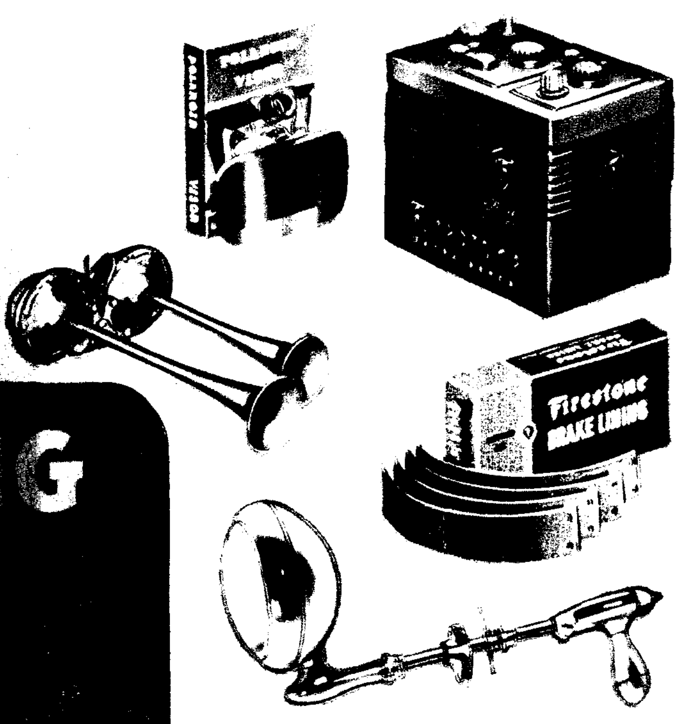
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BY "One Stop" SHOPPING

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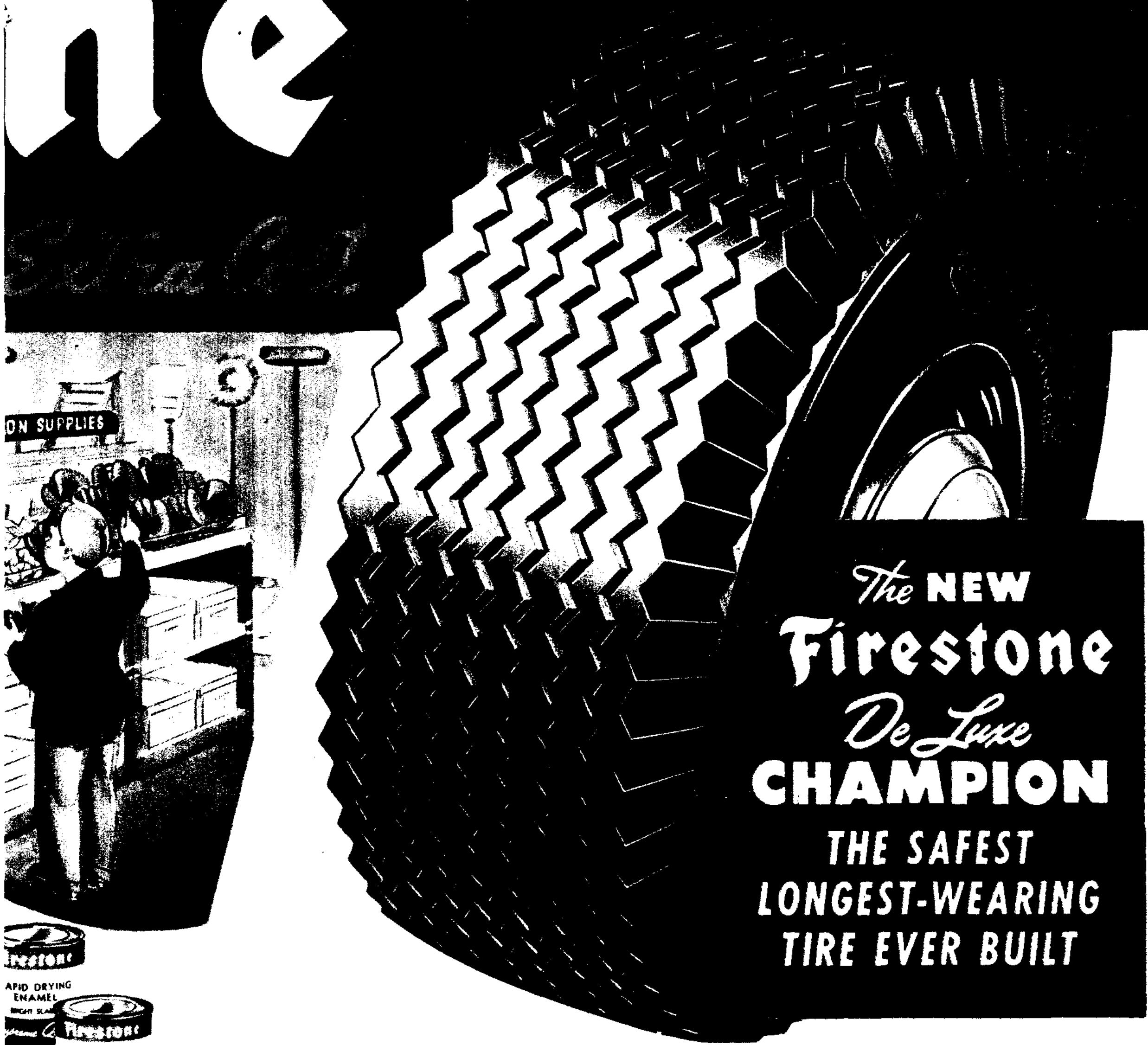
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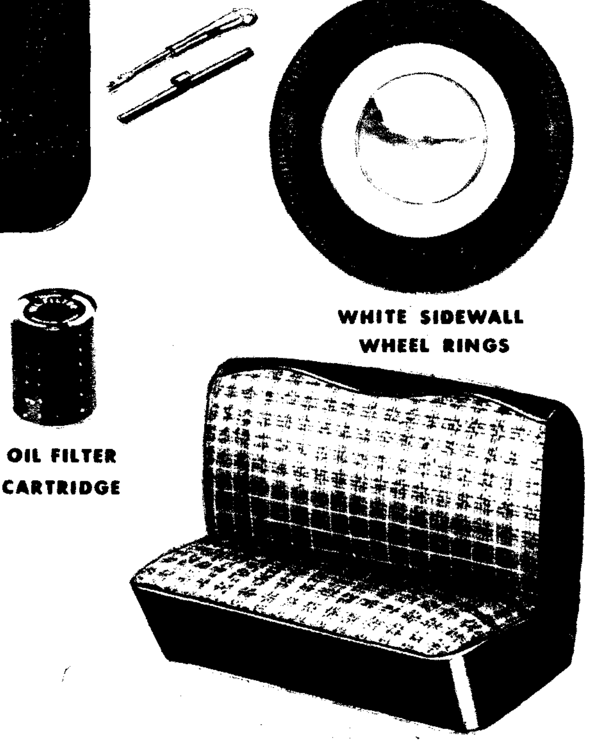
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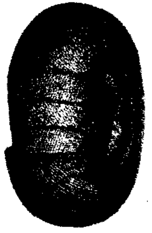

New rayon cord Safti-Sured body gives extra protection against blowouts and can be recapped again and again.

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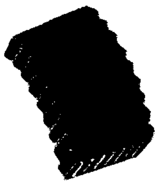

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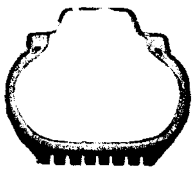

Wider, flatter tread and Vitamic Rubber provide extra protection against wear.

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For Safety's Sake Install

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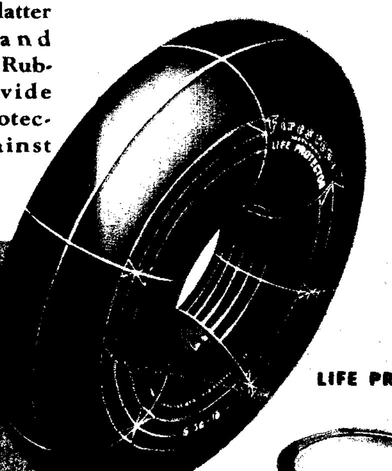
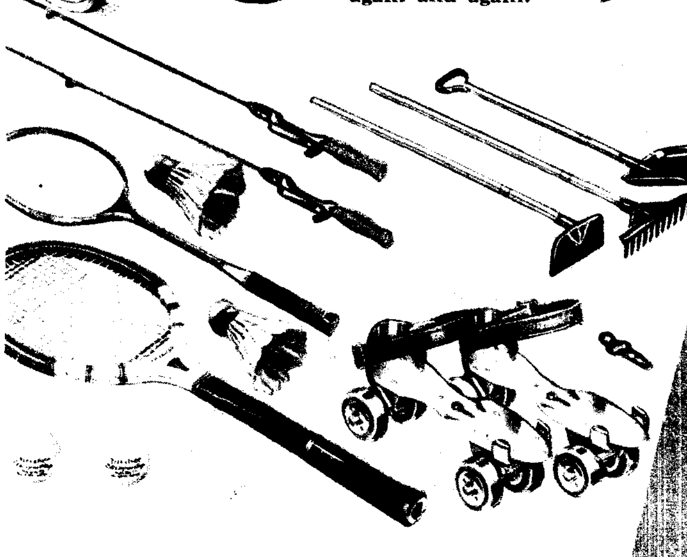
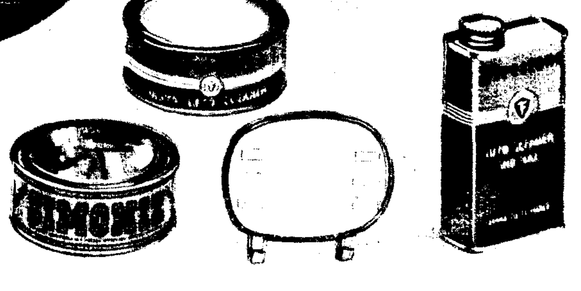
In case of a blowout, this tire within a tire brings you to a safe, straight-line stop, even from high speeds. Prevents ruining the tire, provides longer mileage.


LIFE PROTECTOR TUBE



RADIATOR CLEANER



MRS. BONANZA

Continued from page 18

placed on each corner of the table. Above them waved yellow aigrettes. In compliment to the Prince's consort, the Princess Alexandra, odontoglossum Alexandra intermingled with the *Souvenir d'un Ami* roses adorning the mantelpieces. Twenty yards of this, held in place by wire framework, was carried the length of the staircase. The concert room, like the dining room, was done in orchids.

"A bevy of vocal artists were imported from Paris," concluded the Court Journal. "M. Baillet, of the *Comédie Française,* sang My Heart Is Ready, and Mademoiselle Same and M. Vitero collaborated on a duet titled *Scène de Démocratie.*"

Overnight, Mrs. Mackay became the fashion. And, overnight, certain people began asking questions. It was noted later that they were friends of the Bonynges. Who were her people? Why was she living in Europe when her husband was in California?

Her father and mother, Colonel and Mrs. Daniel E. Hungerford, supplied the answer to the first question by appearing in person. Two young sons, Willie and Clarence, explained the second. English schools were so much better than American ones. Mr. Mackay's mining interests kept him in California. Temporarily the public was satisfied.

But for many years preceding the event, viperish little items, circulated in obscure newspapers, had been picked up by the city press. Now they increased in number.

Here are some samples: Mrs. Mackay was reported to have financed an expedition to New Guinea at a cost of $100,000 for the purpose of snaring five hundred birds of paradise to make an opera cape; she tried to buy the *Arc de Triomphe*—a little more than the New York equivalent of buying the Brooklyn Bridge. When the French government turned her down she made a bid for the *Place Vendôme* column. To discount the former story, Mrs. Mackay hung a parrot in the bay window of her boudoir. She refuted the latter in a broadside which looked official and was headed *"Petite Correspondance Républicaine."* Under the subhead, *"Un Canard Ridicule,"* was a paragraph in poorly written French. Here is a rough translation: "In recent times a series of yarns has been invented—each more ridiculous than the other—about Mr. and Mrs. Mackay. That Mrs. Mackay was to buy the *Arc de Triomphe,* that Mr. Mackay's smoking room was carpeted with bank notes and that he was the silent partner of General Boulanger" (the politician of the day).

Legend of the Kindly Uncle

A little later this embarrassing notice popped up (it was reprinted often) from the Gilboa (N. Y.) Monitor:

"Thirty years ago there lived in the wilds of Shandaken, Ulster County, two bright little boys. An uncle of these two boys, a jolly, kind-hearted Irishman, was living at this place, and although a poor man, he thought it would be a fine thing to give the boys an education and, acting upon this generous idea, the boys were brought to this village and placed in the Gilboa (N.Y.) Academy under the instruction of the Rev. C. Bogardus, where they learned their first lessons in schoolbooks. Today that uncle is an aged pauper in the Ulster County poorhouse while one of the boys is none other than Mackay, the California millionaire."

Here was war and the public knew it. The day after this item found its way to London, an unfortunate hostess had invited Colonel Bonynge and Mrs. Mackay to the same party. Mrs. Mackay cut the colonel dead.

Next morning, society gleefully read that "Charles Bonynge bought some of the French crown jewels at the recent sale and this has given him some prominence. He served in the Crimean War as a private where he was known widely as 'Balaclava Charlie.' "

Those following the feud's progress found the reply in a California paper:

"Some of our readers will perhaps recollect the mendacious attacks made on Mr. Bonynge, when amongst other things it was asserted that he had changed the spelling of his name and was without family antecedents. The records of the courts of chancery, however, show how unfounded and malicious this was. For in 1667, Charles II granted to John Bonynge, an ancestor of Mr. Bonynge, the lands of Ballentobber, County Longford, and the said John Bonynge afterwards acquired the remaining lands of Ballentobber from James II. Mr. Bonynge's great-grandfather was high sheriff of Longford in 1755 and 1756. The family originally came from Normandy. They owned large estates in Meath, Longford, West Meath, and Kildare."

Jewels of Royal Magnificence

Mrs. Mackay hastily sought to discount this by buying an assortment of crown jewels. Here is that news:

"Mrs. Mackay owns the finest collection of jewels in the world, among them a sapphire which she bought from a Russian prince for £30,000. She also owns the finest known emerald, a necklace of pearls worth £20,000, a set of corals consisting of a brooch, bracelet, and crown, all of the most delicate rose color, each piece being profusely set with fine diamonds. There exists only one other coral set like it and that belongs to the Queen of Portugal. In addition to these gems she possesses a pair of solitaires worth £85,000. One of them was bought at the sale of the Duke of Brunswick's jeweler. It took the jeweler two years to match it."

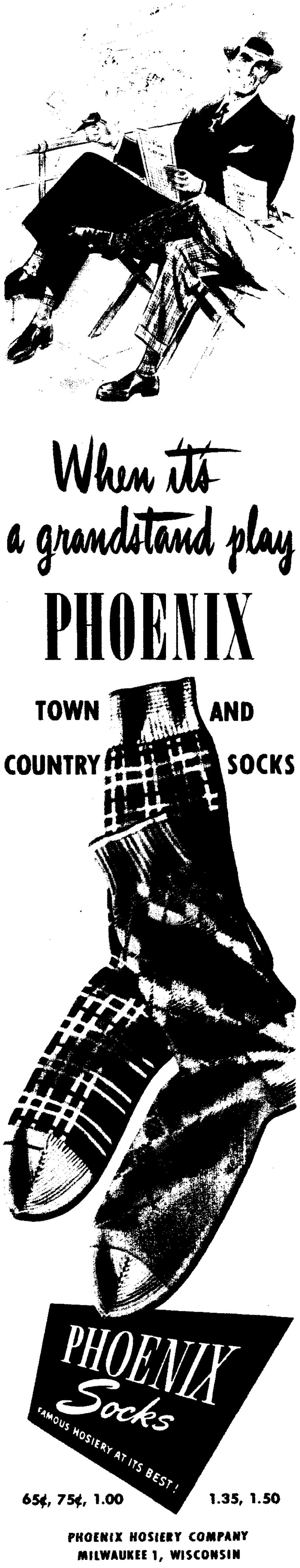
Unfortunately, this description was printed in connection with an ad for Mrs. S.A. Allen's hair restorer. It wound up quibbling over Mrs. Mackay's purchase: "After all, a pair of sparkling eyes are far more attractive than diamonds and a fine head of hair gives a halo to a woman's head that no tiara can equal."

Mr. Bonynge was not vanquished. He engaged Bouguereau, the great French artist, to paint a portrait of his wife. Mrs. Mackay retaliated by having Meissonier, the French painter of Franco-Prussian battlefields, do her, wearing the various crown jewels. After which, she gave a twenty-five-thousand-dollar dinner, and the Prince of Wales popped in. But instead of talking to the guests, the prince spent an hour studying the nimble fingers of some banjo players Mrs. Mackay had hired for the evening, while Lady Lister Kaye, his banjo teacher, sought to explain the various chords.

Shortly after, a columnist reminded the world that Mrs. Mackay would never have been presented at court if Lady Mandeville's sister had not been the Prince of Wales' banjo teacher.

While the social set stewed, the feud took an unexpected turn. Word spread that Mrs. Mackay had given Lady Mandeville a diamond necklace in return for the introduction to Queen Victoria! This tidbit was slipped into an account of a three-cornered row between Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Paran Stevens, a New York society leader, and Mrs. James Brown Potter, the actress. The more astute accused Colonel Bonynge of inciting the row, Mrs. Brown Potter having been seen leaving the Bonynge home two days prior to the explosion.

The answer was printed in Leslie's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PHOENIX Socks
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PHOENIX HOSIERY COMPANY
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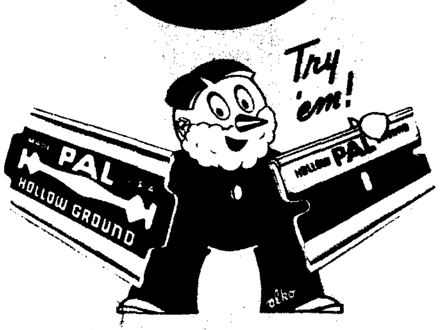
IN RAZOR BLADES
PAL
HOLLOW GROUND
HAS THE "EDGE" 5 ways
1. Not just because the edges last longer
2. Not just because they shave smoother
3. Not just because the edges are keener
4. Not just because they cost less to use
5. Not just because they are uniformly perfect
but PAL Hollow Ground has the "EDGE" in ALL 5 WAYS!



DOUBLE EDGE SINGLE EDGE
RUST RESISTANT
4 for 10¢ 10 for 25¢
25 for 59¢
Economy Size
50 for $1.
BUY A PACK TODAY
AT ALL GOOD STORES
PAL HOLLOW GROUND BLADES ARE MADE IN U.S.A., CANADA, GREAT BRITAIN AND SOUTH AMERICA AND ARE SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD

Weekly of September 21, 1889: "Mrs. Mackay, a New York City girl, has never relinquished under any circumstances anything of her absolute Americanism. She was the daughter of Colonel Hungerford of Waterford, in this state, an officer of the Mexican War. At the age of eighteen years she was the widow of Dr. Bryant of Downieville, California, a relative of the poet, and two years subsequently she married John W. Mackay, whose phenomenal success in the mines, even at that time, 1868, marked him out among the bonanza kings of the Pacific Coast.

"The Prince of Wales has often been her guest, and just previous to her departure from Europe she was present at the marriage of the daughter of the Prince of Wales to the Duke of Fife. Mrs. Mackay's present of a diamond necklace to the bride was accounted one of the most valuable and welcome of the entire collection. . . . Mrs. Mackay is a very wealthy woman. Years ago her husband made her an unconditional present of five million dollars in U.S. bonds, and gave her also a residence at the French capital and one in London. . . .

"Quite aside from the cost of dresses and jewels, Mrs. Mackay's current expenses are more than $100,000 a year."

But even this didn't bury the corpse. The Manchester Examiner revealed that Mrs. Mackay, who entertained the Prince of Wales, was once a washerwoman.

The feud had now reached an international crescendo. "Those who know the California woman back her to win in the fight," said a Philadelphia paper. "She has many ardent supporters ready to do battle for her."

On December 5, 1889, she brought suit against the Manchester Press Co. for the washerwoman story. The English judge, Baron Huddleston, decided in her favor.

This didn't discourage Colonel Bonynge, nor, for that matter, Mrs. Mackay. In an interview published in the New York Truth of January 1, 1891, he claimed that someone he'd rather not name had spent more than fifty thousand dollars battling him. He produced a pamphlet on him which he said "she" had circulated.

"Last winter we were up the Nile," he continued. "You would think we would be free from annoyance there. Not so. We were followed, and a dispatch appeared in the San Francisco Call, dated Cairo, stating that we had been driven from London."

Mrs. Mackay replied by offering a reward of $1,000 for the arrest and conviction of her annoyer or annoyers.

Both camps were hysterical. On Monday following the publishing of this announcement, most of the people, English as well as American, on Mrs. Mackay's visiting list, received by mail a clipping from a Washington, D.C., newspaper, in which a direct attack was made on the lady's character. The envelopes contained only the newspaper clipping. The addresses were typed and the letters mailed in London.

Mr. Mackay replied in his own way. Every newspaper on the two sides of the Atlantic published the story. Said the San Francisco Echo: "The president's office in the Nevada Bank was yesterday the scene of a sensational quarrel between Mr. John W. Mackay, the well-known bonanza king, and Mr. W. C. Bonynge, a retired California millionaire, whose family are at present residing in London. It appears that Mr. Bonynge was talking with Mr. Hellman, the president of the Nevada Bank, in the latter's private office, when Mr. Mackay entered, and stepping forward without parley, knocked Mr. Bonynge down. President Hellman and the bank clerks succeeded in parting the combatants, who ultimately went home in cabs. The affair has created the wildest possible excitement in San Francisco."

The End of a Perfect Dogfight

Mrs. Mackay and Mr. Bonynge, both world famous, called the dogs off.

What had Bonynge got out of the feud? A pair of titled sons-in-law. Virginia (Mrs. Bonynge's daughter by her first husband) married Viscount Deerhurst. Louise, the child by Bonynge, became the wife of Sir John Maxwell, governor of the Transvaal.

And Mrs. Mackay?

"Her fame as a social leader has been internationally established," declared the New York Herald.

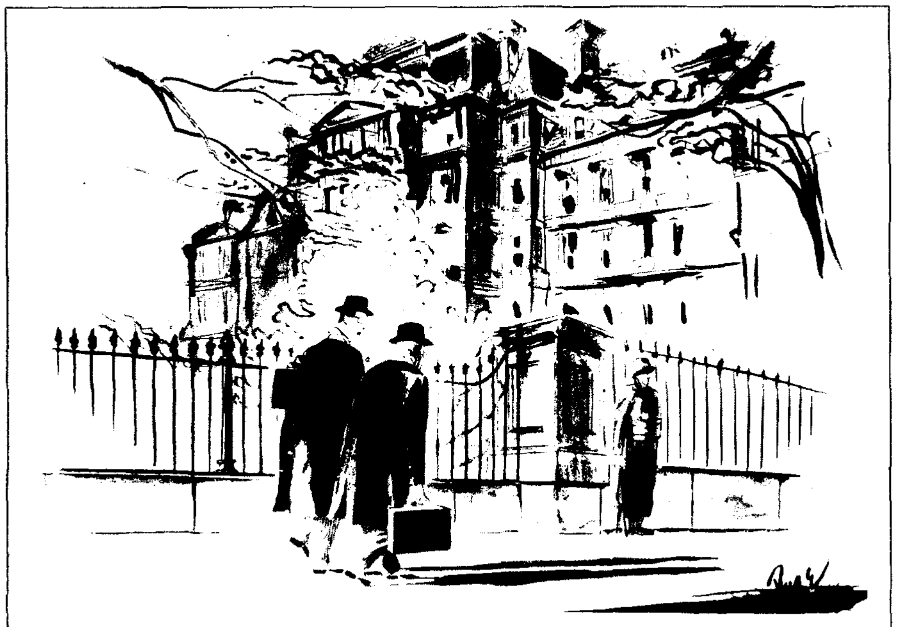
Every newspaper in Europe and America was publishing anything she did, said or wore.

Four years later a full column notice in the New York Times revealed the extent of her social advancement. Her son Willie gave a dinner in New York at the Waldorf. The guest of honor was Consuelo Vanberbilt! Poor Willie! Before the year ended he was killed at a private race meet outside Paris.

The year was a hard one. On August 14th, Eva was officially separated from her prince. They had squabbled over his gambling debts. She got the children. His terms were 60,000 francs annually.

By 1898, the social future again looked brighter. On May 18th, Mrs. Mackay's only living son, Clarence, married Katherine A. Duer, of an aristocratic American family. That must have made her very happy.

Four years later her husband dropped



"What's a good word that sounds a little like yes—but more or less means no?"

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You'll know them by the BUR-MIL label, and they say "Quality" on sight.

BUR-MIL Men's Wear fabrics are woven of rayon (sometimes blended with wool). The cloth is cool, and kind to the touch. Wrinkle resisting, and planned for enduring wear.

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86 Proof

dead of a heat stroke on one of his infrequent visits to London. Once again the old legends, so carefully planted by Bonynge, rose from their ashes.

"Mr. Mackay met his future wife not long before the yield of the Bonanza mine put him on the road to fabulous wealth," said the Evening Sun. "She married a Dr. Bryant who, when he died in Nevada City, left his widow and their little daughter Eva destitute. Mr. Mackay is said to have heard of their condition and started a subscription for their benefit to which he contributed liberally himself. When the widow came to thank him for his kindness he fell in love with her. Other California millionaires who had settled in Europe and sought social honors were not friendly to the Mackays and allowed no opportunity to go unused to circulate obnoxious stories about Mrs. Mackay."

Were they so obnoxious, after all? Whatever the difficulty between Colonel Bonynge and Mrs. Mackay, his prods undoubtedly spurred her on to outshine him and his.

What started the feud? None of the old clippings gave the answer. I went to Clarence Mackay's daughter, Mrs. Berlin. "Who was Colonel Bonynge?" she asked. "I never heard Granny speak of him."

She remembered that Dr. Bryant had been her grandmother's first husband. "Granny always kept a little daguerreotype of a very handsome young man on the table by her bed," she said. "I believe it was Dr. Bryant. She kissed it every night before she went to sleep. But then she kissed Grandfather's picture too. She used to laugh and say, 'I wonder which I'll meet first when I get to heaven.'"

She frequently asked her chauffeur to drive her through lower New York, especially Pearl Street. After searching vainly for some trace of an earlier day, she would say, "There was once a cottage covered with honeysuckle," then sigh and change the conversation to the latest mystery story.

Farewell to Social Gatherings

She made only three social appearances after she returned to America. The first was a luncheon at Harbor Hill in 1924, for the Prince of Wales (the present Duke of Windsor). "I knew your grandfather," she told him. In 1927 she joined her son in giving a party for a young flier, Charles A. Lindbergh, who had just flown the Atlantic. On the 17th of April, 1928, she went to her last party, a birthday dinner for Clarence.

On September 4th she twinkled out like a candle. She had talked of the past all day. "Those Western mining camps were wonderful places to make your money in but not to live in," she said.

Obliquely, she referred to the feud. "They had me at the washtubs, even cooking." She laughed. "I never was a very good cook."

When she finished her afternoon tea (she clung to that English custom), she smoked a Turkish cigarette and read the society news. "Thank goodness, I'm out of that," she exclaimed and tossed the paper aside. Because she was growing weaker her nurse, "Finnie," and two French maids, Mme. de Moutier and Mlle. Pauline, helped her to bed. As she lay back on her pillows her eyes grew dreamy. "Do you know, Finnie," she said to her nurse, "of all my memories I like to think best of the Cardinal coming down my white marble staircase in his red robes."

She died that night.

At Greenwood, the Brooklyn cemetery where she built a $500,000 mausoleum, the death records indicate she was born in 1841, but at Downieville, California, where she lived as a girl, the courthouse records reveal she gave her age as 16 when she married her first husband, Dr. Edmond Gardner Bryant, New Year's Day, 1860. This would make her 84 when she died.

When did she go West? John Doggett's New York City Directory up to 1851 lists a Daniel E. Hungerford, hairdresser, at 53 Pearl Street. This confirms some of the Bonynge items which call Hungerford a barber and a hairdresser. It also agrees with stories which say Mrs. Mackay went West in the '50s. But none of these details had yet explained the cause of the feud.

"Granny left some scrapbooks," said Mrs. Berlin. "My brother, John, has them."

I went to Long Island to see the scrapbooks. Mr. Winifred Spofford, Mrs. Mackay's secretary (his aunt was lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria), had meticulously pasted a complete record of Mrs. Mackay's side of the feud. During those hectic years she had thought it important enough to subscribe to a clipping bureau! But in all the five hundred and four clippings there was not a single explanation of what she and Mr. Bonynge were rowing about.

A Granddaughter of the Colonel

I looked up Colonel Bonynge's granddaughter, Mrs. Clifford Carver, daughter of Sir Hector and Lady Maxwell (Louise). She lives in a smart New York town house on East 94th Street. Over the drawing-room mantel I noticed the Bouguereau portrait of Mrs. Bonynge which had provoked Mrs. Mackay into having hers painted by Meissonier. In the library I noticed a framed record of the courts of chancery, tracing the Bonynge family back to 1667. Attached to it were imposing seals bearing the Bonynge family coat of arms.

"That silly feud," Mrs. Carver laughed. "Victorian stuffed-shirtism, if you ask me. What if Mrs. Mackay's father was a barber? Suppose she did take in washing or keep a boardinghouse? Grandfather worked as a stableboy when he first went West. He came of good family, and I suppose Mrs. Mackay did too. But you couldn't live on that."

She opened the door of a handsome antique break-front desk. "I could never get any of my English family to tell me about the feud. They treated it as a scandal. Of course that made me all the more eager to find out what it was all about."

She lifted a fine red morocco leather volume from one of the break-front's shelves. "Grandfather kept a scrapbook on it."

He, too, had subscribed to a clipping bureau!

Mrs. Carver turned the pages. "But it was all about his side." She pointed to a yellowed letter dated San Francisco, February 8, 1868. "There's one piece of the puzzle. I didn't recognize it until I went to visit my California relatives. They said there must have been some romance between my grandfather and Mrs. Bryant before she married Mr. Mackay in 1868."

She ran her finger along the faded copperplate handwriting. "It evidently didn't set too well with either Mr. Mackay or Colonel Bonynge. See—this is from my grandfather's broker, Woods Cheesman. He says, 'A certain party is determined to get control of the election of the H. & Nor. (Hale and Norcross, a Comstock lode mine). You may judge what is best to do.'"

Bonynge tried to freeze Mackay out. He didn't succeed then, but he did later on another deal.

"That was the start of it on the surface," continued Mrs. Carver. "Actually, my relatives said, the real reason was the broken romance. Only a sweethearts' quarrel could explain such hatred."

THE END

MAN WANTED
WITH A
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And you won't with a Winchester Model 69. You and a Model 69 rifle are friends of farmer and sportsman when you go crow hunting. These quick and cunning gangsters-in-feathers will try to out-smart you—but your Model 69 has the range and accuracy to reach out and hit hard.

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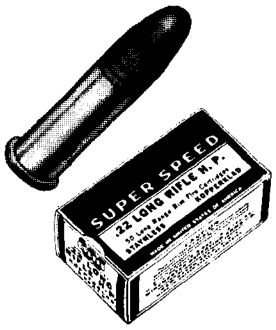

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It's easy to mend cracked walls with Rutland Patching Plaster. Just mix with water and apply with knife. Makes smooth, firm patch. Doesn't crack or fall out.
Rutland Fire Clay Co.
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WHY NOT LIVE SWEETLY?

Continued from page 11

more meaning: serious or gay, or sad, or bitter, or happy, or healing, though it's difficult for them to give out their full meaning—especially in a city where they are jumbled together, she added, in defiance of Eddie. That bristly, apoplectic old man is "battle," she thought, and that woman with the quiet, withdrawn face and the long hands and the gray eyes is "twilight."

She told this to Eddie.

"What will you think of next?" he said.

She was able to tell him that too. Today she had thought that living in a town was prose while living in the country was poetry.

Eddie said that was going too far. "Living in a city can be poetry too."

"Not to everyone, Eddie," she said, and suddenly, "living in a block of flats like this is journalese."

THAT annoyed Eddie, but she had to go on. "Columns and columns of people live in these flats," she said.

"Where is all this leading?" he demanded. "You are perfectly happy here."

"Yes, Eddie."

"Are you?"

"Yes. Of course I'm happy but . . ."

"But what?"

"I—don't quite know."

"If people are words," said the exasperated Eddie, "you are 'but,' always wanting to fly round the corner." Then he looked at her face and relented. "You must not think so much of home—your old home," he corrected himself. "You must think of us, of me and you."

She did not tell him that she did not have to think of home, nor of the village, nor the woods above the river in the valley that ran down from the moor, because she had never left her home, nor could she; she knew that now. It was only when Eddie described it, as he often did to their friends, that it drew far away and became a little distorted and so quite out of truth.

"It's a dimpled country," said Eddie.

"Oh, Eddie! It's not!" She could have cried.

"I don't know how else to describe it," said Eddie, and he went on to describe moor, woods, valley, village, river, always going further away from truth. "Corn fields, radiant and green, sun striking the mica in the old gray walls. . . ."

Did the sun strike the mica in the walls? she wondered. She had never noticed it. She looked at Eddie to ask him, and then she saw he did not know.

He began to talk of the trees, the fine old unhampered trees: beeches, oaks, and ash; in a surge a sound rose up in her to contradict him, with her feeling for the very truth of those trees, the truth he could not possibly know, like the sound of the wind in their branches.

"—gentle . . ." She caught the word as Eddie said it, though maybe he had not said it about the trees at all.

Not gentle, strong! Passionately strong, she cried silently. The strength of her feeling surprised her. Afterward she tried not to think of it; it was, as yet, only a feeling.

"It is only the feeling I get from the trees round my home," she told herself, "it's natural I should feel it, being homesick," but its strength terrified her. It had as yet no expression, no meaning, no words, but she knew its words would come and when they came, though Eddie might think them gentle, yielding, she knew they would be inexorable.

She loved Eddie and he loved her. His eyes looked for her as soon as he came into a room; he had young eyes, brave and blue and a little hard, so determined as to be almost insolent, but they grew tender when they looked at her.

Eddie worked hard, pouring his words into the stream that came out in the print of his paper every morning:

The talks that were resumed at eight o'clock last night were again held under the semisecret conditions first introduced for Thursday's informal gathering. A British spokesman said late last night, "An understanding was reached that nothing should be said about the discussions beyond the fact that they will be continued tomorrow in another informal meeting. . . .

The man-power Budget is being designed to:

1. Assess the general economic resources of the country.

2. Estimate the required production for export and home markets, and the contributions which particular industries should make in each field.

Then the first words of a poem that she had learned long ago in school came into her head:

I had a dove and the sweet dove died
And I have thought it died of grieving:
Oh, what could it grieve for?

What had that to do with it? With her and Eddie?

In the mansion flats where they lived, one could be called every morning on the telephone; this was a part of the service. She was called at seven. Eddie usually woke at once, but she took longer because she persisted in waking first at home and had that preliminary struggle before she knew she was here. They found the morning papers and the milk, in its neatly sealed bottles, waiting for them in the service lift. After breakfast the service maid came in with the vacuum cleaner to do the rooms. They could telephone down to the shops on the ground floor for their provisions, their flowers, cigarettes, stationery, theater tickets and taxis. There was a valet service, hairdresser, and a shoeshine man. If they preferred not to cook, they could choose between the snack bar and the restaurant. For amusements there were dancing, swimming, tennis, and a wireless in every room.

"What more could you want?" asked Eddie.

"Not more. Far, far less," she would have liked to say.

"You have to admit it's convenient," said Eddie. He said that often, and every time he said it she distrusted it still more, and disliked it.

"Convenient and expedient," she said aloud. "Those words are like traps."

"Traps?"

"Yes, traps. Once you let them catch you, you never get away again."

"Nonsense. We live here because we want to be free."

"Are you free?" she asked.

"Yes, I am," said Eddie indignantly, "and so, I hope, are you."

SHE did not answer. That little poem had come again like an echo into her head, and now it did not seem irrelevant, nor little either.

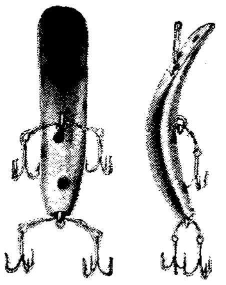
Its feet were tied
With a silken thread of my own hands'
weaving.

"But he didn't weave it," she said to herself, "Nor did I. It was woven for us—of us," she corrected. "But it was his doing," she said. "I was meant to marry Roger. He says himself he caught me."

"No one ever noticed you or saw you at home, at your old home," Eddie was fond of saying. "You were nobody there."

She did not tell him that he was wrong. She was not "nobody" at home, she was herself. Maybe, she thought slowly, I should have stayed for Roger.

THEY CAN'T SHAKE LOOSE FROM A FLATFISH



Once the Flatfish gets its hooks into a fish, the fish is as good as in your creel. This is because Flatfish hooks are not the conventional kind of hooks. They're smaller and sharper. They penetrate more easily and more quickly. Then, too, the Flatfish has a hooking arrangement that hooks the easy striker. With the hooks offset from the body of the lure, the fish cannot obtain sufficient purchase on the body of the bait to enable it to throw the hook.

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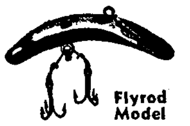

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"They wouldn't know you now," said Eddie. He came closer. "You pretty thing," he said.

She felt as if she were struggling, though she was quiet under his hands. "Kiss me," said Eddie, and she kissed him. "I love you," said Eddie. "You know that."

"Yes, but—" and she said helplessly, "it doesn't make any difference."

He drew back quickly, offended to his soul. "Then—you do want to go home."

As he said that the surge of the wind in the trees rose up in her again so that she no longer heard it, but was in it, wheeling, tumbling, gliding, rising, free, borne up and away into a distance that was still home, borne up, borne away, and, at the same time, she gave herself a desperate command and heard her voice, stifled and small, answer from far down below her, from somewhere on earth with Eddie, "No," she heard herself answer, "No."

EDDIE sat down and took her on his knee, and began to talk to her. Eddie knew all the words and his words now were reasonable, kind, sensible, and powerful; they had all Eddie's potency and determination and quickness. She listened and all she said was, "Yes, Eddie," or "No, Eddie."

"People are not all the same," said Eddie.

"No, Eddie."

"At the same time, we must be adaptable. There is no reason why we shouldn't be."

Why, pretty thing, would you not live with me? A line from the poem came irresistibly into her mind.

"We can adapt ourselves to anything," said Eddie, and his words went on, fluently, until she had the idea that he was reading from a newspaper. She began to fidget and Eddie, disappointed but still kind, brought what he had said to a sensible conclusion. He looked hopefully into her face and, as he looked, hope faded. "Now say 'but,'" said Eddie.

She had to say it. "But, Eddie I am not that kind of person."

"What kind of person?"

"Adaptable."

"You must be."

"But—if I am not?"

"You must learn to be."

She was silent. She was thinking that if she were "but," then Eddie was "must." She sighed

I kissed you often and gave you white peas. . . .

"And they were useless to it, I expect, poor thing," she said.

"What did you say?" asked Eddie. "Never mind. Kiss me."

She kissed him, again, but though his lips drew hers, the poem would not leave her. She thought of it as Eddie kissed her, trying to remember its last line. "All the same you are sweet," said Eddie, "sweet."

After he had gone, she went across to the bookshelves and took down his big dictionary. She looked up those two words "must" and "but."

Must: to be obliged, forced, physically or morally. Physically *and* morally, she thought.

But: without; except; besides; only; still. . . . Weak, wishful, small words that, in her case, flew out of the sentence without explaining themselves. Of course, "but" hasn't a chance against "must," she thought. Not a chance.

All around her, the sounds of the mammoth building came steadily to her, through the windows, the ceiling, the floor and the walls; though the noises were dulled, partly cut off by soundproof thickness, she could hear telephones, radios playing afternoon music, lifts, bells, a vacuum cleaner in the corridor; she shut her eyes but now, though she strained to catch it, the sound of the wind in the trees was growing faint . . . fainter. "It must grow faint. I must forget," she said.

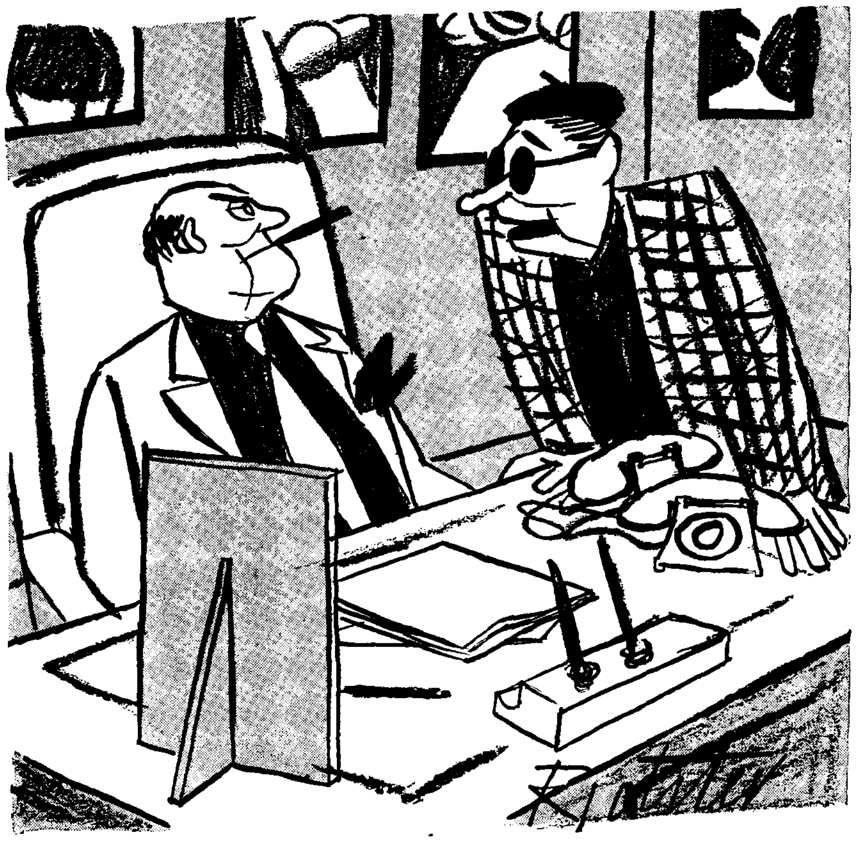
She opened her eyes and she saw that the afternoon sun, striking down to her window past the wall of the next block, had cast the shadow of the window on the floor. It was a modern window of long panels joined with steel, and its shadow made a pattern of bars.

As she looked at them, clearly, over the fading sound of the trees, the last line of the poem came:

Why not live sweetly as in the green trees?

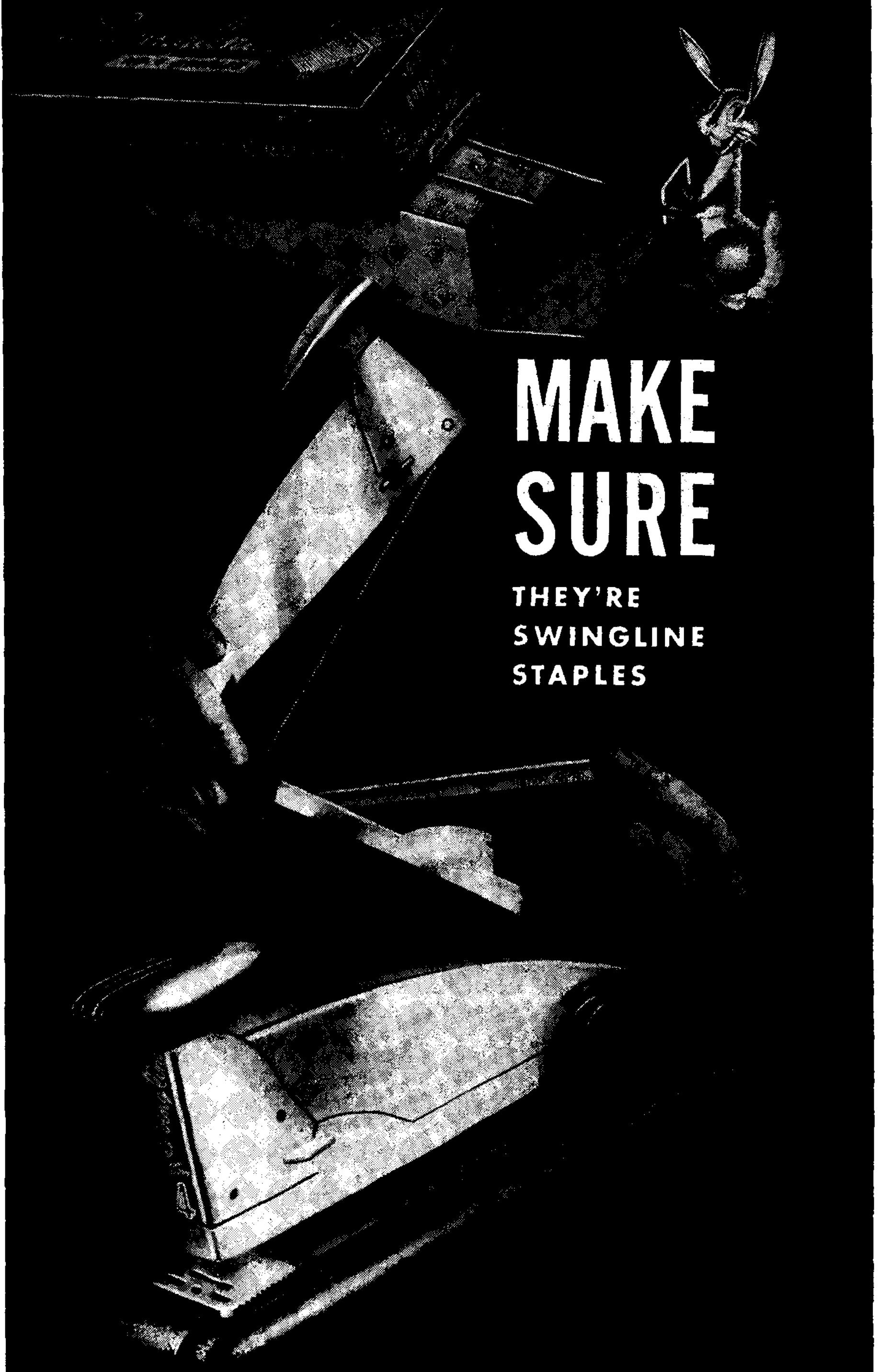
Why not live sweetly?
Why not?
Why not?

THE END



"I've just seen the rushes. The picture stinks. Better put another million dollars into advertising"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER



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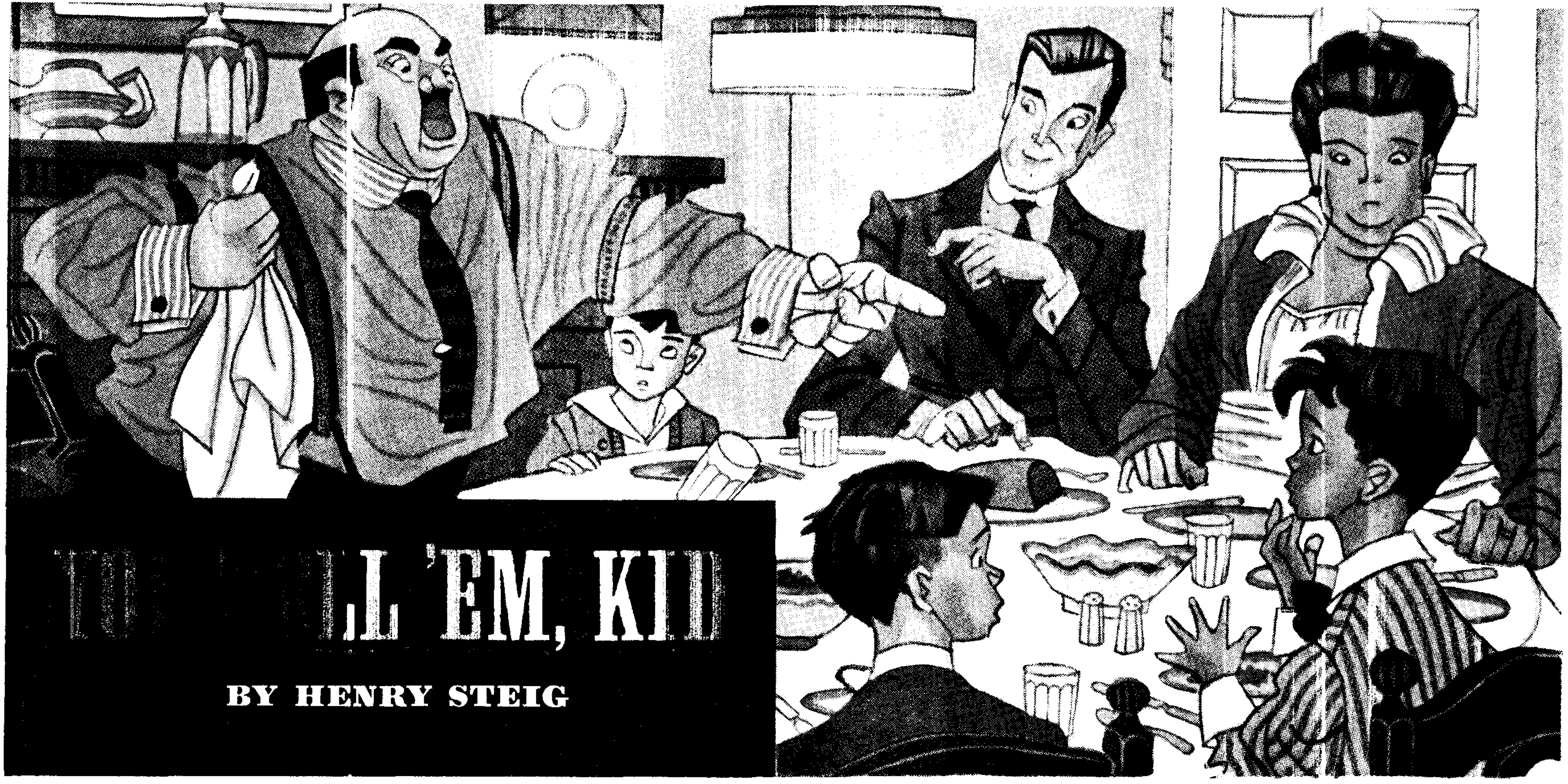


YOU TELL 'EM, KID

BY HENRY STEIG

Papa rose half out of his seat and glared at Paul, whose face expressed blank innocence. "Once more," he shouted, "and you'll regret it! I'm warning you!"

PAPA came home grumpy, that spring evening in 1919, washed in a hurry, and sat right down at the kitchen table, which Mama was setting for supper. I sat down, too, with my younger brothers, Paul and Jerry.

"Ella, where's the Times Square cowboy?" Papa said. He meant my big brother, Eddie, who had recently got a job as a sort of assistant reviewer on a vaudeville trade paper.

Mama said, "He's working late, I guess. You may have some bread and butter while we're waiting, Dan." She put a huge loaf of pumpernickel on the table. Papa cut himself an inch-thick heel and plastered it with butter.

"I want some, too," said Jerry, who was five.

"Make it a small piece, Dan," said Mama, "or he'll spoil his appetite."

"What about *me* spoiling *my* appetite?" Papa demanded.

"You're old enough to know better," Mama declared.

"You tell 'em, kid," Paul said and began buttering himself a slab of bread. He was eleven, two years younger than I.

Papa frowned at Paul. "That new expression you've brought around—I advise you not to overwork it."

Paul gave his piece of bread a voracious bite.

"Damn it, Ella, where's Eddie?" Papa asked. "I won't wait any longer!"

Eddie didn't join us until we were almost through with our soup. "Hello, Mr. Critic," Papa said. "What do you think this is, a restaurant?"

"You tell 'em, kid," Paul said.

"Paul," Papa said darkly, "I do not relish that phrase!" He turned back to Eddie. "You have no right to expect Mama to serve you whenever it pleases you to come home."

"Don't pick on the boy," Mama said. "He's tired."

"Poor child. He's worn out, exhausted—from watching vaudeville shows. But the old work horse—" Papa indicated himself with his thumb —"he never gets tired."

"Cheerful gathering," Eddie said.

"Why don't you liven it up? Why don't you give us some of that sparkling Broadway wit of yours?"

"I'd be in a tough spot, Pa, trying to follow your act," Eddie said. Then Jerry spilled his milk. Papa scolded him, and Mama scolded Papa for scolding Jerry, who began bawling.

"That's all we needed," Eddie said. "What a family!"

"How unfortunate for you to have been born into it," Papa said.

"You tell 'em, kid," Paul remarked.

Papa rose half out of his seat, glared at Paul, whose face expressed blank innocence, and slowly sank back. "Once more, and you'll regret it! I'm warning you!" The dishes rattled on the table.

"What a hell of a family," Eddie said.

"You're an independent man, now," Papa roared at him. "Why don't you move?"

"You tell 'em, kid." It slipped out by itself, as if the words had Paul in a spell.

The pumpernickel hit him on the side of the head. Mama screamed. Paul rose, dazed, looked haughtily at Papa, and staggered out of the house.

"Someday that man will kill one of us," Mama said.

Papa got up quietly and went to the parlor. Jerry ran out, calling Paul, and returned a minute later in gloom. "Don't worry, dear," Mama said. "Paul will be back soon. Eat your string beans." But supper was over; none of us felt like eating anything.

EDDIE and Mama had Papa cornered in the parlor. I listened from the doorway. "Your temper will bring you to the gallows," Mama was saying.

"I love that boy," Papa said. "All I want is a little respect."

"Think you can knock it into him with a loaf of pumpernickel?" Eddie asked.

"Talk, talk—what good does it do?" I said and went to look for Paul.

My nutsy brother. That way he had of putting himself apart from the family, posing as an amused observer! I could have killed him, myself, more than once. That bug, Paul. What was he up to, this time? I looked for him all through the neighborhood. No Paul. It was about 10 P.M. when I got home. Jerry had cried himself to sleep before that. Eddie was out on a date. Papa was walking back and forth through the apartment and Mama was staring out of a window into the dark street. By midnight, when Eddie came home, Mama was in tears, imagining all sorts of horrors. Eddie tried to calm her. "Paul's just hiding somewhere."

"Dan," said Mama, "go telephone the police."

Papa meekly went down and put a call in from the drugstore. We had a bad night. Early next morning, Papa called the cops again. They said they'd send out an alarm, he reported. Then he and Eddie and I went on another search; it was more important than work or school. When we returned without Paul toward noon, Mama began crying again and I could see Papa felt like a dog.

PAUL, at the moment, was making for home from the lower tip of Manhattan. He'd had a nickel when he lit out, and he spent it for L train fare to South Ferry. His idea was to get work on a boat as cabin boy, but by the time he got downtown, it was too late to look for a job. He passed the night, very uncomfortably, on a bench in Battery Park and, when morning came, had lost a lot of his enthusiasm for the sea. Chilled, sleepy and hungry, he wandered about the water front for a couple of hours in indecision. Finally, out of pride, he actually accosted a seaman, but the seaman only laughed at him. Paul was ready to beat it home then. We lived way up in the Bronx, so even with occasional hitches on the backs of trucks, it took a long time.

MAMA was almost in hysterics, late in the afternoon, when Paul came in, looking haggard. He took the hugs and kisses calmly. Then he made straight for the icebox. Mama hurried to prepare a real meal for him and we all gathered around him in the kitchen. "Well, son," Papa said, "where have you been for the past twenty hours?"

"Let him eat," Mama said. "Time for questions later."

"He can talk," said Eddie. "Paul, where the hell were you?"

Paul pushed food into his mouth with both hands. At length he leaned back in his chair with a groan of satisfaction.

"Now you can tell us," Mama said. "What happened?"

Paul yawned, got up, and went to the bedroom he shared with Eddie and me. The rest of us followed. Paul sat down on one of the beds and took his shoes off.

"Well, Paul, for goodness' sake," Mama said.

Paul stretched out on the bed. "Boy, I'm tired."

"See here, you brat," Papa said. "We want to know—"

"Please, Dan," Mama broke in. "You get so excited. . . . Paul, listen to Mama. You can't keep us in the dark like this. We don't know what to think."

"I'm here, Mama," Paul said, "and I'm okay. There's nothing to think."

"Now, if you'll permit me, Ella—" Papa said. He glowered down at Paul. "Look here, young man, this has gone far enough!" Paul gazed at Papa so vacantly, you could tell his mind was elsewhere. He was absent in spirit; no one could get at him. Papa raised his voice and began shaking all over like a flivver starting up on a frosty morning. "I won't stand for this disrespectful silence! I demand an accounting!"

WATCHING how Paul held us all at bay, it struck me what a smart kid he was. That he had had to come home, you see, was really a defeat, but who could think of that when he was making such a mystery of the excursion itself? I made the guess—which in time proved correct—that someday Paul would be able to treat the whole incident as a joke, and then he'd tell us about it. But not now. Those twenty hours were his triumph, and for the present he would share them with no one.

What a deep little guy he was, I thought, and began to giggle. "It's no use, Pa. We'd better give up."

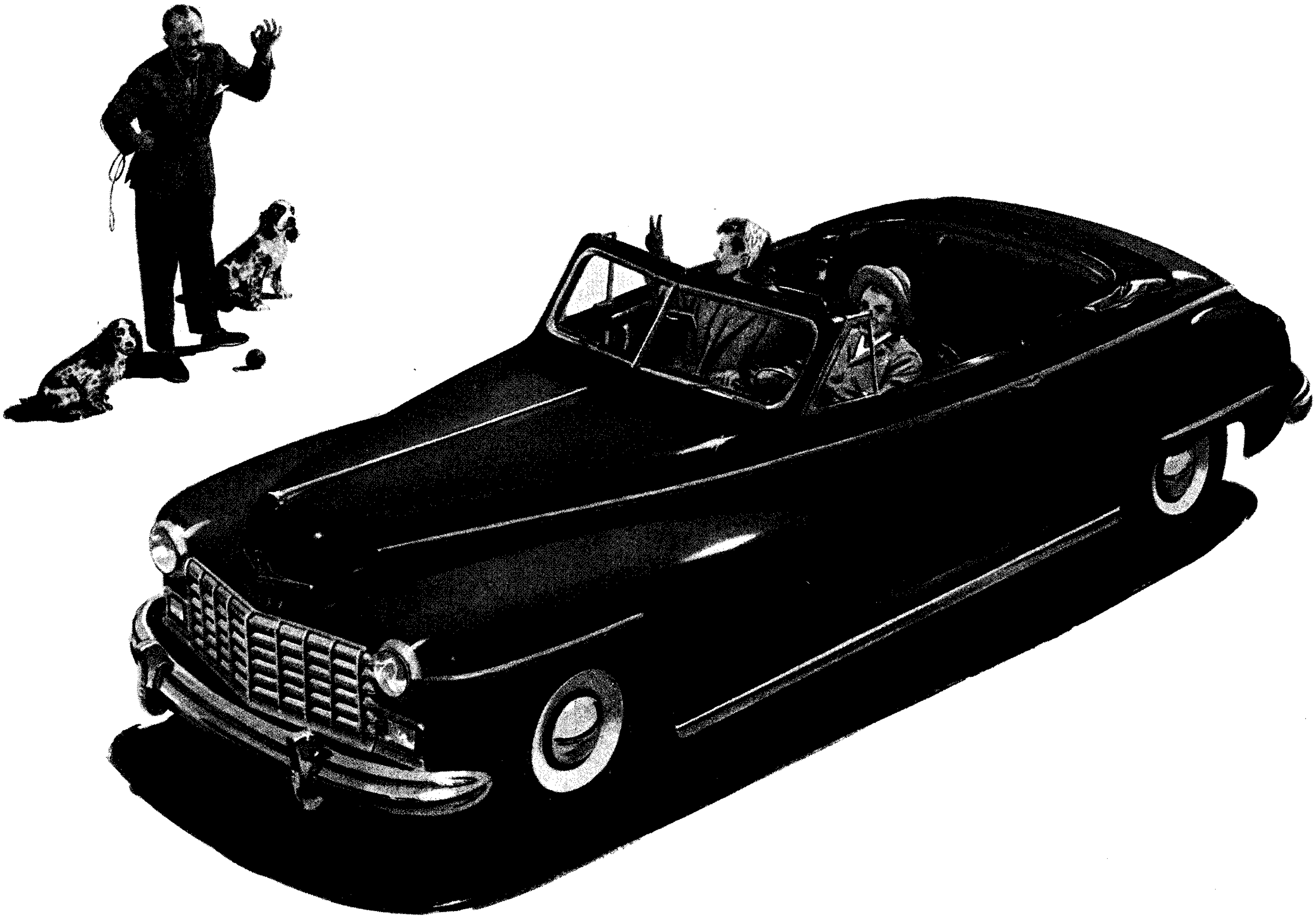
"Yeah, we're licked," Eddie said.

Then, at last, Papa broke down, too. Grinning sheepishly, he bent over Paul and mussed his hair. "It's his privilege, I suppose, to keep his adventure to himself. He doesn't have to talk if he doesn't want to and—" Papa shrugged—"we can't *make* him talk."

"You tell 'em, kid," Paul said and closed his eyes.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN



It's Papa Now

When the husband said, "My wife 'drools' whenever she sees a New Dodge," we didn't like the word but we knew what he meant.

He meant that she liked it a lot, and kept on needling 'till the New Dodge order was placed.

When delivery was made and the first rides taken, the lady had something to say. She said, "Now Papa's 'drooling'."

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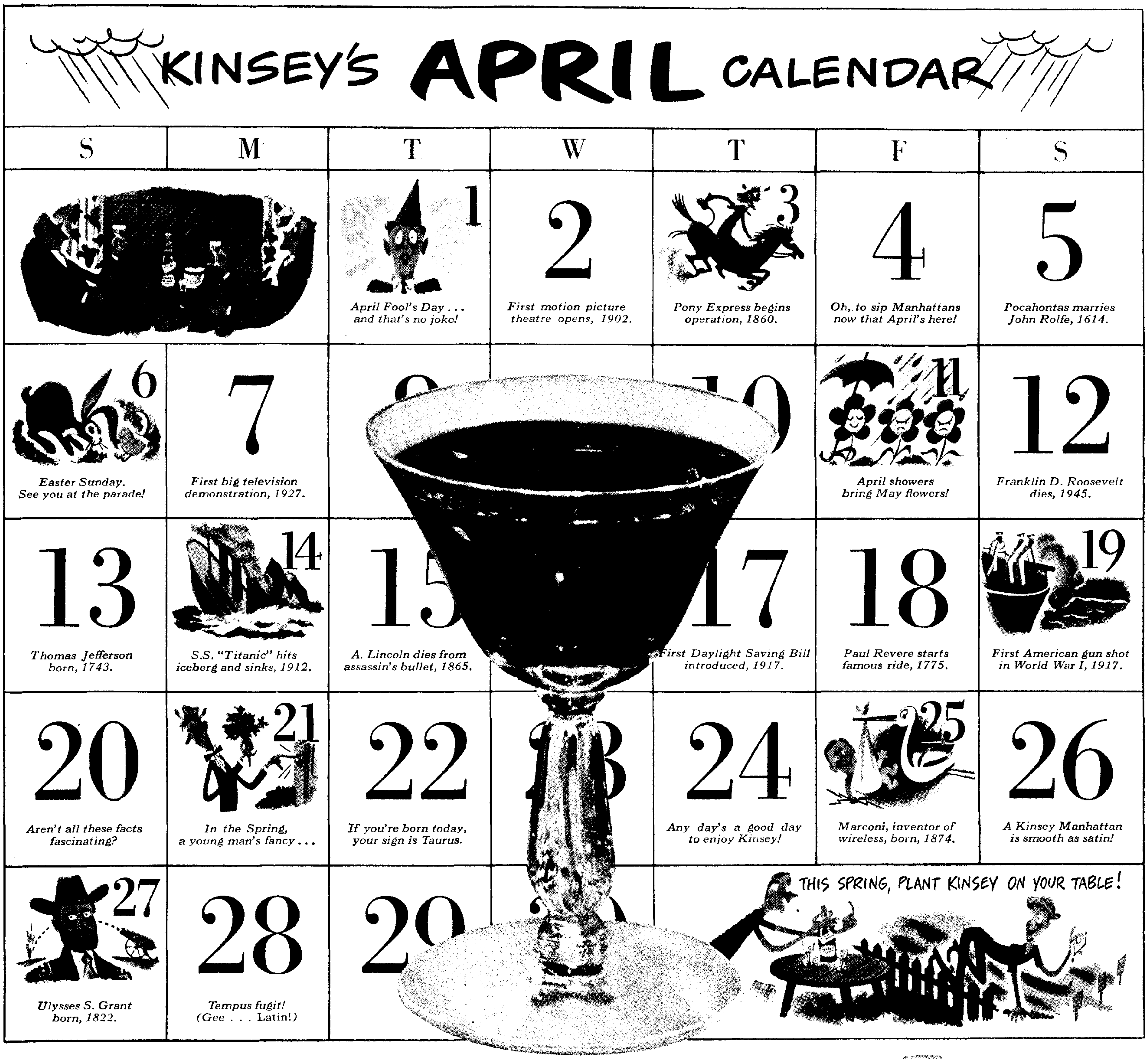

KINSEY'S APRIL CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1 April Fool's Day . . . and that's no joke!	2 First motion picture theatre opens, 1902.	3 Pony Express begins operation, 1860.	4 Oh, to sip Manhattans now that April's here!	5 Pocahontas marries John Rolfe, 1614.
6 Easter Sunday. See you at the parade!	7 First big television demonstration, 1927.	8		10	11 April showers bring May flowers!	12 Franklin D. Roosevelt dies, 1945.
13 Thomas Jefferson born, 1743.	14 S.S. "Titanic" hits iceberg and sinks, 1912.	15 A. Lincoln dies from assassin's bullet, 1865.		17 irst Daylight Saving Bill introduced, 1917.	18 Paul Revere starts famous ride, 1775.	19 First American gun shot in World War I, 1917.
20 Aren't all these facts fascinating?	21 In the Spring, a young man's fancy . . .	22 If you're born today, your sign is Taurus.	23	24 Any day's a good day to enjoy Kinsey!	25 Marconi, inventor of wireless, born, 1874.	26 A Kinsey Manhattan is smooth as satin!
27 Ulysses S. Grant born, 1822.	28 Tempus fugit! (Gee . . . Latin!)	29	30	THIS SPRING, PLANT KINSEY ON YOUR TABLE!		

April is a month sublime— It's Kinsey-made Manhattan time!

April showers bring May flowers . . . and if *you'd* like a few bouquets, just bring your guests Manhattans made with superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey. Here's how:

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FISHERMEN ARE CRAZY TOO

Continued from page 21

the ring, while his other two hands are busy trying to handle the rod and line on which a trout is struggling.

The other accepted method of attaching the landing net is by an elastic cord around his neck. This may trip him more often, but it is easier to grasp the handle and stretch the net out toward the trout which is struggling just beyond the limits of the elastic cord. And invariably, as he walks through the alders banking the brook, the net catches on the branches behind Mr. Walton and, unbeknownst to him, the elastic cord begins to stretch and stretch. The branch always snaps before the cord, and the net catapults through the air, catching Mr. Walton neatly at the base of the skull. It never misses.

The creel is a fat, bulky reed basket attached about his body by means of a web harness. It's always in his way, and a soft canvas bag would be much easier to use, but a canvas bag looks empty when it's empty. The reed creel looks full even when it's empty. Mr. Walton prefers it.

At last, the fateful day arrives . . . Opening Day! And just in time, too, for Mr. Walton's equipment is nearly worn out, what with collecting it, rearranging it and fondling it. Opening Day! Every true fisherman trembles with ecstatic anticipation at the mere mention of the magic words. Mr. Walton, who has not slept a wink all night, is driving toward his favorite stream. It is still night. It is raining . . . cold spring rain mixed with sleet. The tires on the wet pavement are going "gnnn . . . gnnnn . . ." and the windshield wipers are going "put-tick-put-tick." Mr. Walton passes a neon-lighted diner gleaming damply beside the road, but he does not stop. His breakfast has consisted of a cup of last night's warmed-over coffee, which has given him acid indigestion, but he will not stop for a decent meal. Early as he is, the horrible fear possesses him that other fishermen might be still earlier.

SHORT CUT

To annoy your wife in the meanest
way,
Just treat her like a pal for a day,
And I guarantee you'll be that dumb
Only once in a wifetime, chum.

—W. E. Farbstein

Thirteenth Car Can't Be Lucky

He is in a state of nervous exhaustion by the time he swings the car into the muddy dirt-and-gravel road that cuts through the pastureland to the woods bordering Alder Run. His spirits sag when he sees the line of cars wedged between the trees. He counts them dully. Twelve. His is the thirteenth. Spasms of superstitious agony seize him. He spits over his left shoulder to dispel the evil of the number, forgetting to roll down the window. With the dexterity of a cabdriver he swings his car between two trees in a space not quite wide enough to accommodate it. But both trees and fenders bend a bit to make room for him.

With the speed born of desperation, he struggles from his clothes and into his uniform. He assembles his rod, attaches one of the two reels, and with trembling fingers threads the line through the narrow guides. Only after the leader is tied on with the special leader knot that he has practiced all winter does he notice that the line is the one dressed to float, while he should have used the sinking line to fish the bucktails and wet flies that the rain makes imperative.

His eyes dart to the three fishermen dressing with equal speed, alacrity and silence beside the twelfth car. "Never mind the line," he mutters, and plods off toward the stream, forgetting to lock the car, or to tie his left brogue securely, or to remember the advice of Expert Number 43, who emphasized in his latest book that the only proper way to carry a rod is butt first.

Misadventures in the Woods

After the usual struggle to pass through the patch of woods bordering the stream . . . during which his rod tangles with the branches three times, his line twice, and his net whacks him at the base of the skull with sickening regularity . . . he reaches the bank of the stream. The water is swollen and dull, and pockmarked with rain. The dark trees drip, his nose drips, a thorn scratch on his wrist drips and, worst of all, his favorite pool is surrounded by a cordon of silent, intent fishermen who got there first.

There is elbow room between two of them, and he wades in to fill the gap. His foot slips once, and he splashes a bit to keep his balance, and angry eyes cast venomous glances at him. Doesn't the big dope know that a trout can hear better than a lynx?

Mr. Walton fills the gap reluctantly made for him, and ties the Whirling Blue Dun on his 2X leader. He spits on it for luck; the best fishing magic he knows Then he takes off his fly-festooned hat and dips its already dripping brim into the water. "Just so the fish will know I'm here," he answers the questioning eyebrows of the man on his right.

"Sh!" says the man, but makes a mental note to watch the results of this magic device. Mr. Walton flicks his wrist and his rod comes to life. "This is it!" he whispers reverently as he strips line through the reel and feeds it out through the guides. "This is it!" It is. The Whirling Blue Dun flips over the tip of a branch far behind Mr. Walton, and ties the leader into a clove hitch, two half hitches, and a running figure eight. Opening Day has officially commenced for Mr. Walton.

The sad, beatific smile of the martyr curves his lips. His fertile brain begins to shape its alibis and compensations. Between Luck and Nature, who is to blame him if he doesn't catch any fish? It wasn't Mr. Walton who ordered the rain to fall, or the stream to swell, or the rocks to be slippery. It wasn't his idea to grow a tree directly in the path of his backcast. His only idea was to reduce the odds in favor of the fish. Then if he caught one . . . in spite of the water and her devilish cunning, in spite of the reduced odds, even in spite of the Experts . . . *then* what a glorious accomplishment that would be!

At the far end of the pool, there is a flurry of excitement. A boy standing on the bank, using a pole instead of a rod, is yanking a trout onto the bank of the stream, without benefit of net or creel. To Mr. Walton's horror, the boy pounces on the trout, takes the hook from its lips and, holding it in one grimy hand, raps its head sharply against the butt of his pole, and stuffs it into the pocket of his

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It's light, this precision-built reel, but it casts as sweetly as a sailor sings a chanty and it's free of "bugs" as your mind is free of troubles on a bright May day when they're bitin' and fightin'.

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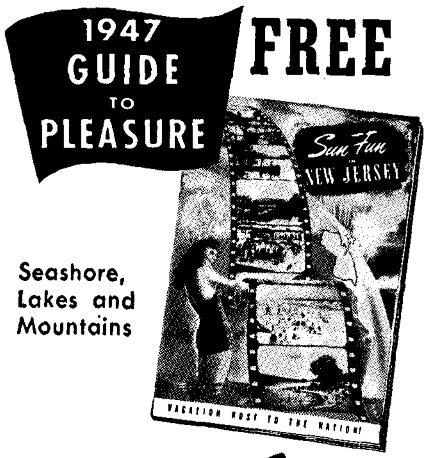

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overalls. "Bah!" says Mr. Walton as he turns his back and wades out of the pool.

He gets ashore with no more than a quart of icy water inside his waders, and slushes along the well-trodden path beside the fisherman-studded stream. At last he finds an unoccupied riffle, wades in, ties on a wet fly and begins to fish. He casts cross stream, letting his fly drift downstream in the current. He retrieves it, lengthens his cast, and tries again. And again. In his mind's eye, he can see the diagram on page 19 of Expert Number 93's latest book. According to the diagram, no fish within the arc of the cast could possibly escape capture.

"It must be the water temperature," mutters Mr. Walton, "or maybe the barometric pressure . . ." Suddenly, he beams. "Dark day, light fly, light day . . ." He isn't sure that it isn't vice versa, but he changes flies and tries again. The frown darkens on Mr. Walton's brow, then suddenly, bethinking himself of another axiom, his face brightens again.

Trout Hadn't Read Expert's Book

He lights his pipe and lets a wet fly drift naturally downstream, the way a drowned fly would. Puffing furiously, he begins to twitch the rod tip so that the dead fly comes to sudden life with underwater convulsions. Expert Number 547 claims that it is irresistible to cold, sluggish trout. Nothing happens. Maybe a bucktail would do it. An imitation minnow wriggling temptingly and elusively. His pipe has gone out. Mr. Walton hooks the rod under his arm, and rummages through his pockets for matches.

His fly is still in the water, and an infinitesimal twing of the line is telegraphed to his arm. With lightning speed, his hand comes out of his pocket, grasps the rod, and lifts the tip to set the hook. At the end of the line, a small trout that had hooked itself comes skimming across the surface of the water at the sudden jerk of the rod. Mr. Walton's eyes dart furtively around to see if anyone has noticed his obvious lack of technique, then he braces himself for the battle. For a moment, he thinks that the trout has escaped, and he strips line furiously, but the line is heavier than it should be, so he breathes a sigh of relief.

With infinite cunning and skill, he maneuvers the trout into faster water where the pressure of the water will add a bit to its meager struggles, and at last the rod bends a fraction. "Ha!" he snarls, baring his teeth. "So you want to run, do you? Ha!" At last, when there isn't a wriggle left in it, he leads it triumphantly to the net. Seven and a half inches. A keeper! Big enough to "stink the pan." The trout goes into Mr. Walton's cavernous creel. He begins to whistle a tune. This is the life . . oh boy, oh boy, oh boy!

He is amazed to notice by his watch that it is already eleven o'clock. Also that the sun has sneaked out between the clouds. He moves slowly along downstream and hooks two undersized trout, wets his hands so as not to harm their sensitive sides, and releases them. A fly passes Mr. Walton on its way upstream. A real fly! Another one! There is a hatch on!

With trembling fingers, Mr. Walton strips in line to change to a dry fly. With the look of eagles, his eyes scan the stream. The trout will be leaping any moment now, lancing upward through the surface to seize their prey. He searches through his fly box, and at last finds one resembling the insects that are floating past him. The trout are beginning to rise, and he casts upstream above where they are feeding, and lets his fly float slowly by them. Nothing happens, and he casts again and again, doubt and futility spreading poisonous webs through him. But it is only momentary. Again reason reigns. His reasoning goes something like this:

"This is an exact duplicate of the natural insect, therefore the fault must lie in the size of the hook."

Mr. Walton cannot tell a No. 12 hook from a No. 14 hook without measuring it against a chart, but he gives the trout credit for being able to do so. Are they not the "wily trout"? His reasoning rejects the thought that no matter how perfect an imitation feather fly may be, no one ever saw or is likely to see a real insect with a hook sticking out of its body. He casts. Again nothing happens.

"Naturally!" he laughs to himself. "There are so many Blue Duns on the water, why should a trout take mine?" So, staying with the axiom that variety is the spice of life, he changes to a Yellow Sally. At last, he uses a Royal Coachman, which looks like no insect on earth, and the rod takes a sharp bend. "It's a big one!" he says, forgetting the terminology of the fisherman along with all the technique he has ever studied. There is no fooling around with this baby. He forgets to pose like a calendar picture, he doesn't look around to see if he has a critical audience. The trout does cart wheels all over the stream, and Mr. Walton doesn't draw a full breath until the net at last slips under it and he holds it up and feasts his eyes on its speckled, thirteen-inch beauty.

And so the day goes, with the sun playing peekaboo with the cold rain, and a few more quarts of water slushing around inside of Mr. Walton's waders. He doesn't catch any more trout, although an underwater branch catches his hook for a second, and before he drives halfway home that will be the big one that got away. So will the shadow of the hawk that flies overhead. He sees the hawk and the shadow, but the hawk will soon be forgotten and the shadow will become the submarine shadow of the "mauler," or the "bruiser," or the "cannibal" that got away.

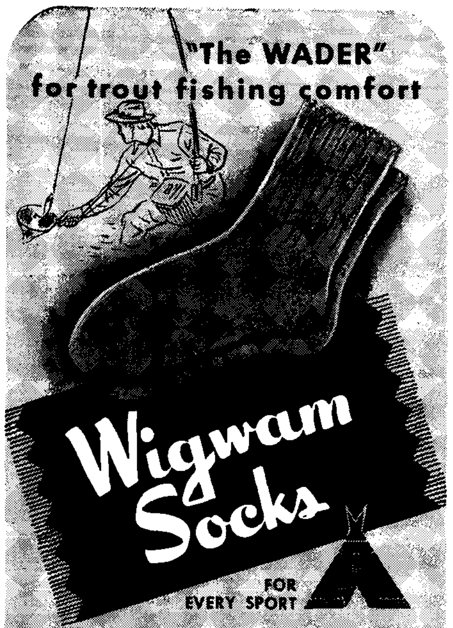
The Big One That's Never Caught

Every stream must have its legendary demon fish—smart, elusive, vicious and unattainable. Mr. Walton will never catch this mammoth trout, not only because it is the shadow of a hawk's wings, but because he would not empty a stream of its legend. No matter how huge a fish he ever catches, he would not admit that this was "Old Slasher" himself. Old Slasher is so big that no tackle in the world could hold him. Old Slasher is the one that everyone fishes for, and no one wants to catch. It must leap forever through the fisherman's imagination, sustaining him through the nagging and doubt and misery of his life. It must be there to warm his heart during the long winter nights, and bring to it the glow of glorious days on the stream when he is no longer a doubt-filled, repressed and frustrated mortal, but a godlike creature in a colorful uniform in quest of a grail.

As Mr. Walton rides home through the slanting rain at the end of Opening Day, he thinks for the first time of the work that will have piled on his desk, but it no longer frightens him. And Old Frisby . . . not a bad guy right down deep. He might even get to be human if he took up fishing. But the work and Mr. Frisby fade into the background and Old Slasher takes their place, and with the foresight of a general, Mr. Walton plans his next campaign. Of course, as soon as the weather warms up, Old Slasher will go down to the bottom of the stream and stay there for the summer. But next Opening Day . . . if it isn't raining . . . and if he uses a bucktail first thing out of the box . . . and if he gets to the pool before anyone else gets there . . .

That's what Mr. Walton thinks. What he doesn't know is that next Opening Day, rain or shine, at the Alder Run pool, somebody is going to be there ahead of him, casting for Old Slasher. And that somebody is going to be me!

THE END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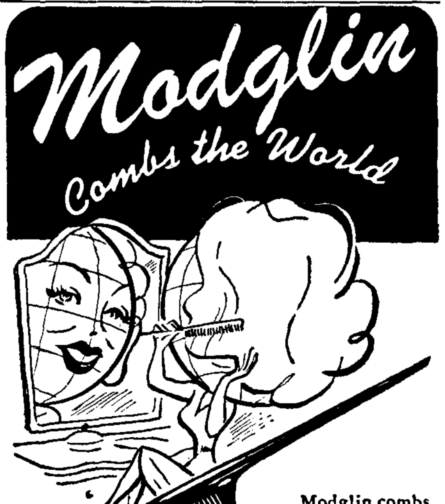

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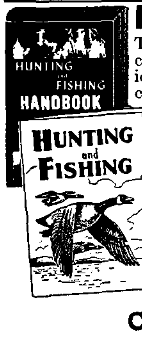

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THE BLAST

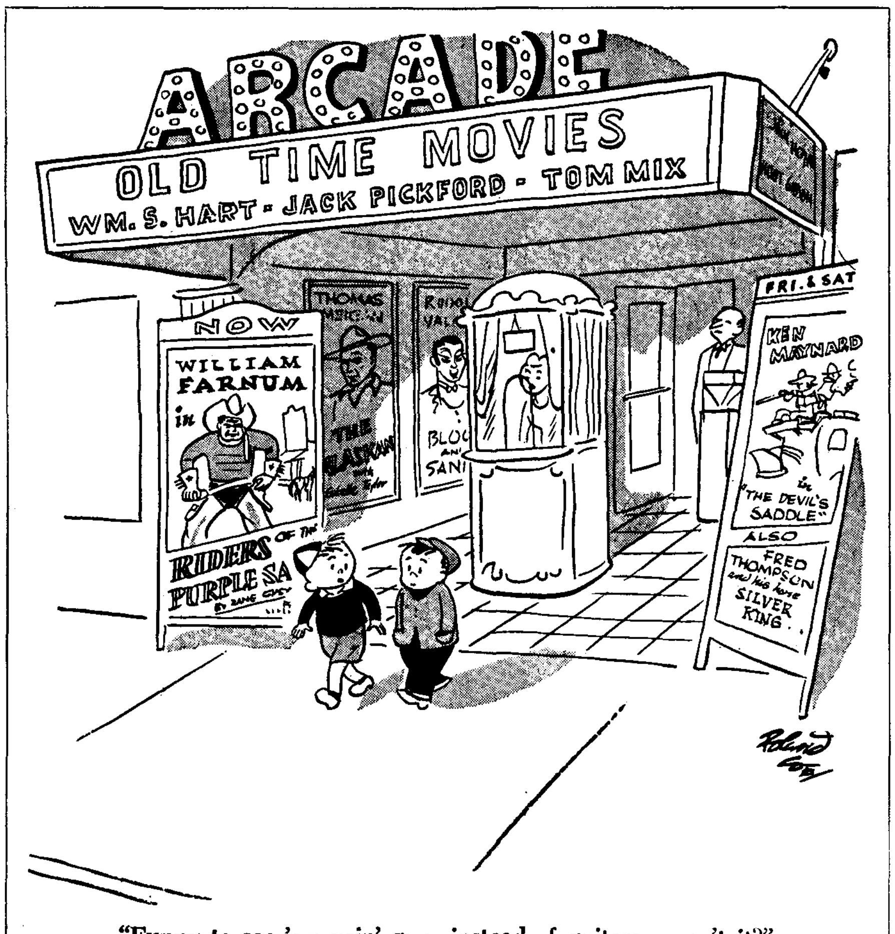
Continued from page 19

I went to look in the kitchen to see what we had to eat. There was quite a lot of stuff: cans of baked beans, boned chicken, soups, glass jars of tongue.

There were other factors that were to the good. Once the first shock had worn off, I began to consider the possibilities of life as well as I was able—began to look and see if there was anything to reconstruct with. As I say, there was a fair amount of canned food in the kitchen and there were, in addition, about ten large parcels of food that we had wrapped and were going to send to friends in England and France. It was remarkable how distant England and France seemed and how little our dearest friends now mattered. I was grateful to them for my own good impulse that had made me buy the food, and delighted with the habit of procrastination which had prevented my sending it to them. Another good thing, though I did not realize it fully at the time, was that I had a thousand rounds of .22 ammunition for the Mauser, because we had been intending to go on a holiday and I had meant to do some target shooting. I must have thought of this, though subconsciously, because my next move was to go and see the manager of the hotel, a great deer hunter who lived in the adjoining penthouse, and ask him if he would let me have one of his heavier rifles and some ammunition. I was already aware that there would be a necessity for weapons, that civilization in terms of protection had broken down and that it must be every man for himself, or men banded together for themselves as units, or tribes, against other men similarly banded.

I obtained a rifle and fifty rounds of 303 ammunition without much difficulty—the manager had more guns than he could use—in exchange for a case of whisky that I had just bought. We talked around the subject of the bomb and our predicament, more or less ignoring it, which was fantastic, since the air was filled with smoke. Like me, he must have had the feeling that this was the end of everything. Actually, of course, there was nothing to say. And to talk would probably only have torn the last shreds of self-control from our naked fear. We got no further than saying it was terrible, that neither of us had been out, that we had better be careful, and that it would probably be all right. We parted with expressions of mutual trust, promises of mutual aid, and a handshake—though our doors were no more than six feet apart.

MY WIFE fixed some food. We had meat in the icebox, which by this time had stopped working; we had potatoes and soup. Surprisingly, the gas was still on; our supply had evidently been unaffected. And we had water; it was still running, probably from the reserve tank on the roof above us, and we did not have to use the reserve in the bath. We gave the kinkajou the dead fish from the tank and a banana, the last, and a bit of bread, and Annie had our leavings. The day passed somehow. I forget how. Night came—a night like those of the blackouts of the war but without air-raid wardens or police. The streets were dark and lighted only by the light reflected down from the low ceiling of cloud and smoke which was illuminated by those parts of the city that were still burning. It was a night filled with strange happenings—screams, cries, shouts, shots, the noise of doors being forced; a night of black horror edged by the glare of the buildings that still burned to the south of us. The McGraw-Hill Building still stood out like a great black pinnacle against the glow of the sky. There was still the sound of sirens as fire engines and police tried to keep some semblance of order, but it was all sporadic. There was no sleep for us, but we lay down with the dog between us and tried to rest. I had the deer rifle loaded beside me, and I had a Gurkha kukri in its sheath under my pillow; I had sharpened it till it was like a razor. I have it still, having carried it since that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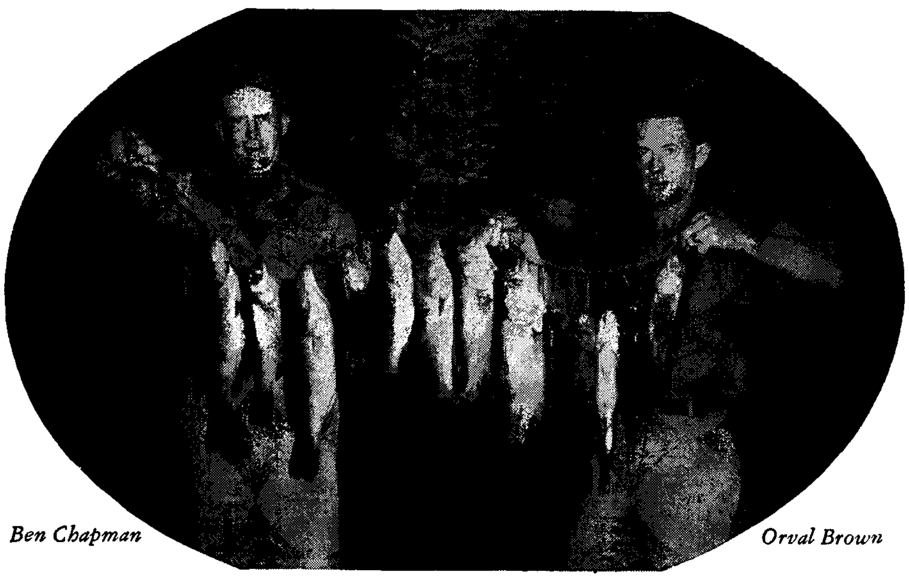
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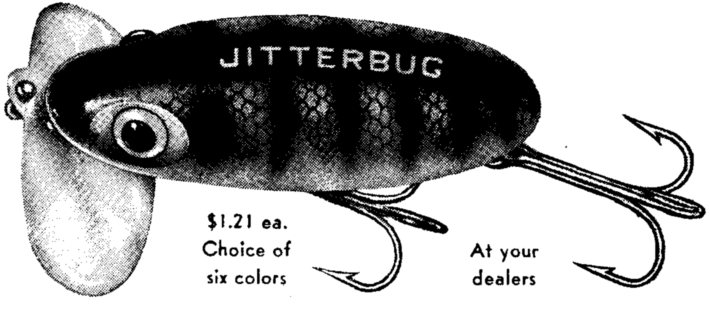

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day. I say we did not sleep, but we must have dozed off, for at dawn we were wakened by a sound truck.

An impersonal voice was giving out the news. It made me think of the town crier who had in the old days brought the news of war, of victory or disaster. It appeared that Washington was completely obliterated and that, since the federal government no longer existed, New York and all the other states were on their own. Governor Dewey advised calm and patience. He said he would undertake to keep order and restore vital utilities. People were advised to stay where they were and wait and not rush off to the country. This news, of course, succeeded in achieving the purpose opposite to that desired and stampeded everyone, so that later in the day there was a veritable exodus of such cars as had gas in their tanks. The rest of the news was that, bad as things were, there was no cause for panic or alarm and, though the casualties in New York City were estimated to be more than seven hundred thousand, the fires were under control and we should remain calm.

THE voice went on and on. Detroit, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and every other major city had been severely damaged. But everything would be all right; this foolish catch phrase was reiterated and we were again advised to remain calm, stay at home if possible, until normalcy was restored. How this was to be done with seven hundred thousand casualties and a quarter of Manhattan destroyed was not revealed. Nor, at this time, was any explanation given of the disaster, or excuse offered for the negligence which had occasioned it. An event less disastrous in a country less civilized might easily have sent the populace roaring off to Albany to hang their masters as scapegoats, since there was no one in Washington left alive to blame. Disaster demands its scapegoats, but things were now so bad that it did not seem worth while hanging anyone.

There were a great number of suicides. Within an hour of the blast, we saw one woman throw her child out of a high window in the Lincoln Hotel, stand naked for an instant on the parapet and then follow her child in a head-first dive. Most suicides, however, were on the fashionable upper East Side—the working poor being more able to stand disaster: Having so little, they had little to lose. Café society, the least stable element, was the hardest hit.

Forced by curiosity and the knowledge that the longer we waited, the harder it would be to go out, we made our way down the stairs from our eleventh-floor apartment to the street. I had often called dwellers in apartment houses "troglodytes," and I remember thinking how right I had been as we climbed down the concrete stairs and crossed the paved passages that divided one flight from the next, pausing to rest and to listen to the strange sounds we heard. There was some drunken singing, the sound of quarrels, a hysterical woman blaming her husband for what had happened and asking him why he did not do something about it. He did. He struck her; she fell down and got up screaming she'd "have the law on him for that"; at which he laughed and she burst out crying loudly because now there was no law. On another floor, people were having a prayer meeting and singing hymns. There was no one in the office, and the lobby was deserted.

We went into the street and found it empty. It was rather like a Sunday afternoon with everyone away, or a Saturday—a week end—because a car was being loaded with things from a house almost opposite the hotel entrance. I had with me a heavy blackthorn stick that I always carry on account of the lameness caused by an old wound, and since we had money with us, we thought we might as well go up to the corner and see if we could buy more food. Obviously, money was no good any more, but there was the possibility the grocer would not have come to that conclusion yet; he might not have had the sense to load up his stock and take it home with him. This guess proved to be right, and we were able to buy fifty dollars' worth of canned goods: sardines, herring, salmon, tuna fish, and potted meat. We obtained a gunny sack and staggered back with our wealth—for that is what it was at the new rate of exchange. America was about to take over from starving and liberated Europe, where a cake of soap or a bar of chocolate was the price of what had once been called a woman's honor. What I had bought with fifty dollars would, the previous day, have cost about twelve dollars, and five years before that about five dollars.

Carrying a sack of groceries up eleven floors is not an easy job for a lame man who has led a sedentary life for ten years. Now, though I am seventy, I could carry double that amount without a pause or even any loss of breath, but I am much stronger than I was then, the vicissitudes I have passed through having tempered and strengthened my muscles. Though I am amazed at my own agility and powers, I sometimes think that the presence of so much radioactivity in the soil of the vicinity may have something to do with it. Once one has acquired some kind of immunity to its dangers, one can perhaps benefit from its virtues.

But, as I was saying, we were confronted with the problem of getting this sack upstairs. I managed it eventually, carrying it on my back. For a change, I would try dragging it, and Mildred would pull on one corner like a willing but ineffective ant. We were, however, delighted by our prize and very glad to get home with it safely. There had been one or two disquieting incidents: A pawnbroker's on Eighth Avenue had been broken into; cheap rings and trinkets were scattered on the pavement, and a smashed safe lay on the doorstep. The three golden balls of the pawnbroker's sign lay beside it, a curious end for this heraldic symbol of the Medici. It's funny how pleased I am to remember an irrelevant detail like that. There was the body of a man—his head had been bashed in—lying in the gutter on the corner of 45th Street, opposite a liquor store which had been raided and was completely empty. And, as we were getting our stuff in the grocery store, a girl ran screaming past us pursued by a gang of young hooligans. I judged from the noise that followed that they must have pulled her down in the next block. It was this incident which decided me to cut off Mildred's hair (she wore it long, more than shoulder length) and make her dress in dungarees. With short hair, dungarees, and a dirty face, she would pass for a youngish, rather queer-looking boy, but everyone looked queer now and she would certainly be safer.

WE LAY low for a few days. This was the time that the sediment of the underworld rose to the surface and took over. The streets were the scene of unrestricted pillage, murder and fights between rival gangs. From our roof we saw some amazing sights. But by degrees, in a matter of four or five days, things improved. My friend the manager told me that he had heard that the city was full of wounded and crazed people. He asked if I had seen any and I said no. He said they were flooding up Lexington and Park avenues. He told me more of the exodus, of how the routes out of the city were packed with refugees in cars and on foot. The police were making no effort to control them, since control was impossible. But what could they have done, anyway? Given tickets? Made arrests? Broken cars were jamming the roads. People were being run down and robbed, girls abducted; other people were jumping off bridges and out of windows. But still they were moving outward like the spokes running from the shattered hub of a wheel. He asked me what I was going to do. I said I was going to stay. He asked me what I thought he should do, and I advised him to stay, too. I told him that in my opinion the people who were running off into the country were making a great mistake, but that the more of them that went, the better it would be for us.

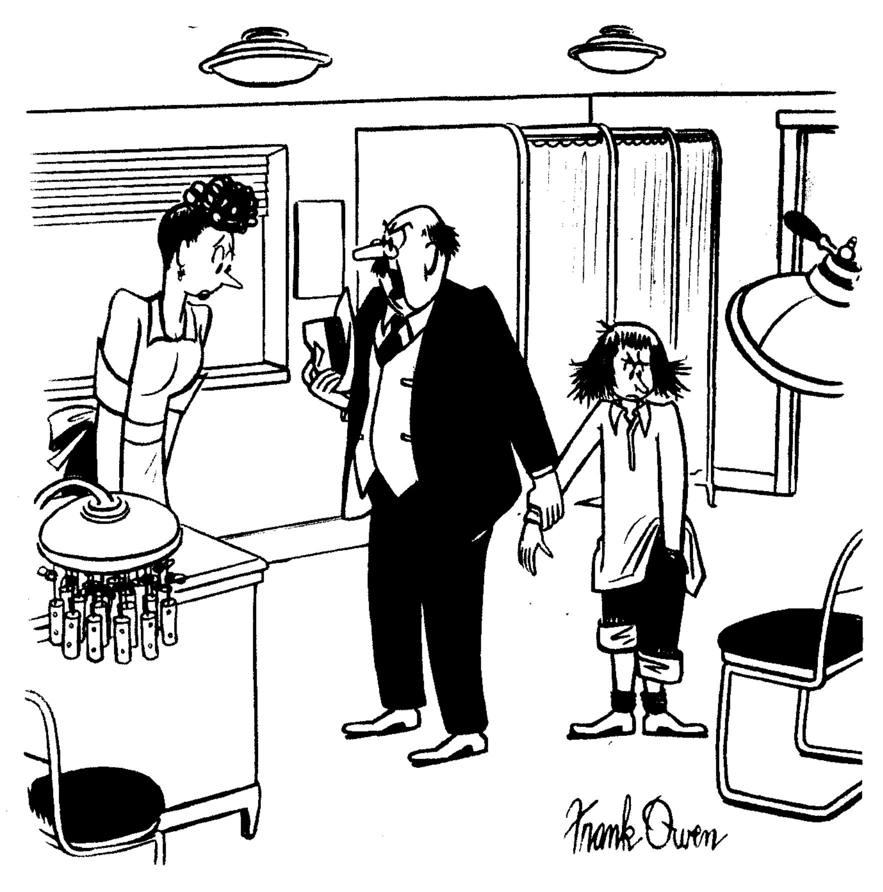
Though my memory of the sequence of events that followed is somewhat confused, certain incidents stand out very clearly, the first among them being the destruction of our pets. The fish went first, since they could not live without the light in the tank. But then they did not count as pets; they were merely a decoration and an interest—no more than that. The kinkajou was different. She was very affectionate and never bit hard enough to draw blood. Looking back on it, it seems funny now; but I had been away from farming for fifteen years or so and had gotten out of the habit of killing things. It was only with the greatest difficulty that, holding her in the crook of my left arm, I made myself hit her on the back of the head with a two-pound ball hammer. She stretched out the way animals do when struck, her legs quivered, and then she went limp. I skinned her while she was still warm, as it's much easier then, and then I cut her up for a stew. Mildred cried. The dog looked on, not at all sorry to see the kink go. She had never understood our interest in it. It was difficult to think of Annie going the same way, which she did two days later. This was a very difficult thing to do because killing a dog is a form of murder.

Dogs have been associated with man for so long, a million years perhaps, that they no longer, in the full sense, count as animals; they are extensions of man, inventions of man like the spinning jenny, the Queen Mary and the atomic bomb. Breeding livestock has always interested me, and I have learned a great deal about it since I have lived alone in the world with animals. Domestic dogs, as we knew them, were bred by continually discarding dogs that were not tractable, but my dogs now are bred two ways: The dogs of my hunting pack, which have been bred for strength and courage alone, would be capable of pulling me down if they were really starving, while my personal dogs are almost human, having been bred for both brains and courage.

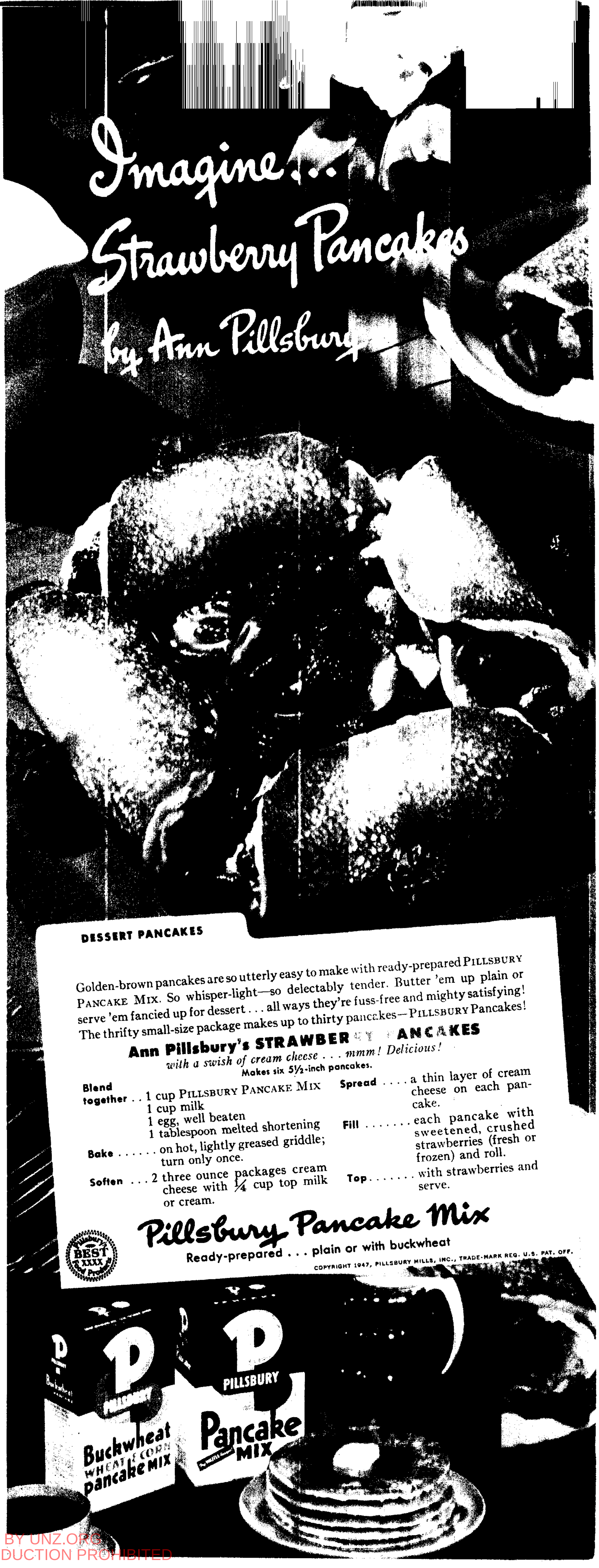
In taming any animal, you must replace the mother of the young animal so that it fixes its affection on you instead of on its dam; or, in the case of animals that hunt in packs, you must become the leader of the pack, set it on to find game.

THIS is what I do when I hunt with my hounds. Though I carry a rifle, a knife, and a pistol, I would not try to handle my pack without a bull whip and a short club. Every now and then a young dog, never a bitch, challenges me. Weighing as much as, or more than I do, he might pull me down if I were not ready for him. On one occasion I killed —with my bare hands—a dog that weighed two hundred and five pounds (I had the curiosity to weigh him). His name was Racketeer, and if I remember rightly his breeding was Great Dane, police dog, Saint Bernard and Afghan. The dogs were named, as foxhounds are, with names that are easy to call, such as Boxer, Lavender, Sailor, Tinker, Rover, Red Boy, Spot, Foxy, Fiddler.

Racketeer was a lovely beast, but suddenly he challenged me. I had put the pack onto a bear spoor. It was spring, and the spoor was very clear in the moist ground, but Racketeer wanted to follow a lynx. When I began to whip him off —this was before I carried a club—he turned on me, while the pack waited to see which would be master. I saw him crouch for the jump, and as he leaped for my throat I struck him straight in the nose with my fist. As he fell I jumped on him; leaping into the air, I brought both feet down on him, smashing his ribs. Then I raised him in my arms and threw him back to the waiting pack, who broke him up, leaving nothing of him but the skull. I relate this incident to show the association I had with dogs and to suggest the relationship between man and his servants, and to demonstrate



COLLIER'S "I don't expect you to make her beautiful. Just concentrate on making her look like a girl!" FRANK OWEN



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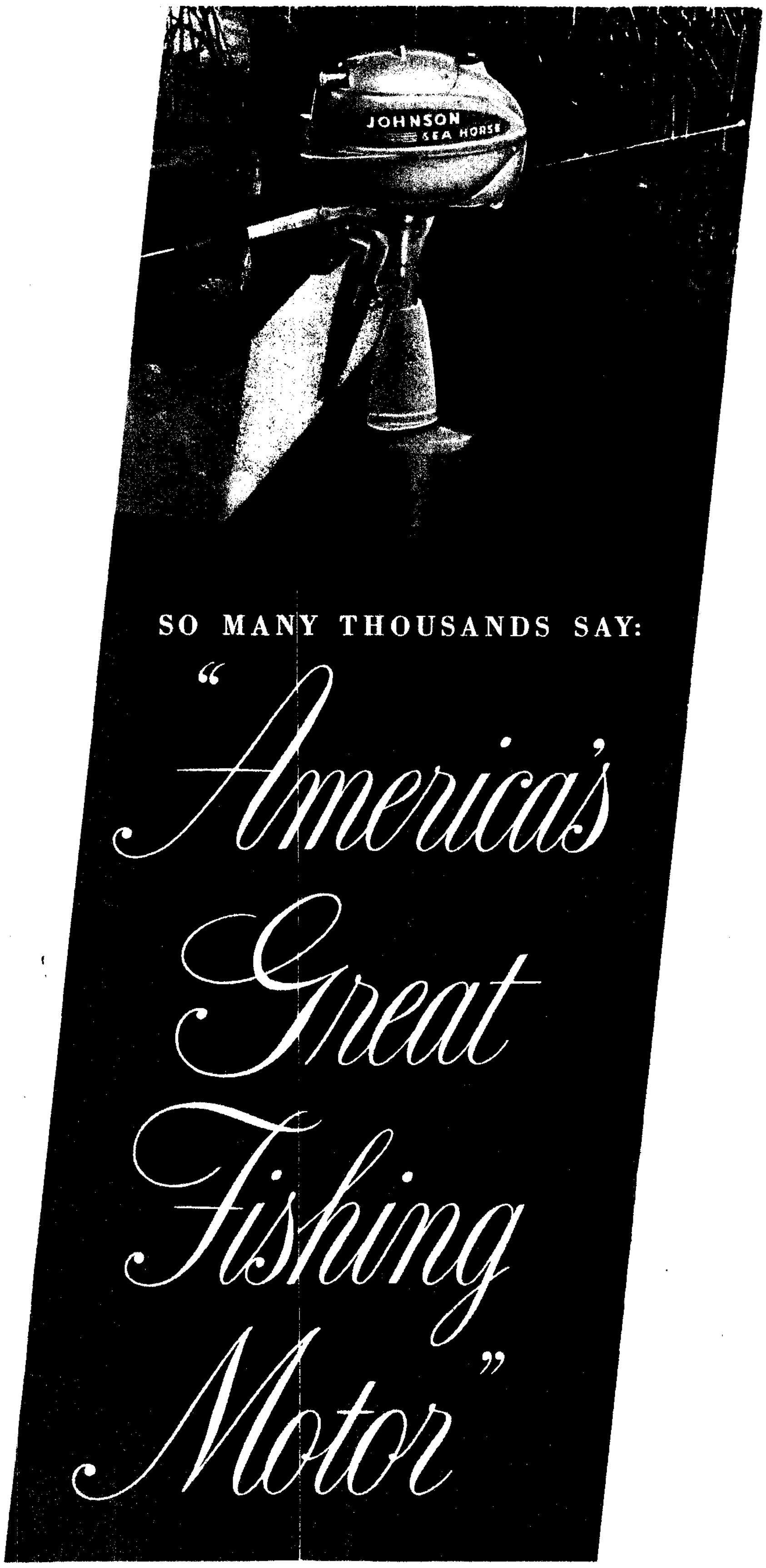

Ask your experienced fishin' friends what outboard motor they recommend for sweetest performance, easiest handling and all around dependability. We are so confident of the answer, we *urge* you to make this test. A big percentage of the fishermen you will talk to own Johnsons themselves; the majority of the others will speak of them with admiration. Expert fishermen know outboards from experience. And there is no substitute for experience.

FREE HANDY CHART: Complete specifications on full line of Johnson Sea-Horses. Write... See your Johnson dealer about delivery. Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified phone book.

JOHNSON MOTORS, 300 PERSHING ROAD, WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS
Johnson Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada

FAMOUS FOR DEPENDability

JOHNSON SEA-HORSE

how they at times attempt to master him, be they animals or engines. This struggle is certain; it happens with every horse, with every dog, with every woman. It is the "showdown," and the one who loses might as well be dead—a moral that all husbands should take to heart if there are any husbands left alive, for there is no animal so dangerous as a woman, even a small good woman with a heart of gold.

But all this discourse has been an evasion of the description of the death of Annie, my pinscher. The past is still too near to make it easy to discuss. But the way it went was this: I held her on my knee, with my left hand over her shoulder, and brought the hammer down on her skull, cracking it with a single blow. I then cleaned and skinned her, and we ate her, for though we had canned food we were trying to conserve it for the days that were to come. When it became known that I had killed my pets and eaten them, a woman burst into the apartment and called me a cannibal and a brute. She said it was like eating a human being, and I said, "We may be doing that yet." There had been cannibalism in the German concentration camps at Dachau and elsewhere, but this good woman had forgotten or had never believed it. On the other side of the same penny were the people who wanted me to kill their dogs for them because they could not bring themselves to do it. I killed a number of dogs that I had known quite well, many of them having lived in the hotel as long as I had. I charged half the dog for killing and dressing it, and Mildred and I became quite accustomed to dog soup and stew.

DURING this period the destroyed part of the city was walled off, the rubble of the fallen buildings being used to close off the streets. It made me think of the walled-off ghettos of the German occupation in Poland, and of the way situations tended to repeat themselves, death being enclosed by walls in both cases. It was a defense mechanism on our part against the knowledge that death had us hemmed, walled in, and was one of our final tributes to complacency, to the idea that if we could not see a thing we stopped its existing. See no evil, speak no evil, hear no evil, the three monkeys said. But you could not help smelling it. All over the city there was a stench of death in the air. But even this we got used to.

Order, as I say, had been for a while somewhat restored, and a few minimum services functioned, but everything worked on a kind of reflex. Policemen remained policemen because it was their habit and they did not know what else to do; for a few days garbage collectors still collected garbage for the same reason. But there was neither credit nor currency, central authority having disappeared. Local state currency was stamped out of what metals were available, but no one would accept it and so all public servants were paid in food from the stock that was available in the city warehouses, a system that obviously could not continue for long, and didn't.

There were amazing tales of the fights put up by farmers against the influx of city dwellers who had run out of the metropolis and had flung themselves upon anything edible in the country—a swarm of human locusts that the country people resisted in every manner possible. There was a pitched battle on the Canadian border in the vicinity of Niagara Falls. The Canadians appeared to be a little better off than we were, having retained their central government, and they used troops to turn back the unwelcome thousands, many of whom had known the Falls only as a honeymoon resort. We got the story from one of the survivors and his wife. She was a lovely blond night-club singer who now looked like an old and shrunken woman; he had played a hot trumpet and was at one time internationally famous through his recordings. I recall the incident because, despite everything, he had held onto the silver trumpet that had made him famous—a remarkable young man who no doubt died with a final toot of his instrument, a single note announcing his departure from this earth and his entry into heaven.

ALL this took place in the first few months. I was proved to have been wise in my decision to stay in New York: there was more food here than in the country. There were still some pigeons, and there were plenty of cats, for with the departure of mankind and the failure of all city services, the rodents had increased in a phenomenal manner and naturally the city cats had increased with them. I had eaten cat as a child (our gardener in France, who trapped them, had once given me some), and both Mildred and I found them excellent. There were still some dogs in the street, which lived, literally, by dog eating dog, and these I shot with my .22. Our system of hunting was to go out together; I went a pace in front with the .22, and Mildred followed with the heavier rifle, the 303, which she, like a gunbearer in Africa, put into my hand if I asked for it. Some of the big dogs could not be stopped by a small-bore rifle; and there were human wolves, too, who had to be destroyed. Mildred was in no danger now as a woman, having, like all other surviving women, lost any visible sexual charm which she had ever had, near starvation having reduced the sexual curves that characterize women; and the sex fiends, who had run riot in the early days, raping and murdering, had either been eliminated or had been reduced by the food shortages to seeking nourishment rather than other satisfactions.

For a change, we used to fish in Central Park. Mildred, being better at it than I, would watch her float while I stood guard with the rifle. We cooked out on the roof where, when first we had taken the apartment, I had had built a little barbecue. Water was now obtained with difficulty. Some we brought from Central Park, some we collected by damming up a section of our roof. The best came from a system I devised for leading rain water from the roof above us into our bath by means of a canvas fire hose. All water had to be boiled.

At this time there were very few people left in the city—only a few thousand—because everything had broken down with the breakdown of credit. People simply would not work without money. They were not even ready to save their lives by co-operative effort. So deeply had our competitive system bitten into us that they preferred to sit around and starve, or else they ran away and starved—except the few who, like ourselves, lived on what they could find or loot from the stores. The word "loot" persists, though obviously it was no longer looting. It remained, however, an operation of some danger because of the darkness of the stores and the maniacs who had taken up their abode in many of them—savages who resented any intrusion into their territory. I remember one man that I shot at Gimbel's while Mildred held the flashlight on him. He was an immense man who ran at us roaring with rage as he brandished a meat cleaver. We had gone to Gimbel's for caviar and *pâté de foie gras*. They had a lot of it, for apparently the other looters, having less sophisticated tastes than ours, left it alone.

For anyone who liked adventure I suppose this would have been very interesting, but to us who had become almost sedentary and were quite unaccustomed to swift movement, hard living, or even loud noises, the adjustment was most difficult. Yet in this twilight world, we succeeded in living and forming a

Master of the highway

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There's a picture of eye-catching style in these smartly designed exteriors, blended with the luxury of wholly new interiors upholstered in an unusual combination of rich fabric and leather.

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HUD SON

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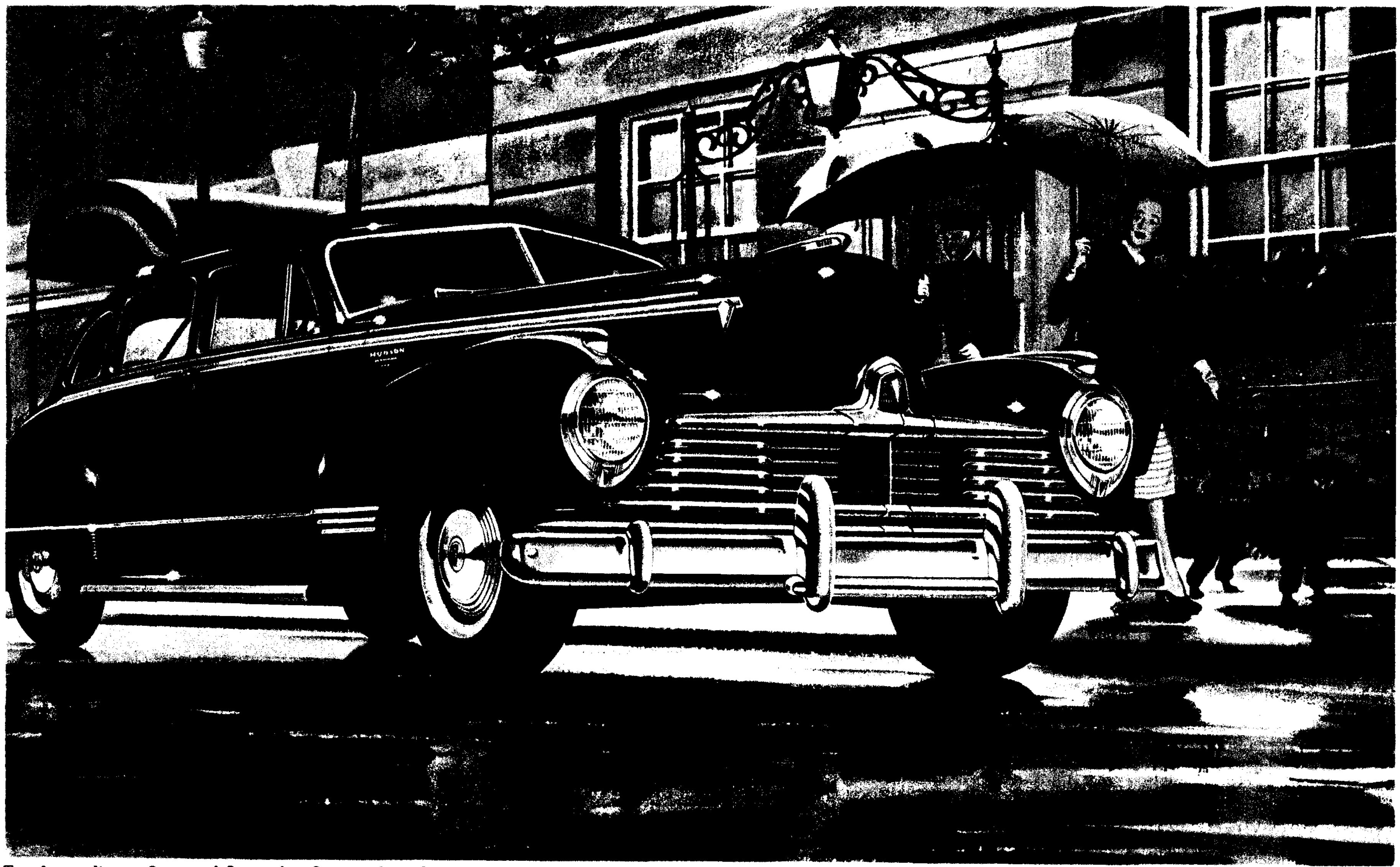

Two famous lines—Super and Commodore Series with 102-h.p. Super-Six and 128-h.p. Super-Eight engines. Super-Six in 3- or 5-pass. Coupe, Brougham, Sedan or Convertible Brougham. Super-Eight in 5-pass. Coupe or Sedan . . . Commodore Six in 5-pass. Coupe or Sedan. Commodore Eight in 5-pass. Coupe, Sedan or Convertible Brougham. Choice of nine colors and four 2-tone combinations.

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PRINCE OXFORD Shirts

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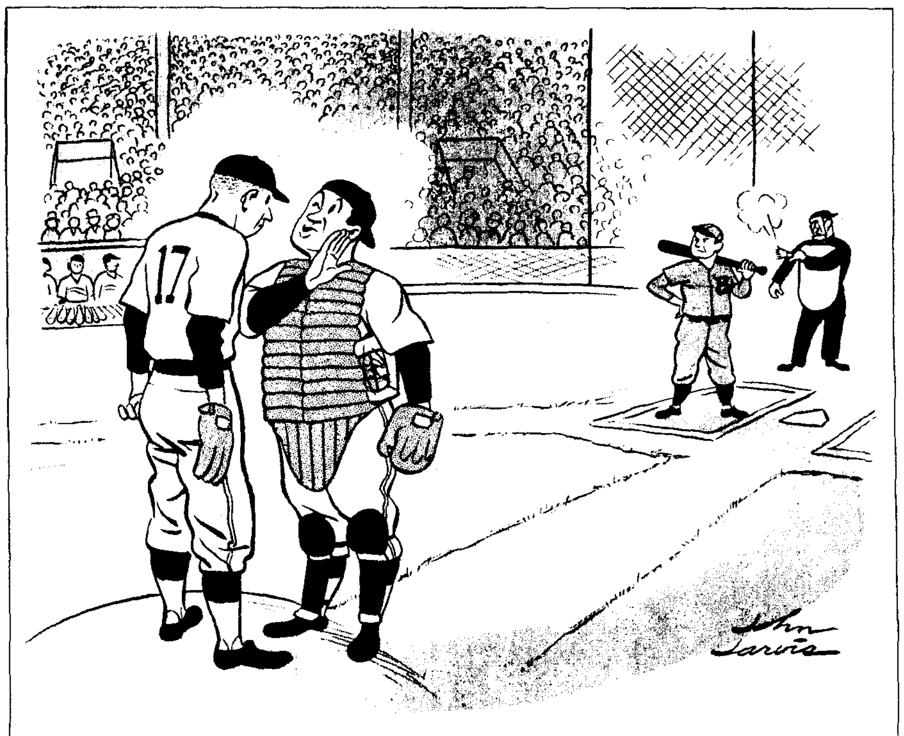
pattern of life, even remembering the days with some semblance of accuracy. I, who had always hated a schedule of any kind, now invented one. Monday: Central Park, fishing; Wednesday and Friday: food-looting expeditions. Inevitably, though, the human instinct being what it is, more was collected than food. We found some beautiful fur coats—stone marten, blue mink, Russian sable, and ermine. The ermine came in very handy for winter hunting in the snow. We picked up some wonderful diamond rings of fifteen or twenty carats, ruby clips, necklaces and bracelets. We both looked like pirates. We were far from clean but we were dressed in suede, silk and satin; we wore rare fur coats from which I had cut the arms to give greater freedom. We had silk sashes around our waists, carried an arsenal of daggers and pistols, and over our shoulders were slung the best guns that the gun shops of New York could provide.

WE HAD begun by this time to collect our big dogs. We needed them for protection and hunting. In the beginning we had a boxer and a police dog. We hunted other dogs to feed on. The transition of my wife from a charming, rather fastidious young American girl to a primeval savage was most interesting. She soon learned to use a knife and to skin an animal as well as I did. She was never a good shot, having difficulty in closing her left eye, so I got her a shotgun and a .32-caliber Colt. I told her that if anyone attacked, she was to wait till he was right on her, then push the muzzle of the pistol into his stomach—she would feel it go in—and then continue pulling the trigger till she passed out. No girl could have had better instructions. Fortunately, she never had to follow them. The only near disaster occurred once when I was some distance away, but her assailant was pulled down by the dogs, and when I arrived, the man who had approached her was dead. This reassured me because I had not been, until that moment, quite certain how the dogs would act, as they were young and unused to dangerous work.

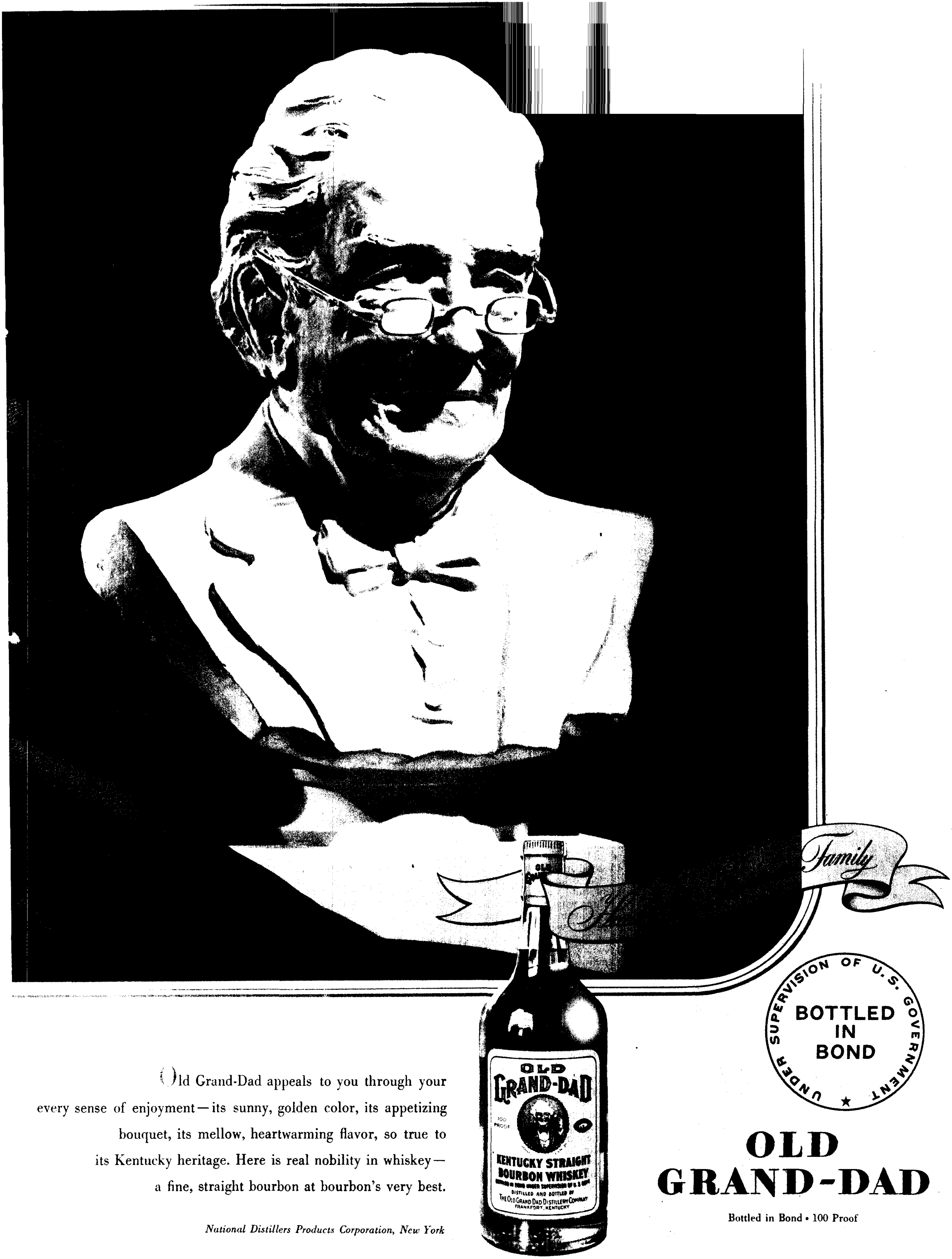
This was about the time that we heard the first stories of the Red Death, the strange dancing disease that was, according to the information we had, sweeping not only the country, but the world. We soon saw evidences of it. In fact, one of these dancers was the second man our dogs killed. The disease was contagious. The first symptom was the appearance of great health and gaiety, which was followed by a mad happiness; we would see rosy-faced couples dancing and singing in the streets as the disease began to spread. In the later phase, the victim either fell into a coma or attacked anyone in the vicinity without warning. This is what happened one evening as we were about to cross Sixth Avenue: a man and a woman suddenly appeared and began pirouetting and jitterbugging. I hoped they would pay no attention to us, but the man saw us. I knew that we were in for trouble, for he suddenly got beyond the happy stage and became murderous. He reached me with incredible speed and had me down before I could do anything to defend myself. But as he gripped me, my wife fired three shots into him from her .32 and the dogs attacked him, the boxer grasping his thigh and the police dog his shoulder. They knocked him onto his back and quickly finished him off.

I picked up the sack I had been carrying and felt very shaken, for I was certain I had been contaminated, and now had to work out plans for a method of restraint that my wife could use which would prevent my hurting her when I reached the paroxysms of fury that were the final symptoms of the disease. I had my own theory and was certain that if she did not touch me she would be all right. Naturally, no one knew much about the disease, but I had the idea that with restraint there was the possibility of survival, death occurring through the berserk rage, which had the effect of burning up the victim. I therefore conceived the plan of going to the local police station—we had dumped our sack of loot—and getting a pair of handcuffs and some chains. The incubation period was said to be a week, but to take no chances I found a ring bolt, fastened it in the floor of the apartment and attached the chain and handcuffs to it at once. All I had to do now, the minute I got the first symptoms, the feeling of joy and the flush that went with it, was to handcuff myself and then hope for the best. I told Mildred of this plan and gave her her instructions. She was to keep out of my reach, give me no food but plenty of water. This she was to put in a tin measuring cup and push into my reach with a long stick.

The precautions I had taken frightened my wife, and I had to spend the next few days reassuring her, telling her that there was nothing to fear and that it was all done "just in case." For my own part, I was certain that I could not



COLLIER'S "Strike him out" JOHN JARVIS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OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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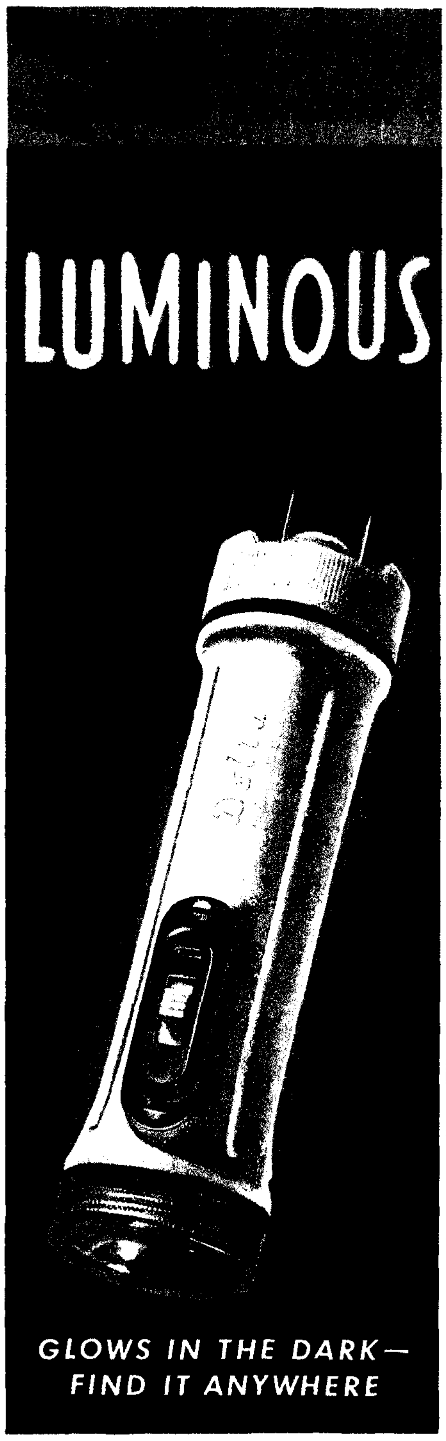
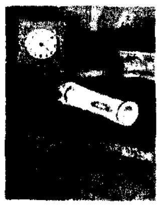


HANDIEST LIGHT FOR NIGHT FISHING


IDEAL FOR THE HOME

Here is a flashlight different from any you have ever seen. In darkness its body glows with an intense phosphorescence. You can find this light in complete darkness without groping, fumbling or stumbling. Its luminescence stands out anywhere. Nothing better for camping, for sickroom, nursery, bedroom, or basement.

See the Delta Luminous Flashlight at your dealer's today. It is also shock-proof and water-proof. Stands rough handling—can be used in rain, mud, or salt water. New and better, a genuine Delta. $2.25 LESS BATTERIES

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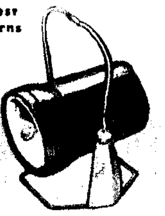
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Light at any angle. Powerful 800-ft. beam turns 'round and 'round, "stays put" where set.
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have failed to contract the disease, and so we spent our time hunting furiously for more canned provisions and collecting a reserve of wood and water. I also obtained more ammunition for the shotgun, because this was the best weapon for Mildred: a scatter-gun to point in the general direction of anything that frightened her was more likely to be of use than any other gun except a blunderbuss.

What follows is all that I can remember of the days that ensued. I do not actually remember them at all and have reconstructed the story from what I remember of what Mildred told me when it was over—so there is a double twist, as it were, to the evidence, which must make it suspect to those who doubt anything but what they call fact.

IT SEEMS, according to what she said, that on the seventh day—our guess about the incubation period had apparently been right—I woke in great form in the morning and began to sing opera. The remarkable thing was that I sang in tune, which was extraordinary, for I have no ear for music. This proved that I was ill. For an hour John Charles Thomas had nothing on me. With expanded chest and wide-open mouth I stood on the roof singing to the silent city. Then I dressed, putting on a brown suit with a white pin stripe. I also put on my gaudiest tie, one that I had bought when we were working in Hollywood. It was a red-white-and-green affair made of silk, hand blocked, and about a foot wide at the wide end. I had never dared to wear it before. I then danced all by myself, tripping lightly up and down to unheard music, and then undressed and broke into a series of Zulu war dances. At this moment some glimmering of sanity must have returned to me, because Mildred said I covered my face with my hands and burst into tears; when the paroxysm was over I picked up the handcuffs, clipped them over my wrists, and lay down like a chained dog to sleep.

What came next must have been completely terrifying for my wife. I am a big man, six feet two, and I weighed two hundred pounds. Having slept for some hours, I woke in the fury that is the secondary symptom of the disease. Being a trained artist and interested in animal psychology, Mildred noted the symptoms carefully, and if I get them wrong it will be due to my faulty memory rather than to her incorrect reporting. Having circled the room to test the length of my chain, I crouched on my haunches like an animal and leaped at her. Fortunately, the ring bolt held and I was dragged back, being pulled onto my shoulders and falling on my back with my handcuffed hands between my legs. This seemed to have knocked me out for a moment, but I was only playing possum. Forgetting what I had told her, and with a wife's instinct of solicitude, she came to see if I were hurt. In a second I was up, and raising my manacled hands, I swung them down at her head in an attempt to stun her. She jumped back just in time and then decided to obey the instructions I had given her. Fetching a tin cup full of water, she pushed it into my reach with the tip of a jointed fishing rod. I seized it and tried to draw her to me, but the tip came off in my hand.

For ten days I remained in alternating states of animal fury and animal sleep. The sitting room resembled the den of a beast. Filthy, naked except for a blanket that I used not for modesty but for warmth, I growled and sulked, wringing my fingers and licking my wrists where the steel had bitten into the flesh and worn away the skin so that it was a ring of festering sores. I drank quantities of water, cup after cup, and each time I had done so I threw the cup at Mildred's head with a clumsy two-handed throw. My ribs stood out in arcs about my chest, my stomach was sunken, my eyes stared wildly; my whole skin was pink shading into red, almost scarlet; while my face and neck, in contrast to the rest of my body, were swollen, apparently suffused with blood to the point where I was unrecognizable. For some reason, the sebaceous glands were stimulated by the fever, and hair grew in great profusion all over my body. I still have it and am often glad of it in the winter, though now I look like an old silver-gray gorilla.

This, then, is the story of my illness as reported by my wife and as I remember it. On the eleventh day it ended as suddenly as it had begun. My face was now white with illness; my eyes, no longer dilated, were sunken; and, instead of having the strength of ten, I could hardly lift my hands to my head. The fever had burned itself out, and I was alive. That was my first conscious thought. I was rational. I said, "I think it's over." Mildred said, "Yes," and burst into tears. I said, "You can let me go now," and for a while it seemed doubtful that she would be able to, because she had put the handcuff key away so safely that she could not remember where it was. She found it at last in an empty flower vase.

A period of convalescence and reflection followed. It is easy to reflect when one is ill; there is nothing else to do. Our reserves of food being ample, we just sat around and talked. The ten days of my illness had been notable for the final evacuation of the hotel. As far as we knew, we were now the only people in it. The manager had decided to go with his wife and son to upper New York State.

But my mind kept going back to the atomic bomb and what we had been told about it. That *it wasn't so bad as it was supposed to be;* that *at Bikini some trees had been left standing.* Well, the world was still full of trees. Ignorant and rapacious men had brought this disaster about by their ignorance and rapacity. Because of them I was covered with hair like a damn' monkey. Because of them the world was coming to an end and five thousand years—the twinkling of an eye to the Almighty God or to a geologist, but a long time for all that—had gone for nothing.

I WAS now the most intelligent man in the world. I knew answers that should have been obvious by implication to everyone when the first bomb burst in the New Mexican desert. I had survived the Red Death by a miracle and was therefore even more special, because a lot of people had survived the blast, but so far as I knew, I was the only man to recover from the plague. It was like being top of the class in school; like being the blue-eyed boy of the kindergarten. If, among the blind, the one-eyed man was king, among the dead the one survivor was emperor—Emperor of Nothing. The bombs used in Japan or even at Bikini had been primitive affairs—infant bombs, as it were, children's firecrackers. It did not seem to have occurred to our leaders, rulers, legislators, soldiers and sailors that bombs could be improved by other people, too—that a bomb might be made a thousand times more powerful and a hundred times as small.

All that came out of this period of reflection, during which I regained some measure of my strength, was the certainty that what had been wrong with us was nothing but stupidity. We had been too stupid to be afraid, or too afraid to acknowledge our fear. It seemed to me then that what we needed was not a world of brave men but one of cowards. If only all men had been brave enough to be afraid, there would have been no war or danger of it. Courage in young men—and beauty in young women—are two things to which we attributed too much virtue, both being much commoner than generally supposed and dependent on

When your THROAT feels rough as a Buzz-Saw
Make it feel s-m-o-o-t-h as CREAM
ONE PINT
SAY "SO-LONG" TO Buzz-Saw THROAT
Chew
Cough-lets
DOUBLE ACTION
CHEWING GUM COUGH DROPS

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GET DOUBLE-ACTION RELIEF
1. Medication soothes.
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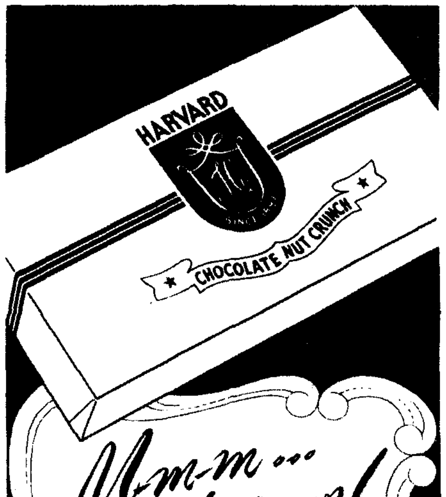

Mm-m... Delicious!

Dainty, almond-shaped pieces of Nut Crunch, generously coated with smooth, dark chocolate.

HARVARD
CHOCOLATE NUT CRUNCH
also
HARVARD
CHOCOLATE-COVERED ALMONDS
HARVARD DRAGÉES MIXTURE

HARVARD CONFECTIONS, BOSTON, MASS.
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breeding, diet and glands. I have bred courageous dogs; there would have been no difficulty in establishing a breed of beautiful girls. They might have been rather silly, but beautiful girls have always had this tendency. It would only have *fixed* their beauty, as I *fixed* courage by selective inbreeding in my dogs. It might even have been possible to breed the girls mute. Then their dumbness would not have mattered.

I remember even now how Mildred and I tried to joke and make a play upon words, realizing that we must not lose our means of communication by neglecting word values and the finer shades of meaning. Provided we kept our vocabulary, we should remain human and probably remain sane.

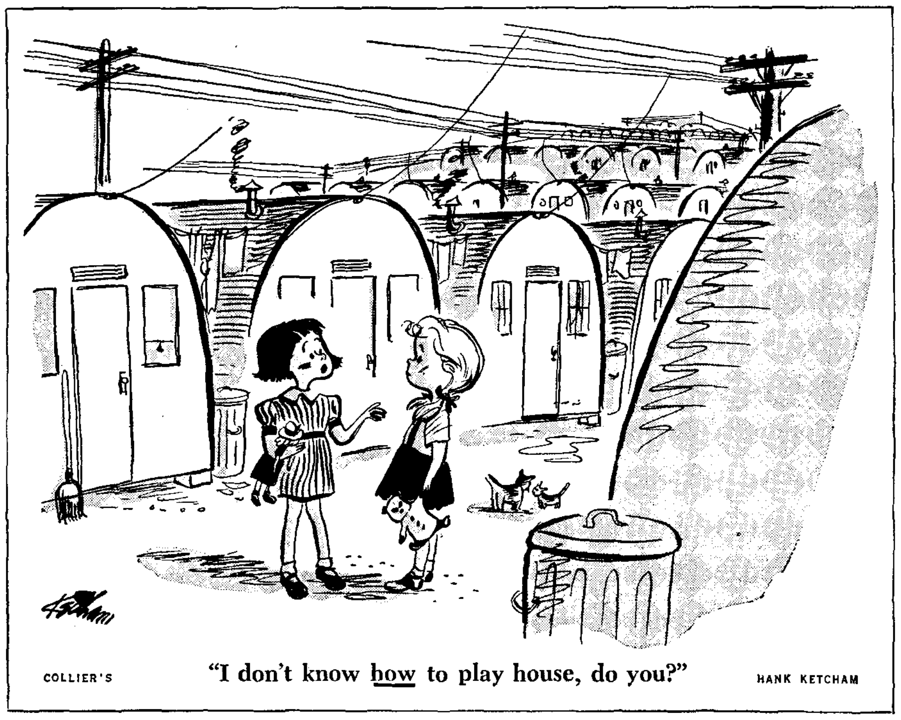
I detail these discussions because they come back to me as if they had occurred only yesterday. They were our last talks together and typical of those we had had for many years, talk and ideas being the essence of all that makes man, man. Even the atomic bombs began as talk.

WHAT I'd feared now happened. Mildred came down with the fever. Her symptoms followed the accepted pattern of dancing and singing, but considering our differences in size (she was under five feet tall and weighed only ninety-three pounds) I could not bring myself to tie her up, with the result that when she turned on me, suddenly leaping like a tiger cat onto my shoulder and sinking her teeth into my neck, I had great difficulty in escaping her. As soon as I got my hands free I threw her down and put the handcuffs on her. Her hands were so small that she wriggled out of them till I succeeded in padding them with a handkerchief. She bit, scratched, and kicked fiercely all the time I was restraining her. Having recovered from the disease, I was "salted," as we used to say in Africa of horses that had had horse sickness, and so I was able to take better care of her than she had of me. Nor was she hard to handle because she would seize any lure, like a bath towel, that I offered to her, and worry it, which kept her occupied till I could get right up to her—for a woman, like a horse or any other animal, is less dangerous when she is quite close to you. A kick or a blow has to travel to gain strength. Nevertheless, despite all my efforts—my keeping her covered and hand-feeding her—she weakened and died the day that the fever ended, curling up like a puppy in my arms so that I thought she was just sleeping and did not know she was dead till I put her down.

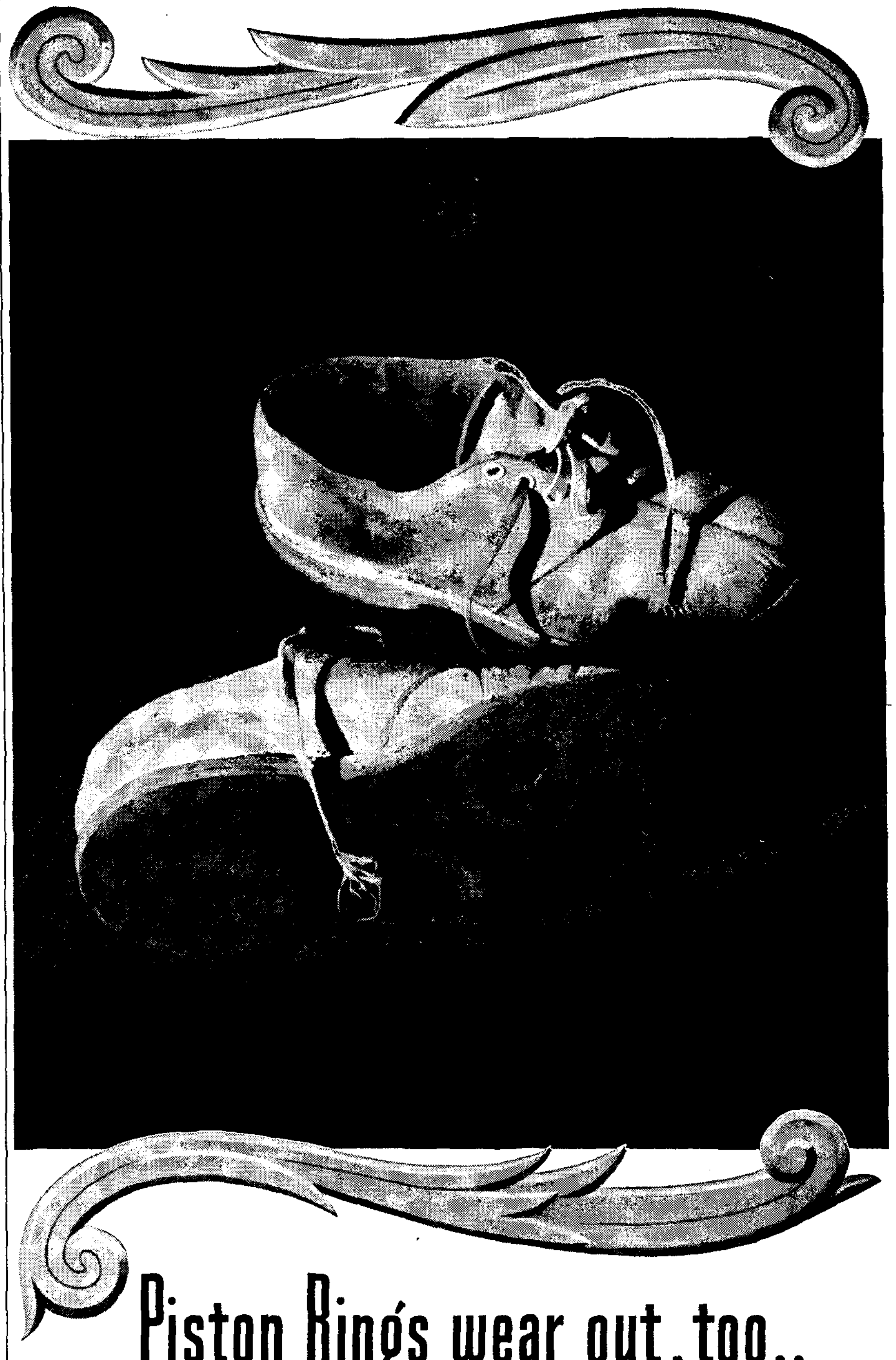
This description seems somewhat cold and unfeeling, but there is no way of describing such an incident except by understatement. The point was that she had been and now was not. I was almost mad with sadness and loneliness. My brave little companion was gone and her body had to be disposed of. Burial was unthinkable, for no matter how deep I might have buried her, the hunger-crazed dogs would have dug her up. So, collecting furniture from the houses in the neighborhood, I made a great pyre, rested her body on the top of it, and set it ablaze, standing watch over it with a rifle in my hands. Let those who have imagination imagine it, for I cannot describe it. Let them imagine a great heap of tables, chairs and sofas, and a man staggering to the top of the pile with a slung rifle and his dead wife over his shoulder. Imagine him putting her down, looking at her as she lies there, climbing down and setting a match to the cotton stuffing of an armchair at the bottom of the heap. Imagine all this in the street outside the house in which they have lived, and let imagination fill in the gap for each who reads it in his own way. Like a Viking, like a Hindu widow, she was burned—utterly destroyed with the household goods of those who had died before her. There were dead in many of the houses that I had brought furniture from.

It was then that I thought of suicide and, deciding against it, began to take to the bottle. Oddly enough, the dogs were of no help, the wet noses of their sympathy doing nothing to alleviate my sorrow. Some days of this, or weeks—time, which had been getting vaguer, now ceased to exist entirely, because if you are alone there is no time—and then I made my decision to leave a home which no longer held anything but memories. Seeking a place to live, I moved first to the Hotel Pierre because of its proximity to Central Park; and then ten years or so later I moved to this cave in the Chelsea because of the sylvan beauties of its surroundings—its grottoes, pool and springs attracting me profoundly.

Leaving home was a strange sensation. Each thing I looked at had a history. Given by friends, bought, inherited, each thing represented something other than what it was. They were objects certainly, some of them objects of art, but they were also memories. This man and that woman came to the surface of memory; this place and that place; this year and that year. We were in New Orleans then, I thought. We bought those little brass cannons on our honeymoon. We bought this picture in New York, that ivory Buddha in Paris. What was it they said about Buddhas? That you should never use them for anything—not as paperweights or doorstops;



COLLIER'S "I don't know how to play house, do you?" HANK KETCHAM



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TOUGH BUT OH SO GENTLE!

HASTINGS

STEEL-VENT PISTON RINGS

TOUGH *on Oil-pumping*
GENTLE *on Cylinder Walls*

you should just have them to look at. This was home, a collection of objects—chairs, tables, beds, chests of drawers, china, silver, pictures, books—that had been integrated into a personality by their possessors—by us. This was home in its final phase; built up slowly, it was now suddenly disintegrated by death.

Several times I went back to look at the apartment, to walk about in it as I had walked before, to feel the things I had handled in the past. I even collected a few things as souvenirs and took them over to the Pierre. It may have been these minor objects of art, or it may have been the location of my new abode, its convenience to 57th Street, that prompted me to make a collection of the smaller and more portable pictures that were to be found in the art galleries there.

THE galleries were intact, no one having bothered to loot them—jewels and gold being the things that attracted the robbers. I got some very lovely things: a Poussin, a Utrillo; I got pictures by Renoir, Ingres, Vermeer, Manet, Monet, Dali, and Winslow Homer. Later on, this picture collecting became a kind of obsession and no doubt helped me to retain my sanity, for I would hunt the more expensive apartments and houses of the city in search of works of art—pictures, *bibelots*, and books. I took things from museums and libraries, and so created a museum of my own in one of the large reception rooms of the hotel. The catholicity of my taste would no doubt have amazed the late curators of the Metropolitan or the Museum of Modern Art, but I have a very interesting collection to which, even now, I occasionally add an exceptional piece if I run across one. And it is very restful after a day's hunting in Central Park to drop in and look at the masterpieces of our vanished civilization and reflect upon the marvelous capacity of man for variability; and to consider the fact that I can sit here and enjoy these things, and that a few hours ago I was hunting strange and savage beasts across the Manhattan veld with a pack of immense parti-colored hounds.

It is interesting to look back now and see the devices I unknowingly employed to keep going. Had I not been alone, had Mildred lived, there might have been a great excitement in this life once we had got used to it. Even as it was, I grew to enjoy it. I see that today, when the even tenor of my life has been shattered by the sudden appearance of the strangers. Had they been men, I should unquestionably have killed them, but since they were young women I could not. That I could not was not a matter of chivalry, for chivalry needs a social context in which to function. The force that stayed my finger—which was on the trigger—was one much older than chivalry, being the force that had given birth to it. These were young females of my own species. No factor can be more disturbing to any man or animal than a young female of his own kind.

It is hard to imagine the sport of hunting in North America at this time unless the game is described. The mutations mentioned earlier did not all appear suddenly—first one turned up and then another. I found the first sign of anything odd about six years after the blast. I was out looking for a deer in Central Park, and I came upon what looked like a dog spoor eight inches across. My dogs, however, became very excited and went off in full cry on the scent. This was their habit, and when they had brought their quarry to bay—if they could not kill it alone—they would wait for me to come up with them. With wild cattle, donkeys, or anything of that kind, if the dogs had not killed the animal by the time I reached it, I put a bullet into it and then, whipping off the hounds, cut out the tongue, kidneys, sweetbreads or liver—whatever I fancied—for myself and then let them eat their fill. When I hunted a bear or a tiger, the dogs would circle it, baying, and in such an encounter I often lost one or more dogs killed and several wounded. The wounded dogs had to be protected from their companions, and isolated when I got them home, or they would have been killed. I had always been something of a veterinarian, having had to be in South Africa, and with the best drugs—sulfa, penicillin and everything else that I wanted—at my disposal, I lost very few of my wounded hounds.

This time, however, as I trotted after my pack (at that time it consisted of about fifteen couples of grown dogs, and ten half- and three-quarter-grown pups who were learning their business) I felt that they had bitten off more than they could chew. The spoor puzzled me. This was an immense beast—the stride was well over a yard—with imprints so deep that it must weigh at least half a ton. I had gone about a mile when I heard the baying of the dogs. I also heard some of them screaming the way a hurt dog does. I hurried and then, prompted by some instinct, decided to climb a tree to get a better view. It was a good thing I did because the dogs had surrounded a huge black wolf that stood as high at the withers as a horse. Three dogs were dead and, as I looked, the wolf caught another—a handsome red-colored dog called Fox—and tossed him in the air the way a good terrier does a rat. The dog fell howling with his back broken. As the wolf seized their companion, the other dogs darted in from all around to bite him, seizing his hind legs and tail, one bitch leaping at his throat. I had only the 303 with me, a rifle quite unsuited to this kind of beast had I been on the ground where he could get me, but a good enough weapon from my point of vantage in a tree. Resting the barrel along a branch, I emptied the magazine into him, and before he could decide what to do he was down and the dogs had swarmed all over him. He killed three more before he died, and hurt six. This experience taught me a very important lesson, and I never went out again without two guns, one of them a 450 express.

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

FLIGHT FROM FEAR

BY KETTI FRINGS

Pursued by jealousy a man and a woman leave behind them a shocked city and a husband with murder in his heart

After seeing this animal, I was no longer surprised at the other strange beasts I saw. The atomic bomb and the radioactivity that had accompanied it were explanation enough when I thought it all out. These beasts were monsters caused by the effect of radioactivity on the genes and chromosomes of animals pregnant at the time of the blast, while other abnormal mutations were the result of some nutritional change that had taken place in the herbage. It interested me to note that I, too, felt very well and even seemed to have grown a little through eating the meat of these animals. And this diet certainly had had an effect on my hounds, the young dogs increasing in size, going up to forty inches and weighing over three hundred pounds—the size of a small lion or leopard. The aurochs, which had roamed Europe before the Romans, reappeared through some kind of throwback; and the cattle of the country—Jerseys, Guernseys, Herefords, Holsteins, and Shorthorns—bred together, increased in size, and reverted to a breed that looked like the Texas longhorn. These cattle became the chief prey of the giant parti-colored mink. I remember seeing black-and-white minks at the Sportsman's Show in Madison Square Garden years ago, and it would seem that this mutation into giantism was one which was effected by the radioactivity. These animals were fortunately rare, and I feared them greatly because of their savagery. They stood about five feet high at the shoulder and were some eighteen feet long, including the tail. But despite their size they could flatten themselves and creep along almost invisibly, the white marks helping them by breaking up the silhouette. They would creep closer and closer to their prey and then charge at it from close distance at incredible speed—the speed being fast enough to roll over an ox that was taken by surprise. Then, cutting the jugular with their immense needle teeth, they emptied the carcass of blood in a few minutes.

As far as possible, I avoided hunting such dangerous animals and confined myself to deer, wild cattle, antelopes, bison and zebras for meat for the pack and myself; and tigers, leopards, mountain lions and bears for sport and to keep my dogs in fighting trim. There is nothing more exciting than hunting some great carnivore that has taken up its abode in a house in the vicinity. Such an animal has to be killed, because nothing is so inconvenient as a tiger or leopard making a den near one's dwelling.

ONE of my most interesting hunts was that of a pair of tigers in the Hotel Pierre. They were a mated couple, and I was continually getting glimpses of them in the vestibule or in the passages. We avoided each other, but the situation made me nervous. And I could see that the tigers, despite the fact that they had settled down to housekeeping, were equally ill at ease. This meant that there would be a showdown sooner or later, and so one day I decided to settle them for good and all.

It should be noted that animals, unless they are hungry or sick, will seldom attack man until they are challenged. If, traveling along a narrow path, you notice a lion, you do not look at him. You suddenly take an interest in the treetops or in the flight of a passing bird. Out of the corner of your eye you will see him do the same thing. He will turn his head, something will attract him in the distance, and he will leave the path. But his face must be saved. His eye must not be met. This piece of psychology has a human application, too. There would never have been a barroom fight if two men had not looked at each other—eye to eye—so that there was no going back.

This, then, was the situation between me and the tigers. We saved one another's faces and acted with ever-increasing tact, but there was the certainty that this politeness went too far, and that when it ended, it would be with either my death or theirs. So, getting out my dogs, I divided my pack in two, selecting those

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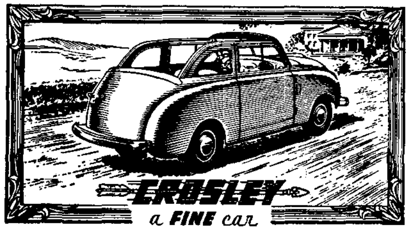

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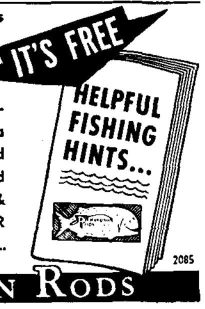

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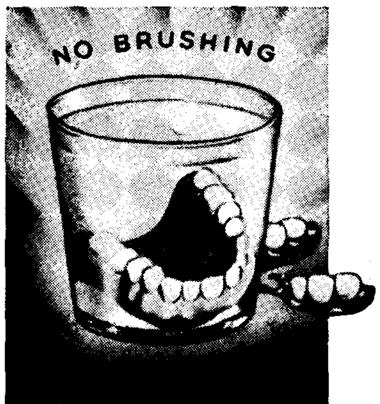

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For Holding False Teeth Tight
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that were the stupidest or that I cared for least. The balance of working hounds, about ten couples of superb animals, I left in the kennels that I had built in an adjoining flower shop. The tigers had made their den in a small pantry behind the cocktail bar; and it was the knowledge that I would lose a lot of hounds, and that any dogs would be good enough for the job provided they had courage enough to enter, which had prompted me to use my culls. I sent them into the bar. The two leaders were killed before they were through the door, the male tiger smashing them against the wall with what can only be described as a right and a left; but as he struck, I shot him, the bullet smashing his lower jaw and entering his chest. The remaining dogs went in over his body, and came out faster than they had gone in, followed by the tigress. She charged out but did not see me—I had hidden behind the bar. As she passed me I fired at her, but I missed. The dogs were now in full cry after her. As she bounded up the steps into the dining room, followed by the dogs, I got another shot in and hit her in the loins with a high shot that broke her back. I checked the dogs as well as I could—there was no point in their attacking now—but one refused to obey and was killed. Another bullet finished the tigress.

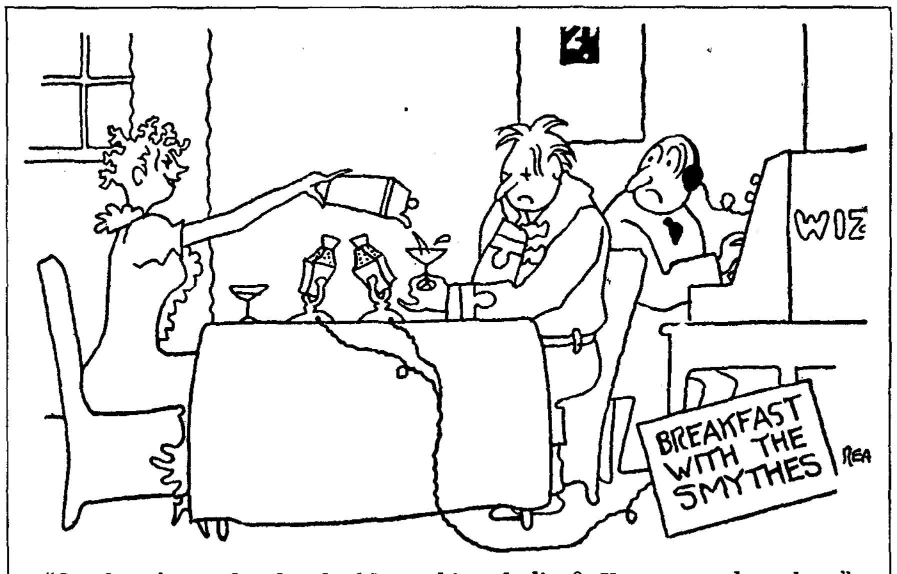
THIS incident was a contributory factor in my decision to move to the Chelsea. The Park was no longer important, since the whole city was now covered with grass, and the beauty of the cave I had discovered had long tempted me. There was no place near the Chelsea where large, dangerous animals could lurk, and there were excellent facilities for my dogs: a large foundation excavation with large cellars adjoining it. Nothing could have been better, and I should have moved a year earlier had I not delayed out of laziness.

This new home where I am now sitting deserves some notice. The cave has two chambers and is lighted by windows that I have pierced through the debris. There is a third room, on a lower level, which has no window. The temperature of this room rarely varies more than a few degrees, and this is where I sleep in the coldest and the hottest weather. I also keep my wine here, and the room has a pleasant rich, earthy smell of wine and dog and man that is very homelike. The second room is a combined sitting room and study; I have my best pictures and books here, and some wonderful small pieces of furniture. The outside room is my kitchen and workshop. I have built myself a chimney and have a bench and carpenters' tools.

But all these conveniences could have been found in most districts in the city. It was the exterior which made the situation unique. The hotel itself had collapsed and was a voluptuous green hill covered with short, cropped grass. In fine weather I have seen a herd of zebra mixed with American bison grazing over it within a few yards of me. By some combination of accidents—the explosion that destroyed New York, the civic engineering that existed before the explosion, and certain geological factors—a lovely long, finger-shaped lake appeared in 23d Street. It is fed from the spring which bubbles through my grotto, the water being first forced upward by natural pressure through a small crevice in the fallen masonry some fifteen feet above ground level. After I had done a little minor engineering with plumbing fixtures picked up here and there and with plants and ferns collected wherever I could find them, I had created a little paradise for myself. I should add that I did no hunting within a mile of my home, thus making a reserve because I like the game for company and I find nothing more beautiful. I also had two practical reasons, one being that if any big carnivores came along they would have no difficulty in finding a meal, and the second being that, in the event of illness, I could easily kill something to eat from my own doorstep. . . .

Something very awkward has just occurred. My house dogs again expressed uneasiness, and, waiting till they quieted down, I went out to see what had disturbed them. What I found justified my worst fears. The girls have found my retreat. Their spoor is all around the grotto. They even rested on the grass and dipped their toes in the pool below the trickling waterfall. This infuriates me. The impertinence of these abandoned creatures—hunting out the cave of an old and respectable man and then disporting themselves at his private spring! I have been away from people too long to feel any Robinson Crusoe-like joy at discovering the footprints of these girls; besides, Friday was not a girl, much less two girls.

Bodo and Vixen worked over the grotto, quartering it, noses to the ground, stopping occasionally with backward looks at me. I followed them and found the trail to lead east and then, climbing one of the larger hillocks to get a better view, saw the smoke of a fire about half a mile away. It gave me a very strange feeling to see the smoke of another's cooking fire. I sat down and, with my dogs beside me, spent some time watching the blue smoke curl upward like a ribbon into the sky. Once a little breeze caught it, and it made a question mark. Nothing, I thought, could be more apt unless it were a period. I was overcome by a sense of finality, of foreboding. If I am not careful, my pleasant way of life may end, my habit of years be interrupted. With a certain irony I reflected on the repetition of the human pattern. As we once feared and resented



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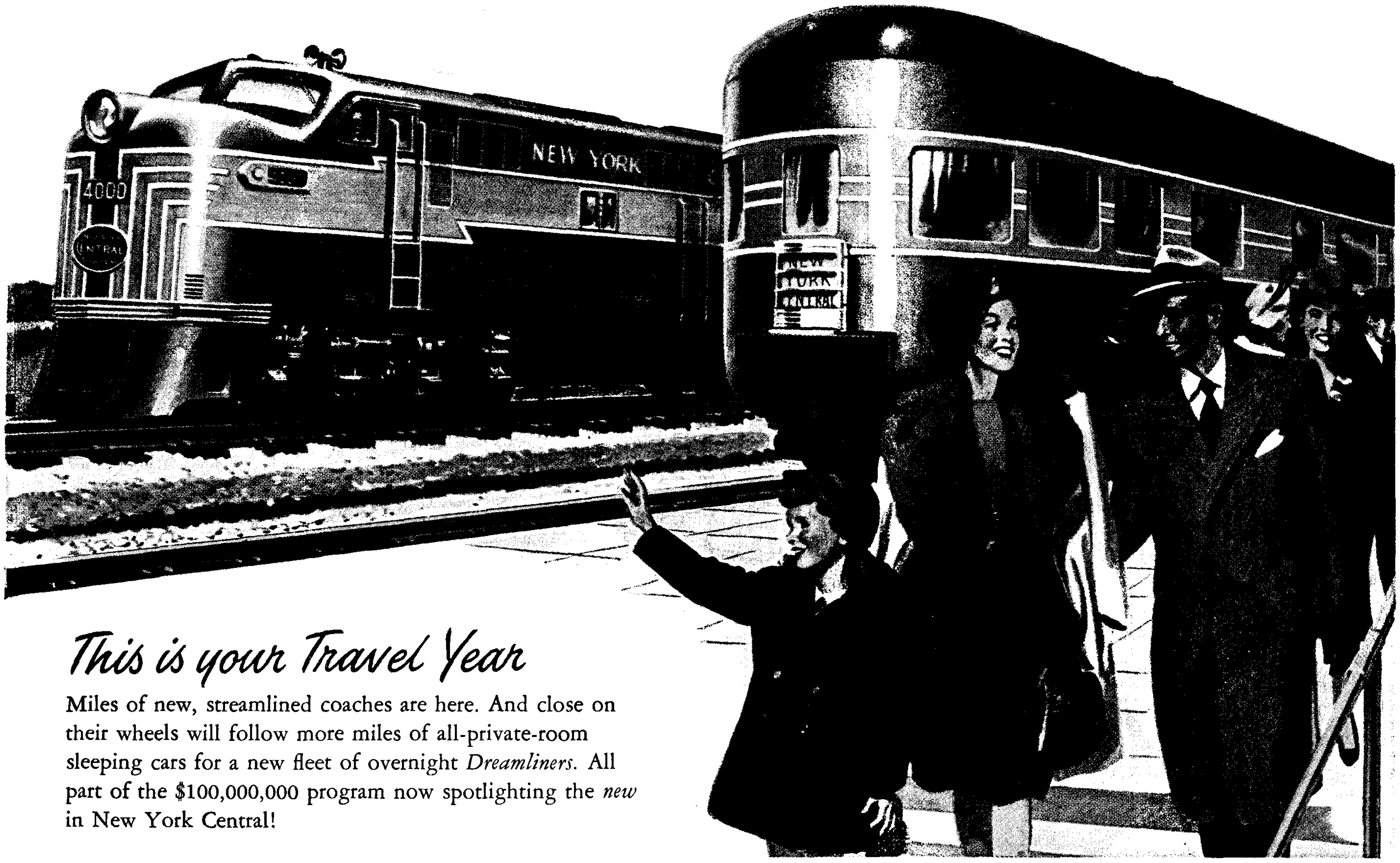

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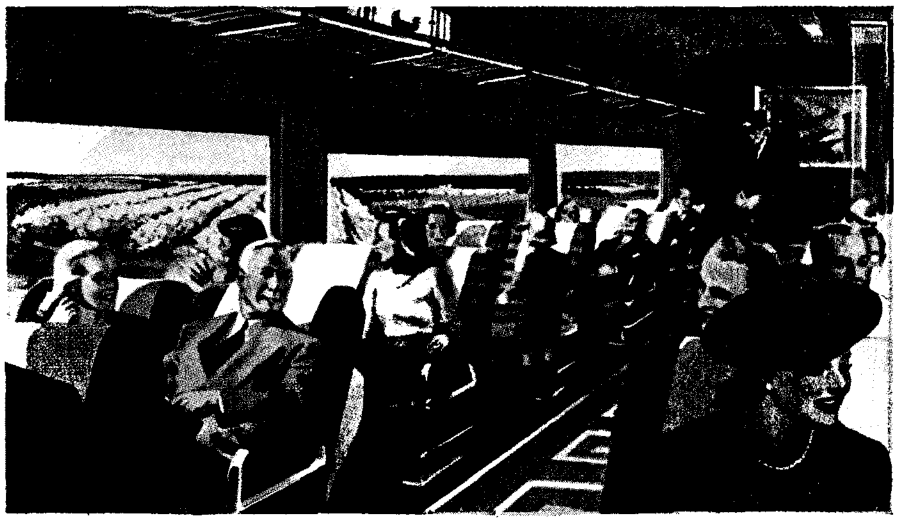

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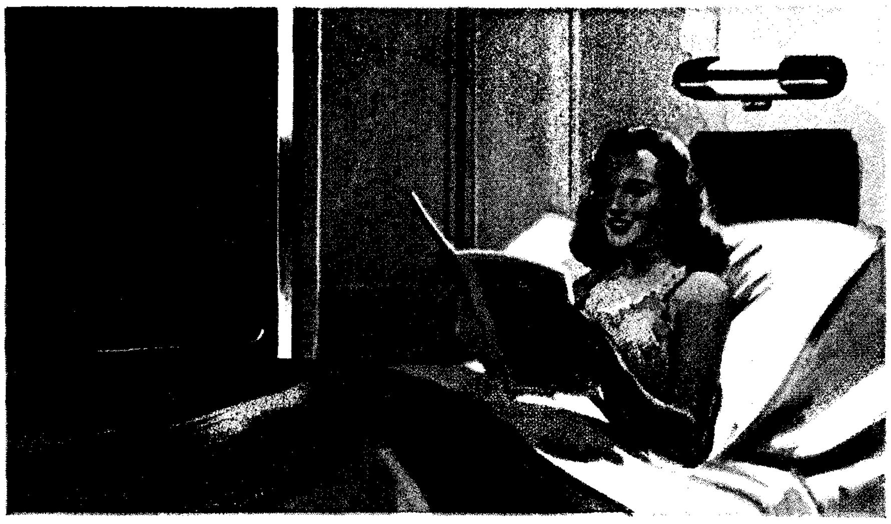

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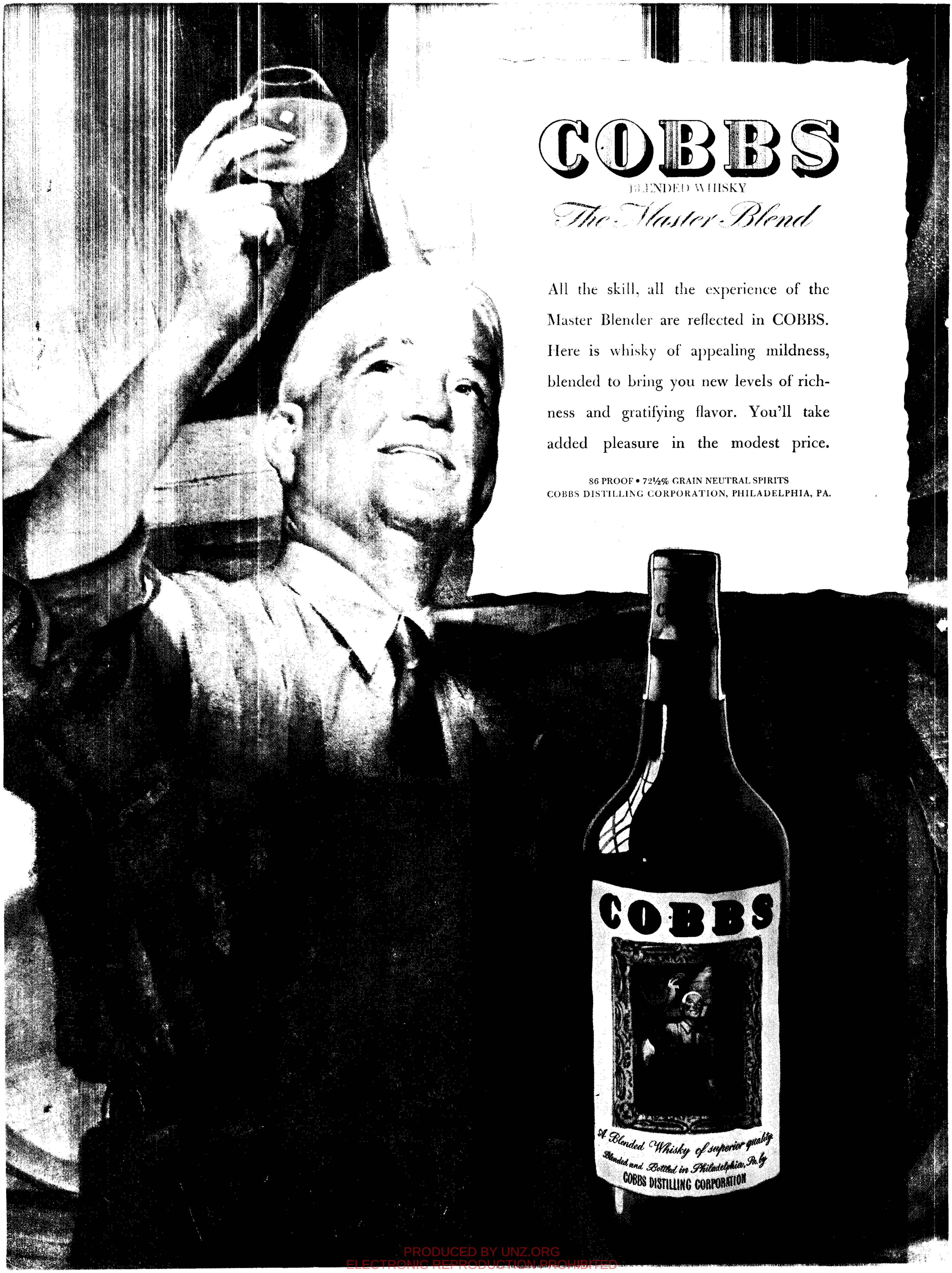
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the coming of atomic power, or, for that matter, universal suffrage, the liberation of the slaves or anything else that was different, I am now upset because I am no longer alone in the world. With these thoughts in my mind, I came home and cooked my supper. I had the saddle and kidneys of a yearling moose calf cooked in bear fat, a can of spaghetti with tomato sauce, and a can of green peas. I opened a bottle of port, one of the few wines which has not begun to go off after more than twenty years. I topped it off with three brandies. I have given the dogs a good meal and now sit here, pencil in hand, to record further impressions. I am now right up to date.

The brandy has done me good. I can feel my heart beating strangely.

SIX months have passed since I have written a line. Although, as a novelist, I have always objected to the diary or near-diary form, I find on reading this over that it has a certain interest. Oddly enough, whether or not anyone is ever to read it appears to depend on me, because the young women are with me now. I would call them nice-looking—though it is quite hard for me to remember exactly what a pretty girl should look like.

I will describe them in greater detail later. At the moment my problem is one of biology and morals.

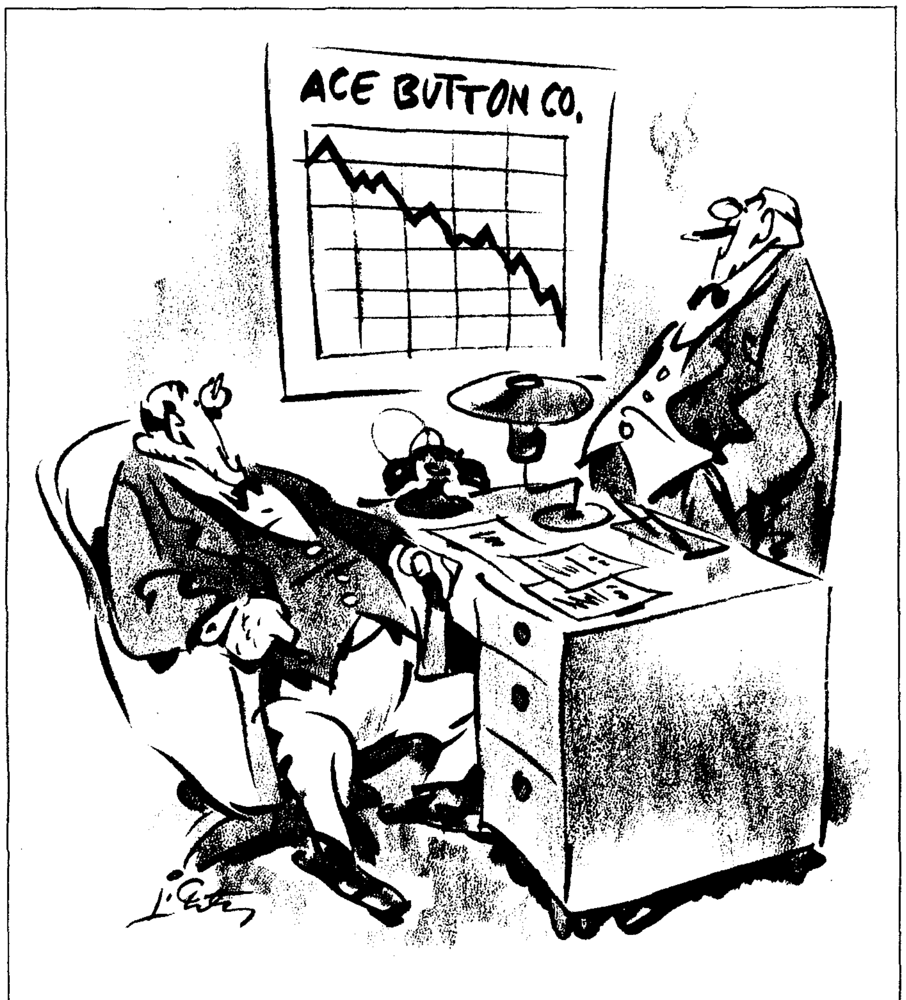
I am seventy years of age and, though I am healthy and remarkably strong, I am without any desire for these young creatures of my own species. My lack of interest does not appear to be reciprocated, for in them is the warmth and burgeoning of youth. This is very embarrassing to a man of my solitary habits and advanced years. Who am I to repopulate the world with white men? And would not the world perhaps be a better place without us? On the other hand, my vanity comes in—my vanity as an author and the historian of these events: the final chapter of history as we knew it, and the opening chapter of a new kind of history. If there are to be people again, if there are to be readers again—who might someday read this diary—it appears that I must father them. The problem perturbs me; it is an issue that I find it hard to clarify. The moral question is not whether I should live with two young girls, but whether our species is worth perpetuating.

And for the life of me I cannot see what is the matter with the young Indian braves. Why can't the girls marry *them*, and live happily ever after without bothering me? Of course, the Indians may not think them attractive, but this seems hardly likely. In my opinion, the girls' interest in me is simply curiosity: I seem unique, and women love the rare and strange. It is also evident that I have prestige value among the Indians.

It is now spring again, and as I look back over the last few months I feel them worthy of some notice because of their personal interest to me. I will begin with today, when it really came to me in words, and go back from there.

I was galloping Prince, my big bay, over some open country in what I take to be Florida, since our war party went south and we are among palms. I have seen brown pelicans and frigate birds and so I cannot be very far wrong. Beside me on her chestnut was Helen, the smaller of the two blondes. We galloped side by side, my long white hair and beard blowing in the wind, her yellow hair flowing like a palomino's tail. Throwing my leg across a horse again after all these years has been a strange and wonderful sensation that has really reconciled me to this new way of life.

This morning, I had jumped onto Prince, the stallion I was now riding, a six-year-old standing about fifteen-three. I mounted him bareback, and used only a hackamore to control him. Unaccustomed to a white man's smell, he had been difficult at first and had played up, rearing, and then, when I put my heels into him, had gone forward in a series of leaps and plunges till I leaned forward and patted his neck, when he started moving with the great raking strides that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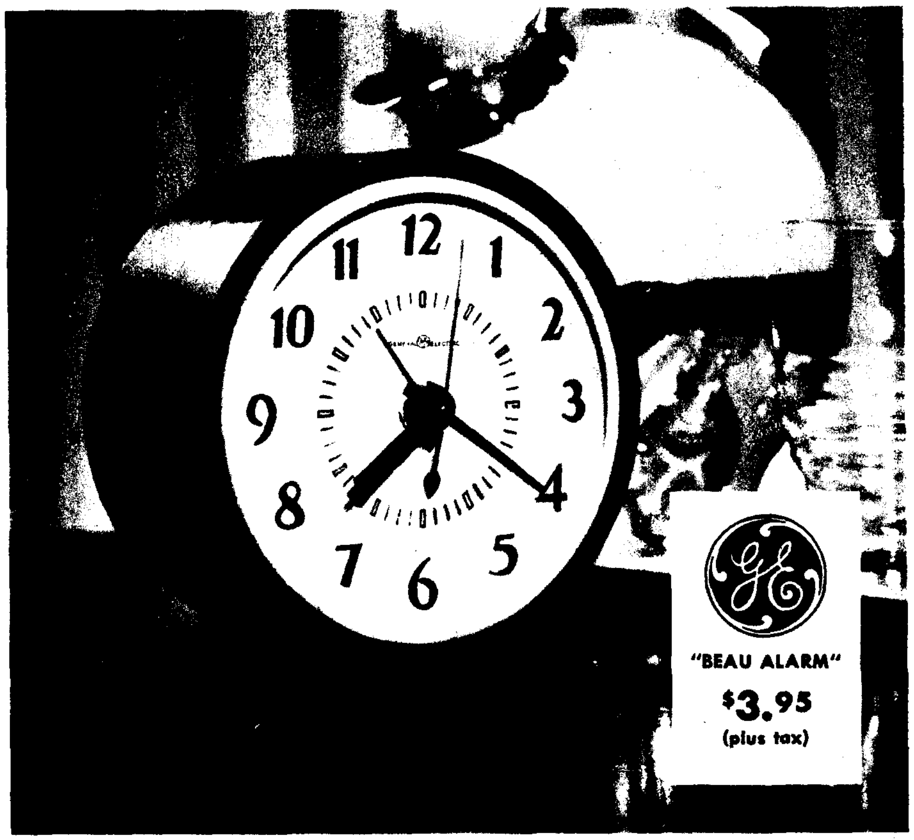

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have never ceased to give me pleasure. Bareback riding tired me at first but, once one gets used to it, it has great advantages over using a saddle. But I must go back to the day the Indians broke into my home and captured me....

I had finished eating and was working on my manuscript when the dogs leaped up and went almost mad with fury. They barked and snuffled under the door. As I grabbed my rifle, the door burst open and a number of young braves, accompanied by the two girls, broke in. They were all yelling and carrying weapons. The leader killed Bodo, who jumped at him as he crossed the threshold. As I raised my rifle, one of the girls tripped me. She flung herself onto me, wrapping her arms about my legs. I fired two shots but missed with both. Looking back at the incident, I am inclined to think the three brandies may have had something to do with the poor showing I made. The brandy was wonderful '65, the so-called Napoleon, and I drank from one of those large-bellied glasses that are warmed with the hands. My missing, however, must be considered providential, for had I wounded one of the braves I might easily have been killed.

Vixen fastened her teeth onto the leg of one of the young men, but another got hold of my left arm before I could get to my feet. The Indians seemed to have decided not to hurt me and to have had a mistaken idea that I would not strike the girls if they attacked me, because the second girl now knelt on my chest. Her hair had fallen down and was hanging in my face. I was able to raise the barrel of my rifle and clip her on the jaw with it as I lay on my back, at the same time striking the other girl on the top of the head with a downward stroke from the butt. The young men now became more active, and disarmed me and tied me. I called Vixen off and gave up the battle. To tell the truth, I was curious about these Indians. I was even more curious about the two girls, who definitely were white and who spoke a kind of English—in the struggle they both swore like cavalry officers. I only hoped they did not know the meaning of the words they used. (It subsequently appeared that they did not, but had learned them from an old prospector who, having joined the Indians and finding these two orphan girls among them—their parents had died of the Red Death—had decided to pay his debt to society by teaching them his version of their own language.) The Indians were Comanches and Kiowas and had set out from Oklahoma four years ago on a kind of scouting exploration mission. They had brought the girls with them as interpreters, in case they should find any white men left alive. Their medicine men had foretold the finding of one and had said the white man would give them news. All this, naturally, came out by degrees.

I WAS at first tongue-tied in the presence of the girls, who seemed, once I had got used to the idea, incredibly beautiful and desirable. I have to some extent got over this phase, which I consider one of the few signs of senility I have shown. I had next to learn the language they called English. Apart from its Rabelaisian flavor, it had many Comanche words which the girls used to fill in the gaps, where they had forgotten what their prospector friend had taught them. As he died when they were about ten years old, they had developed a kind of special language, as children do. However, by degrees I got their story. They were the daughters of an Indian agent and his wife who had been living on the reservation when the blast hit us. The girls had been infants then, and so knew very little about the blast. Their mother and father had died in an accident, and an Indian squaw had adopted them. About this time, a prospector by the name of Adam K. Bell had joined forces with the tribe (he had been in the mountains for two years) and had instructed the girls in their mother tongue and in his version of history, geography and mathematics. They knew the multiplication tables and could add, subtract, divide and multiply—arts which made them invaluable to the Indians, who called them in when such obscure calculations were necessary. He had also taught them some excellent geology, though they could never figure out his interest in gold, which they said was quite common in some of the mountains they had explored; and they thought it had caused the old prospector's death through frustration, though of course they did not use that word. They said he went mad when he saw it—and to express his madness they clapped their hands, jumped up and down, and pulled at their yellow hair.

THE war party that captured me had had its camp on the site of the blast. The tepees stood about where the Players Club had been. They had chosen this site because, since everything was flattened around them, they need fear no ambush. When we reached the camp, a number of warriors were seated on the grass, grazing their horses, which they held by long riatas. These were the reserve braves, as it were, who had their arms with them—bows and arrows—and could be in action in a few minutes. Farther away, other horses were being grazed under an armed, mounted guard. These men had rifles that looked like Springfields. It appeared later that they had picked them up here and there as they crossed the country—deer rifles and the like, war souvenirs and other relatively light guns. In the United States, very heavy game rifles of the sort used in Africa have always been rare; and even if the Indians had found one, they would only have fired it once because of the kick. But even though they could have found enough ordinary rifles and enough ammunition, a great number of the braves were apparently against using them. The white man's magic had, as it were, gone out of fashion with all but the boldest. As I took in the scene, I was struck by the oddness of the combination of primitive and modern weapons in the hands of the red men, as I still called them in my Fenimore Cooper-conditioned mind. Noble savages—but I wished they had been less rough with me.

More men were sitting about the cooking fires in front of the tepees. My girls—I called them that already in my mind—seemed to be the only women with the party.

I was taken before the leader, a subsidiary chief or headman called Tall Eagle. He was a powerful man of about forty, and some kind of communication with him was established with the help of the girls. I did not get to know the full story of these Indians until later, when I had mastered something of their tongue, which I speak well now though I continue to mix in words of Zulu, which disconcerts them. The war party's mission was to proceed east till they came to the Great Water and then follow it south till they came to the land of the Seminoles, with whom they wished to establish contact and discuss the formation of a union of the Indian tribes that had survived, a repetition of the Six Nations alliance—if six nations were found still to exist.

They were, however, much perturbed by the great mutations that they had found in the East, and even to encounter such animals as Bengal tigers and polar bears worried them. Fortunately, the great mutations were not common. I had disposed of a number of them, for though I avoided them as much as I could, I had to kill them when I came across them, before they killed me; for these monstrosities were not, even in the animal sense, respectable members of the

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natural world, but were crazy—perhaps mad with hunger, their great frames needing everything that they could find to keep them going—a man or a dog being about as much use to them as a rabbit to a lion or a mouse to a cougar.

In my first week with the Indians I had the good fortune to kill a giant mink that had attacked a party of their braves, after it had killed three members of the party and sucked the blood from two of their horses. With the help of the Indians, I stripped the skin from the animal. It took ten men to drag it out so that we could peg it.

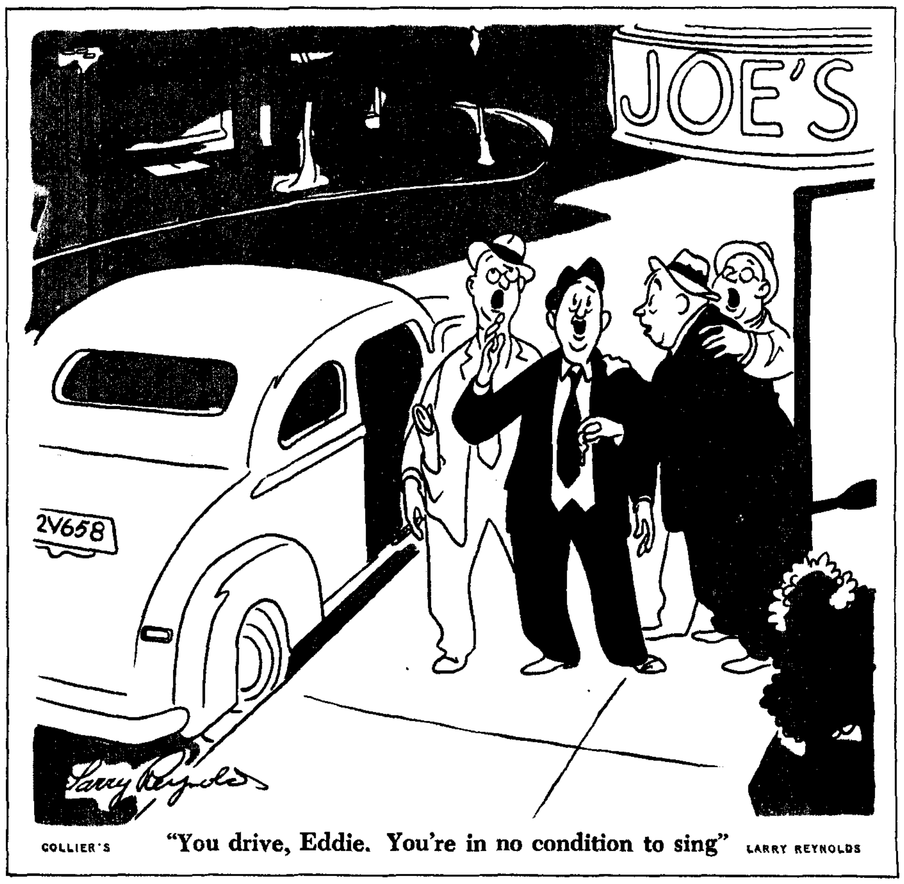
Perhaps I should describe this hunt in greater detail because it had certain interesting qualities. I was riding with one of the girls in the vicinity of my old home in 45th Street, perhaps unconsciously bidding it farewell, when from the direction of the Hudson River I heard shouts and yells which I knew must come from my new friends. I could also distinguish the scream of a giant mink. I was luckily carrying my 450. I had, in fact, fired a few shots from it just to get my horse used to the sound of a gun, something that he had not taken kindly to at first but seemed to be getting used to, as almost any horse will if he is swung sideways to the target so that a shot is not fired too close to his ears or face. At any rate, when I heard the noise I turned Prince's head toward the river and galloped down the soft grass of the street, which at this point runs downhill till it crosses Ninth Avenue, where it rises in a short hill. I could feel Prince change his stride as the street rose; his great quarters came under him as he drove his hind hoofs into the turf. The girl stayed close behind me.

BREASTING the hill, I checked the horse, pulling him up almost into a rear because, as I stopped him, I heard a terrible cry of agony from quite near by. Swinging Prince around, I pushed him up onto a ridge and saw, on the corner of what had been Tenth Avenue, the strangest sight I have ever seen.

A giant mink stood at bay with a dead Indian in his mouth. Two other Indians lay on the ground, and there was a dead horse near by. Some mounted Indians and one loose horse were circling round the mink, who bristled with so many arrows that he looked almost like a porcupine. There were probably enough arrows to kill him in the end, but he would take days to die. The Indians with rifles were not with this party. Even if they had been, their bullets would have been too light to have much effect. The most intelligent thing the Indians could have done would have been to leave the mink alone now, because he would have settled down to suck the blood of the men and horses he had killed; but they were in no mood to give in and, uttering wild yells, they closed in on him, circling around him and shooting more arrows into him. This made it impossible for me to get a shot at him till suddenly, dropping the man he held, he did what I hoped he would do—stood up on his hind legs. He had seen me on the ridge, outlined against the sky, and wondered what I was. The mink's eyesight, fortunately, is not good. As he stood looking and sniffing, his pointed face dripping with blood, I charged down straight at him—a distance of a hundred yards or so—and, pulling up about twenty paces short of him, swung Prince broadside on and put a soft-nosed bullet into the mink's chest, midway between his short, waving forelegs. The bullet must have smashed into his backbone because he threw up his paws, almost as a man might throw up his hands, and fell backward with the Indians closing in on him, forcing their reluctant ponies up to him so that they could drive their spears into him. Once satisfied that he was dead, they expressed their pleasure.

Nothing could have suited my purpose better than this happy event, for by it I proved my value to them as a warrior. For I had realized for some time that even if they had decided to leave me behind when they left New York (they had freed me almost as soon as they caught me), I would have followed them because I needed company.

The bowl of my personal existence was shattered. Here were men again. I'd forgotten how I needed men. It was interesting how my nostrils, trained by years of hunting, now dilated at the scent of men. There were also the girls, who affected me profoundly, and the horses. Women might be a necessity in youth, but horses were a pleasure that I had never forgotten. No man was ever betrayed by a horse; no horse ever deserted him or bore false witness against him. It took me some time to explain my ideas to the Indians, and to accustom my youngest dogs to their company. The older and more savage dogs I shot after



COLLIER'S "You drive, Eddie. You're in no condition to sing" LARRY REYNOLDS

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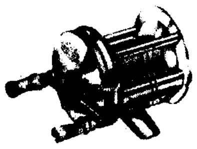

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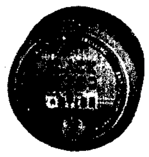

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having steeled myself by drinking half a bottle of French brandy. Actually, apart from the dogs that I could not take, I regretted most leaving my wine cellar and my museum. Most of the wine had begun to go off a little by now, but the spirits were excellent except where the corks had failed to stay in a good state of preservation. But I had some beautiful dogs left; I had the bay stallion Tall Eagle had given me; and I had the company of a hundred and fifty magnificent young Indians and two young white girls who were burned as brown as the Indians and distinguishable from them only by their corn-colored hair and blue eyes. All this made up for what I had lost.

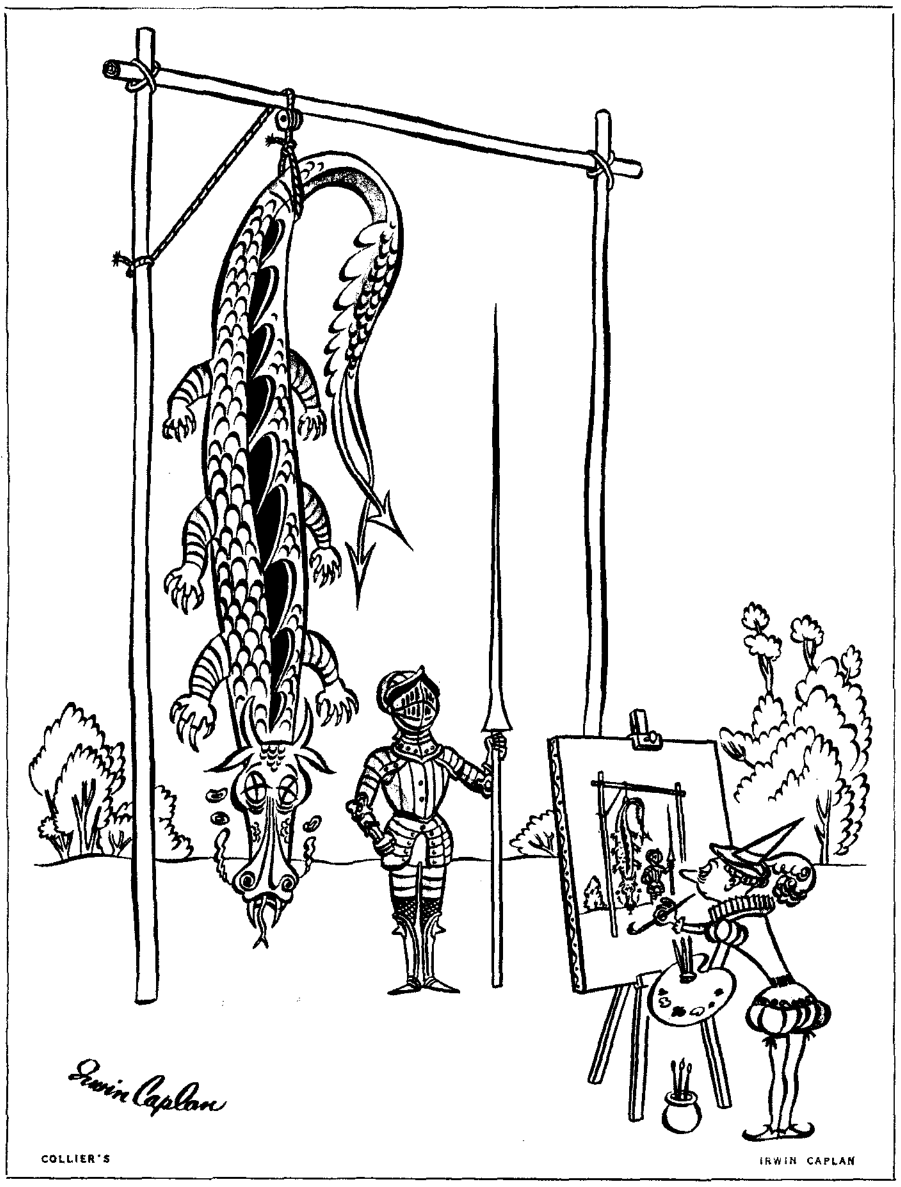
I was, however, faced with an ethical problem. The Indians, who had discovered heavy rifles similar to mine in some of the stores they had entered, wished me to instruct them in their use. I could see nothing to be gained by such instruction, so I tried to explain to them that this was white man's magic and so strong that it had destroyed all the white men in the world except me, turning its forces against them in retribution for their own misuse of its powers. I also pointed out that all they need do to have this great power at their disposal was to keep me alive and treat me well. I let one man fire a shot lying down, and the recoil broke his collarbone. This seemed to confirm all that I had said.

Until I was with people again, it had not occurred to me to consider my own appearance, because when a man is alone he *has* no appearance. I found a mirror and examined myself with some attention and amazement. I was as straight as I had always been, but I was much wider than I had thought possible. My arms were as big as my thighs; my chest was immense. My hair was long, reaching halfway down my back, and my beard reached my belt. Both hair and beard were snow white. My body hair, with which I was covered, was white in front of my body and shaded through silver into black along my spine. For ornament, I wore a diamond necklace around my neck; my only clothing was a khaki kilt that I wore for warmth, a leather belt in which was stuck my kukri, and a pair of leather shoes. On my upper arms I had some gold armlets made from expanding wrist-watch chains and other jeweled bracelets that I had joined together and mounted on wide leather straps—a pastime I had indulged in as a hobby. I could not think what I looked like until I suddenly remembered the steel engravings of an old Bible I had had as a child. I looked like Moses when he received the tablets. But the astonishing thing was how well I felt and how immensely strong I was—now that I had others against whom to measure myself.

MY APPEARANCE does not seem to bother the Indians and it is evident that the two girls—their names are Helen and Christine—want to marry me and are even prepared to share me if necessary, much to the amusement of the braves, who, now that we know each other well, nudge me in the ribs and give me monosyllabic advice amplified by gestures. This situation is still unresolved and becomes daily more precarious.

My personal affairs have, however, no historic interest; and, having completed my story of the end of the white man's world, I can only say that I ride forward with optimism and can now laugh at the change of circumstance which hoisted my race with the petard of its own ingenuity and returned this great land to its original possessors. "America for the Americans," I say to Tall Eagle, and laugh. He says nothing. He thinks I am mad. But the girls laugh, because young girls laugh at anything, and it is spring again.

THE END



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LOVE IS A BRASS KNUCKLE

Women are unpredictable only when men are unpredictable. Which is most of the time

BY MORT M. HOROWITZ

WITH Miranda and me, it was ants. I mean, some people just don't care about love. Other people think love is everything. Love is a brass knuckle. Love is a hurdy-gurdy. Love is a saxophone. Like I have said, with us it was ants—thousands and thousands of ants.

I loved Miranda. Many's the time I told it to myself. "Harry," I said, "she's the one. She's the only girl." That's why I wanted to get her something special for her birthday.

"You can't get her a bracelet, Harry," I told myself. "You haven't nearly enough money for a bracelet. Unless you get a cheap bracelet, something that will turn green right away." I didn't want any cheap green bracelet. Miranda looked sallow in green.

"You don't want a compact, Harry," I said. "Or perfume, or a box of chocolates. You want something different." That's when it came to me.

Something educational I wanted. Something she could enjoy, but something that would help broaden her mind. At the time it seemed to me a perfectly sensible idea. The ant village, I mean.

You sent a specified pittance to this company, by check or money order, and they sent you, postpaid, guaranteed alive, within three days, a thriving ant village for your very own.

"How many of her friends have one, Harry?" I asked. An insect metropolis, with ant buildings, tunnels, queen ants and workers, a picnic-raiders' *Vaterland*, hers to ogle proudly through the glass.

"She'll love it," I told myself.

It came in a box and I took it up to her that night with a glow of satisfaction. "Happy birthday," I said.

"Thank you, Harry," she said.

We were in the living room. I opened the box slowly and then picked up the whole village, which was only a rectangular case, glass enclosed, and held it in front of her. "Ants," I mumbled. I was wondering if she'd let me kiss her. "They're for your birthday."

All of a sudden Miranda started to scream. One moment we were standing there vis-à-vis, the donor and the natal day celebrant, and then all of a sudden Miranda was jumping around on top of the sofa, clinging to her skirts.

The sudden transition from poised and adult womanhood to a creature gone completely fey, frightened me to the marrow, and for a moment I lost my head. Completely.

There was a sound of glass breaking and then there they were, the wee, wriggling things, all over the floor. I'd dropped them. I had dropped the ants, and Miranda was shrieking now louder than ever.

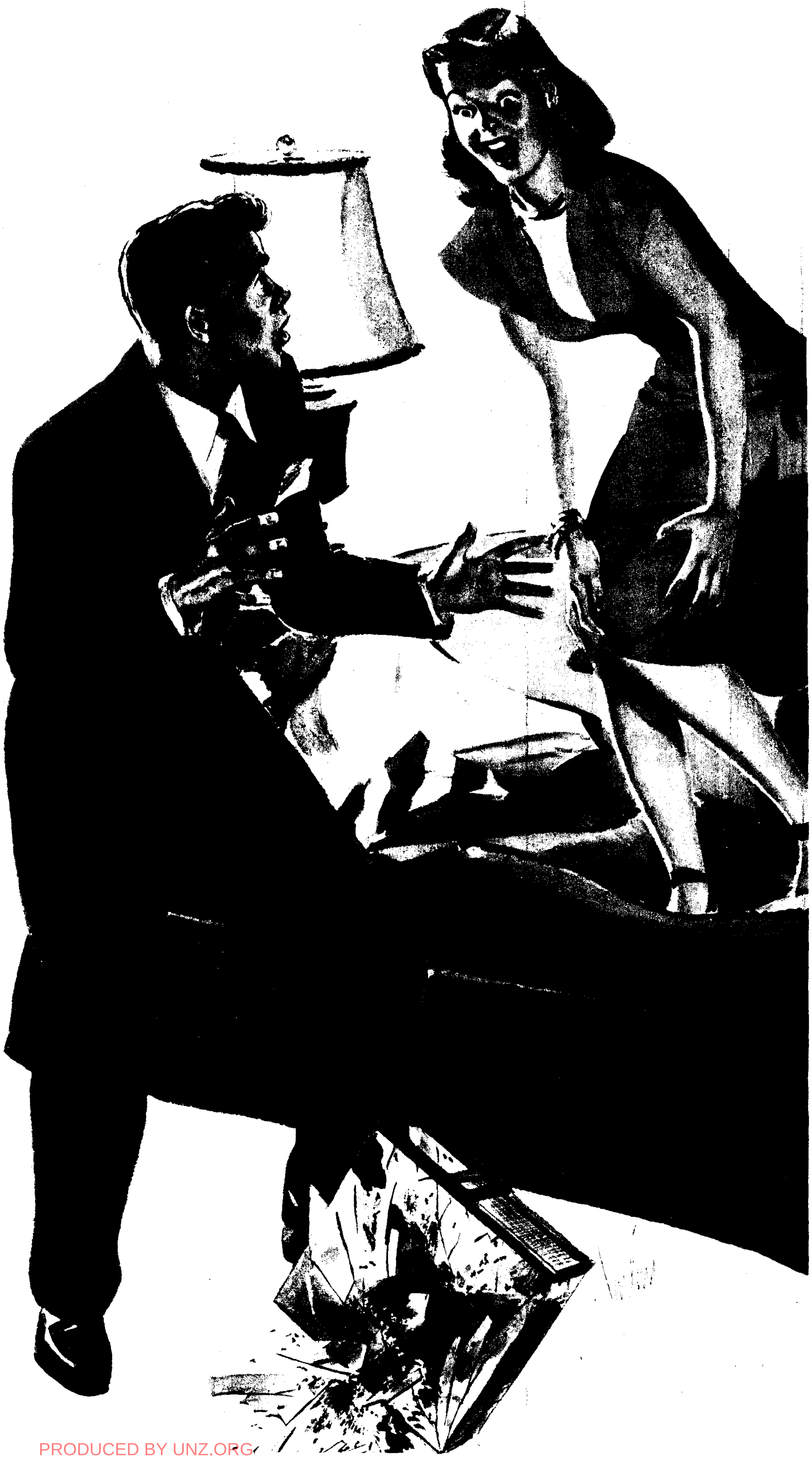
"A-a-a-a-a-h!" she was yelling. "A-a-a-a-h!"

"It was an accident." I tried to appear calm, but actually I was shaking. "It could happen to anyone," I said.

She kept on screeching, "A-a-a-a-a-a-h!" Some ants were crawling up the walls and when she saw them she sort of calmed down and stepped off the sofa. She looked at me peculiarly, the way those cover girls on murder magazines look. "Go away, Harry," she said. "Go away. Quickly. I may do something I'd regret."

She said it softly but with malice, and I picked up my hat, flicking an ant off the brim with my middle finger, the way you shoot checkers when you're a kid. I was glad to get out in the fresh air. But I was worried about Miranda. It was her birthday and I loved her, and here I had cluttered up her house with ants and made her sore at me.

I must have had a few drinks, because after a while I stopped feeling so *(Continued on page 101)*



Miranda was shrieking now louder than ever. "It was an accident," I said, trying to appear calm, but actually I was shaking. "It could happen to anyone"

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Quality
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made from Golden Grain...
That's how Golden Wedding gets its truly golden flavor! Try it today your favorite way.
Golden Wedding
HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR FIFTY YEARS

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

those prices during the many years there were no government controls.

I am sick of the lumber industry and their ponderous methods, their numerous excuses, and their ability to build only for the very rich yet cursing the government for trying to get something for us middle-of-the-roaders.

(MRS.) FREDA M. VOSS, Washington, D. C.

. . . I have no way of knowing the scale of wages in Millstadt, Illinois, but I can assure Mr. Wm. A. Cochran that there are very few, if any, working-class persons in Muscatine, Iowa, who can pay anywhere near $7,000 for a home (irrespective of its size) unless he be a G.I. and can swing a G.I. loan. I have an income of $4,300 per year and I had the hardest sort of a time to borrow enough money so that I could buy a $3,000 home. Figure for yourself what my chances would be of buying a $6,300 home.

THOMAS JEFFERSON CRONE, Muscatine, Ia.

LEFT TO RIGHT

DEAR EDITOR: Was the picture on the front of Collier's (Mar. 8th) reproduced from a tintype, or is the girl left-handed? If not, she'll have quite a twisting time to get hold of her gun with her right hand, with its stock pointing toward the back.

WILLIAM CURTIS, Philadelphia, Pa.

Okay. We flipped the negative for you, so now she's right-handed. The horse remains left-footed.

OFFICIAL CAPACITY

DEAR EDITOR: Mr. Robert H. Higgins raises an interesting question in his recent letter in which he asks just how much alcohol is too much (The Week's Mail, Mar. 8th).

I am advised by my lawyer that I never touch the stuff, and so I can't give you a firsthand answer. However, it's a question on which greater minds than mine have had their say.

Ben Jonson, for instance, proposed that boric acid replace wine as toasting material: "Drink to me only with thine eyes." Samuel Pepys was all for going home before the first drink: "Since my leaving drinking of wine, I do find myself much better and do mind my business better, and do spend less money, and less time in idle company."

Edward Rowland Sill offers: "First the man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, then the drink takes the man." In short, he allows that the third snort is the one that does the damage. Victor Hugo is a little more gradual, defining slugs: "The first, that which enlivens; the second, that which irritates; the third, that which stupefies; finally the last, that which brutalizes."

Shakespeare's views varied, possibly with the intensity of his hang-overs. The Bard writes: "One draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him." How long it takes a two-fisted drinker to get warmed up is anybody's guess. On the other hand, in Antony and Cleopatra, Shakespeare has a character speak up with "I have yet room for six scotches more." How many the guy's had already, he doesn't say!

And then there was Thomas Love Peacock, whose idea of the proper time to stop might be considered a bit extreme in some circles: "Not drunk is he who from the floor can rise alone and still drink more; but drunk is he, who prostrate lies, without the power to drink or rise."

Boy, fetch me a pot of tea!

ARTHUR GODFREY, New York

. . . I do not understand your alcoholic comment that one man's Mede is another man's Persian. If you don't explain to me what you Mede, I'll quit Persian your magazine.

DAVE SONTAG, Long Beach, Cal.

Oh, Shah, Dave, sorry you don't Hindustan. Wheeling Tibet Europe to it; Yugoslav over it Samoa!

LIKE FATHER, UNLIKE SON?

DEAR EDITOR: Two articles on Senator R. Alphonso Taft in three weeks! We surely can't be that low of material and people? Taft runs off at the head without rhyme or reason, a very dangerous individual, totally in disagreement with everything and everyone continuously and no doubt with himself, too.

R. A. LEITCH, Sherman, Tex.

. . . I read with interest His Eyes Have Seen the Glory (Feb. 22d). I believe Henry Clay had a man like Senator Taft in mind when he said, "I would rather be right than be President." Senator Taft never seems to be right; so is, therefore, the logical contender for the Presidency.

A. W. LAMBERT, Taunton, Mass.

TRUMAN, TRUE!

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: If the United States is to take over Britain's commitments in Greece, don't you think we should have Prince Philip (Princess Elizabeth, Mar. 15th) for our Margaret?

W. J. RENFORTH, Anderson, Ind.

TENTH WONDER

DEAR EDITOR: Re Skating Baby, by Amy Porter (Mar. 8th): Mrs. Sonneman states that she gets "back home at 9:10. Wash dishes, wash clothes, scrub bathrooms and kitchen, prepare for lunch, carrying the clock from room to room so as not to waste a minute." Think of the precious time lost carrying that clock, picking it up, etc. Tsk! Mrs. Sonneman!

I tore that article in small pieces and am now chewing it up so my husband won't see it! Ulp! It's a little hard to swallow!

MRS. G. W. MORDUSH, Painesville, Ohio

. . . Does 7-year-old Ellie Sonneman ever get spanked? I am 8 years old and whenever I am naughty my mother who is a good child raiser spanks my bare behind with a slipper. None of the boys and girls I play with ever get spanked.

I am not as smart as Ellie but I think that their must be times when a spanking would do her good.

I like to read articles about children who are famous but I would like to know if they get spanked.

I liked this article very mutch.

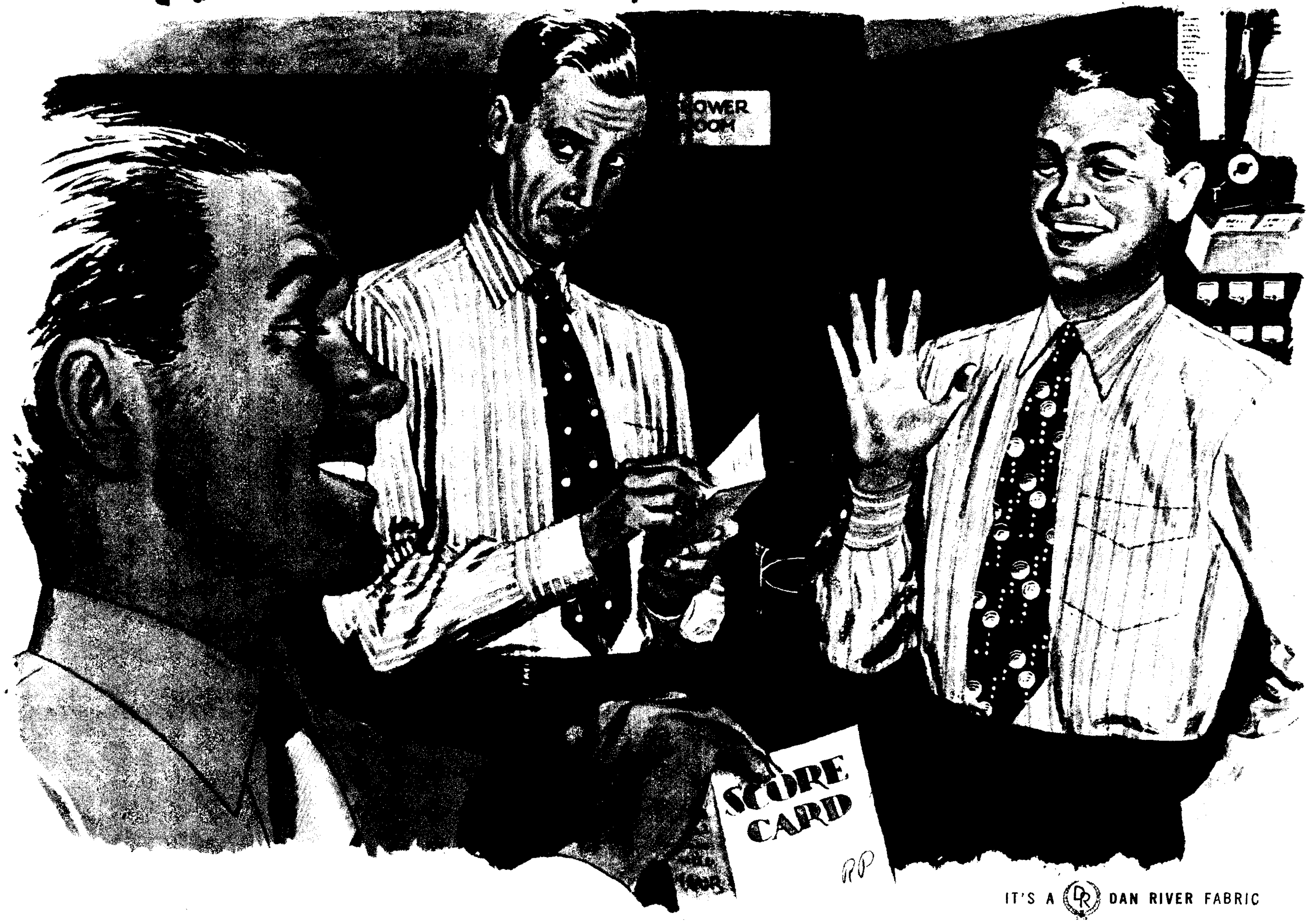
ROSE MARIE ZIMMERMAN, Chicago, Ill.

O READER FAIR!

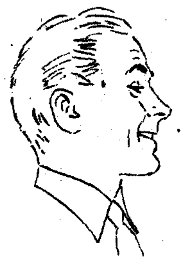
DEAR EDITOR: I should like to express my satisfaction in reading Collier's. I enjoy most of all the jokes, although, I also enjoy reading the stories. There just isn't anything I could criticize.

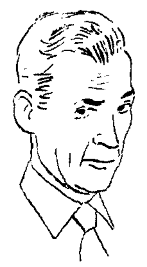
ELIZABETH WAGNER, Marydel, Del.

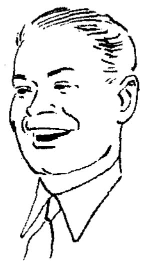
Which new collar style scores with you?



IT'S A DR DAN RIVER FABRIC







Average head and features? The new *Manhattan* "*Setlo*" collar — medium-length points and slight spread—is right for seven out of ten fellows. But no matter what *Manhattan* collar you eventually choose, you'll go for the extra "custom" features in *Manhattan* shirts. *Extra* stitching in the buttonholes. *Extra* reinforcements at the seams. *Extra* ply of fabric holding the buttons. Why not see your dealer today?

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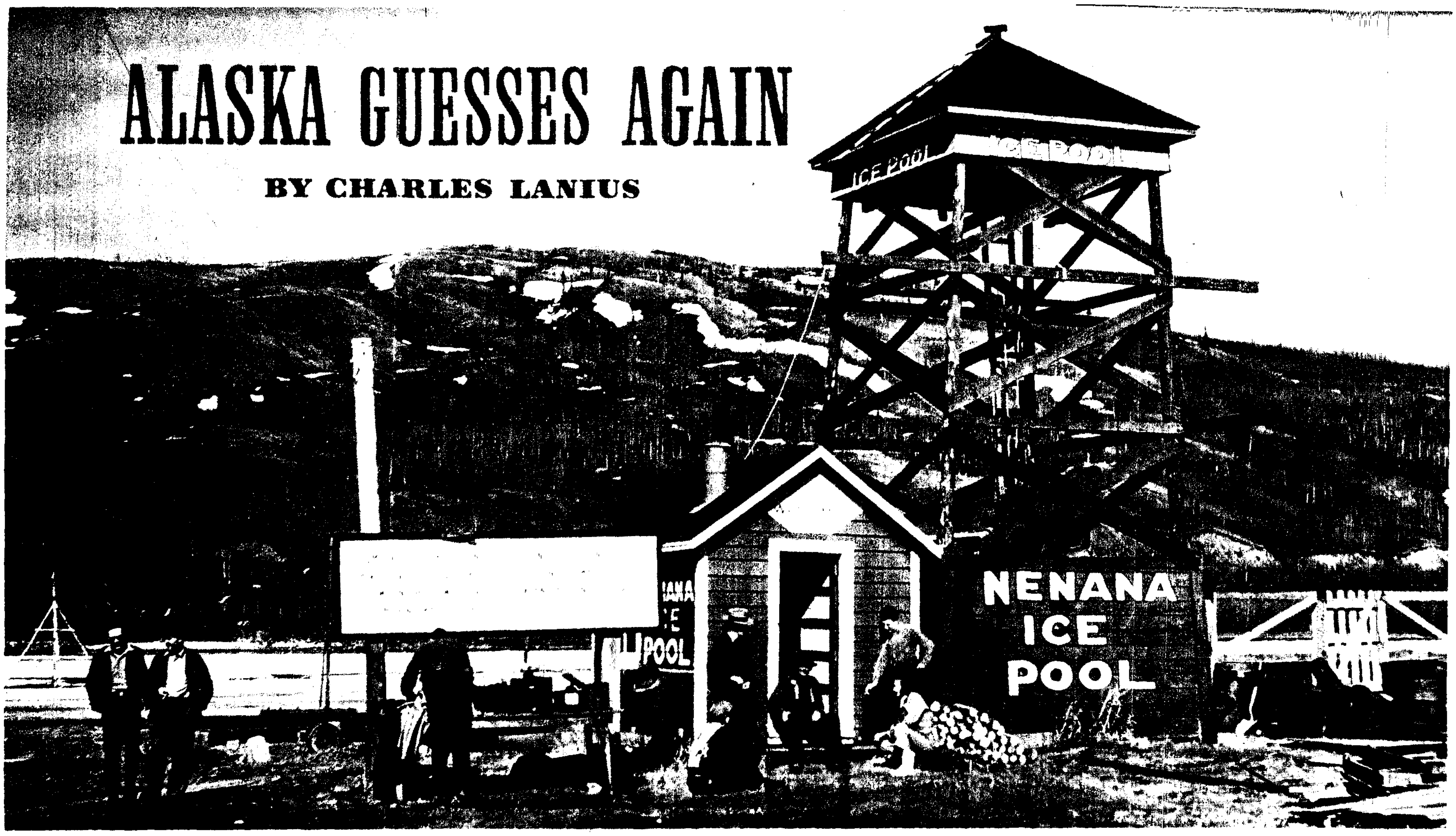
ALASKA GUESSES AGAIN

BY CHARLES LANIUS



Nerve center of the $100,000 ice-break pool, which cautious Alaskans do not call a lottery, is this setup on the Tanana River. Note tripod set in ice.

The annual excitement is on again in Alaska, where the big ice-break pool means fun for everybody and fortunes for a few

IN THE spring of 1917 a bored group of winter-weary Alaskan railroaders and miners at Nenana, an interior town 50 miles south of Fairbanks, put up a pool of $600 to go to the man who guessed the closest to the month, day, hour and minute the ice broke up on the Tanana River, the lusty, capricious south arm of the mighty Yukon. This social bet developed into an annual Alaskan classic and also into big business.

This year Alaskans bought more than 135,000 tickets in the pool, at a dollar a throw. Sales ended at midnight on April 4th, and the employees of the Nenana Ice Classic Association started the tremendous job of listing and classifying all the entries.

Because this was an unusually severe winter, their work was heavier than usual. Long periods of frigid weather, ice and snow slides blocked trains and isolated many of the more remote towns. Ticket distribution was thus delayed. It did not begin in Anchorage until the middle of February.

This extraordinary weather has had an effect on the guesses, too. Many sourdoughs marked their tickets early on the theory that the great accumulation of snow, once it starts to melt, might force the ice out earlier this year.

Last year the Tanana ice officially went out at 4:40 Sunday afternoon, May 5, 1946. Four winning tickets split $108,000 net prize money after operating expenses were deducted. Alaskans, who call the pool the "squarest gamble on earth," claim the take would run into millions if the ticket sale were not limited to the north.

I was in Anchorage, 260 miles from Nenana, when the Chena slough ice went out at Fairbanks on April 30th last year. Several Alaskans assured me that this smaller breakup precedes the Tanana breakup by 24 to 48 hours, and, as Nenana is inaccessible by road, and the government-operated railroad runs passenger trains through only twice a week, I caught a late airliner to Fairbanks. At Fairbanks I chartered a small cabin job piloted by a veteran busher who put me down on a tiny strip of fairly dry ground in the middle of the flooded Nenana air port. The Alaskans were wrong about the Chena slough as an indicator. The ice didn't break until nearly a week later.

A raw, cold Alaskan wind whipped around the North Nenana hills and swept down the ice-packed Tanana on the day of the breakup. Occasionally the sun, pale and weak, pierced the gray overcast. The five-feet-thick ice across the 750-foot river at the point where the breakup is officially recorded looked as solid as it had on any of the five days I had spent waiting for the ice to go out.

A "tripod," a fifteen-foot spruce pole, frozen to the depth of the ice with four supporting poles and looking like a miniature oil derrick, stood 300 feet out in the middle of the river. A yellow-bannered rope stretched from its top to a 30-foot tower on the riverbank. When the tripod had moved 87 feet downstream, the rope would draw taut, tripping a special trigger device which would stop a glass-enclosed clock, and the ice would be officially "out."

At noon, Sid Sheldon, a lean, work-toughened 73-year-old sourdough, one of the eight watchmen who guarded the clock, rope and tripod against tampering, came off shift. Sid had watched Alaska ice breakups off and on since 1896. He walked with me to the riverbank and squinted upstream into the wind.

Half a mile upstream, the wild, muddy river was working. Huge, jagged chunks of ice, some weighing 30 tons or more, were churning and grinding, bouncing and somersaulting, probing and cutting toward "rotten" ice, or ice weakened by sunlight or shallow surface water. The loose swirling ice blocks acted like a runaway buzz saw, ripping and tearing through the softest spots.

Ice cakes as big as trolley cars, propelled by the irresistible pressure of the water, shot up out of the river with the force of a speeding locomotive to slither, splinter and clatter to a stop on solid anchor ice or on free floes 200 feet long and almost as wide. Floes five feet thick, some the size of a city street intersection, swept down the channel, crashed into solid ice, reared high into the air and flopped back with a muffled splash to be sucked down under the ice pack.

At the riverbank opposite the watchman's shack, tough anchor ice frozen solidly to the bottom of the river held the wide expanse of ice in the middle of the river from going out. The tripod seemed as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar. It had been like that for days, but the crunching, battering loose ice in the open water above was inexorably creeping closer.

"Hell," said Sid, who has a reputation for colorful language. "That blankety-blank ice is liable to be here two, three or even four more blankety-blank days. Still, on the other hand, I've seen this ice do funny blankety-

Saloons are a prominent feature of the social life of Nenana's 200 white residents, none of whom has ever won *a pool prize of any great importance*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY O. C. SWEET

blank things. It might go any time. Your guess is as good as mine."

"Looks just like it did in '36," said Alfred Linder, 68-year-old special agent for the Alaska Railroad, who has lived in the Nenana district for 36 years. "Nice and peaceful one minute and wild and dangerous the next. She ripped out the pier pilings for a mile between here and the railroad bridge and nearly took the railroad warehouse along too. I won't forget it. I got caught in the warehouse and a heavy crate dropped on me and broke my leg. It was a freak breakup that year."

"Freak," snorted Sid. "This blankety-blank breakup is a freak every year. She breaks different every year and never like you expect her to."

"That's right, she's just like a woman," said Pete Anderson, who was the first man ever to climb to the top of Mount McKinley and who got married at the age of 79. "You just can't tell anything about her."

"Listen," said Sid. "Last year she started moving on Frank Turner's minute. She was moving downstream at a good clip and Frank was jumping up and down yelling, 'I got her, I got her this time.' Suddenly about fifty feet down, the tripod swung inshore and stuck there three blankety-blank days before she finally went out. You ought to heard Frank cuss. I thought I knew them all but he taught me a few. She's an unpredictable blankety-blank."

The Man Who Lost $100 on a Sure Thing

Old-timers like Sid, Pete and Alfred are humble when it comes to making ice-break predictions. They like to tell about the Nenana man who, two years ago, thought the ice looked solid, bet a friend a hundred dollars it wouldn't go out for another three days, only to have the whole river break up and swoosh out thirty seconds later. They say the folly of predictions is proved by the fact that, except for the first two years when the pool was strictly a Nenana affair, no Nenana resident has ever had a winning ticket.

I had lunch at Paul Cook's tavern, a combination hotel, pool hall, café, saloon and club, the social center of Nenana, primarily because there is no other place to hang out. Nenana's main street, which runs south from a green depot building, is lined with rotting boardwalk and oozes mud in the spring. Besides Cook's place there were two general stores, the post office, the pioneers' hall, two vacant buildings, two liquor stores and a boxlike 20 by 30 ice-pool office building. The residential district consists of about 50 small log cabins and unpainted wooden houses, which are scattered out in every direction from the business section.

About four o'clock the wind was blowing harder and colder. About fifty of Nenana's two hundred white and Indian inhabitants, wearing colorful blazers and shirts, clustered around the watchman's shack and at the river's edge. A special-events broadcast crew from the Midnight Sun Broadcasting Company in Fairbanks were hooking up portable equipment for their regular afternoon report over station KFAR.

At 4:25, suddenly, the river went on a rampage. The water had found a streak of "rotten" ice. Big slabs of rolling, tossing ice, smashing like tanks, started bulldozing out an open channel. I didn't need an old-timer to tell me the ice was going out.

Ed Stevens, blond KFAR announcer from Los Angeles, knew he had a break. The ice was going out on his regular broadcast time. Chilled to the bone and with teeth chattering, he did a masterful job running up and down the river's edge giving Alaskans an eyewitness broadcast of the big ice breakup for the first time in history.

In ten minutes the ice and water had ripped and slashed through the rotten ice to within twenty feet of the tripod. For two or three minutes the onslaught seemed to have stopped, but nothing apparently could hold that terrific pressure for long. A tongue of dirty black water slopped over from the open channel and reached out for the base of the tripod. An instant later a second icy wave splashed over the first.

The tripod quivered but stood. Then the anchor ice on both sides of the river gave up with a muffled crunch. The whole main body of ice, a sheet 750 feet wide and twice as long, trembled, gave a slight lurch and then began to float quietly downstream. Instead of being chewed up by the rotating, driving icebergs which had eaten out the channel, the tripod sailed down river like a mainmast on the wide deck of a gigantic battleship. *(Continued on page* 107)

Ticketholders watched tensely as the ice began to go out in 1946. Four winning tickets paid $27,000 each

Watchman Sheldon strains at the siren to tell Nenanans that the ice is beginning to show signs of breaking up

Angelina Wulf, 15, and Dorothy Low, 17, smile, although they didn't win. Both are Nenana natives

James Miller and Mike Alex held shares in one of last year's $27,000 tickets, along with nine of their friends

Ice-pool talk leads to many side bets, and losers pay off immediately after the official time is announced

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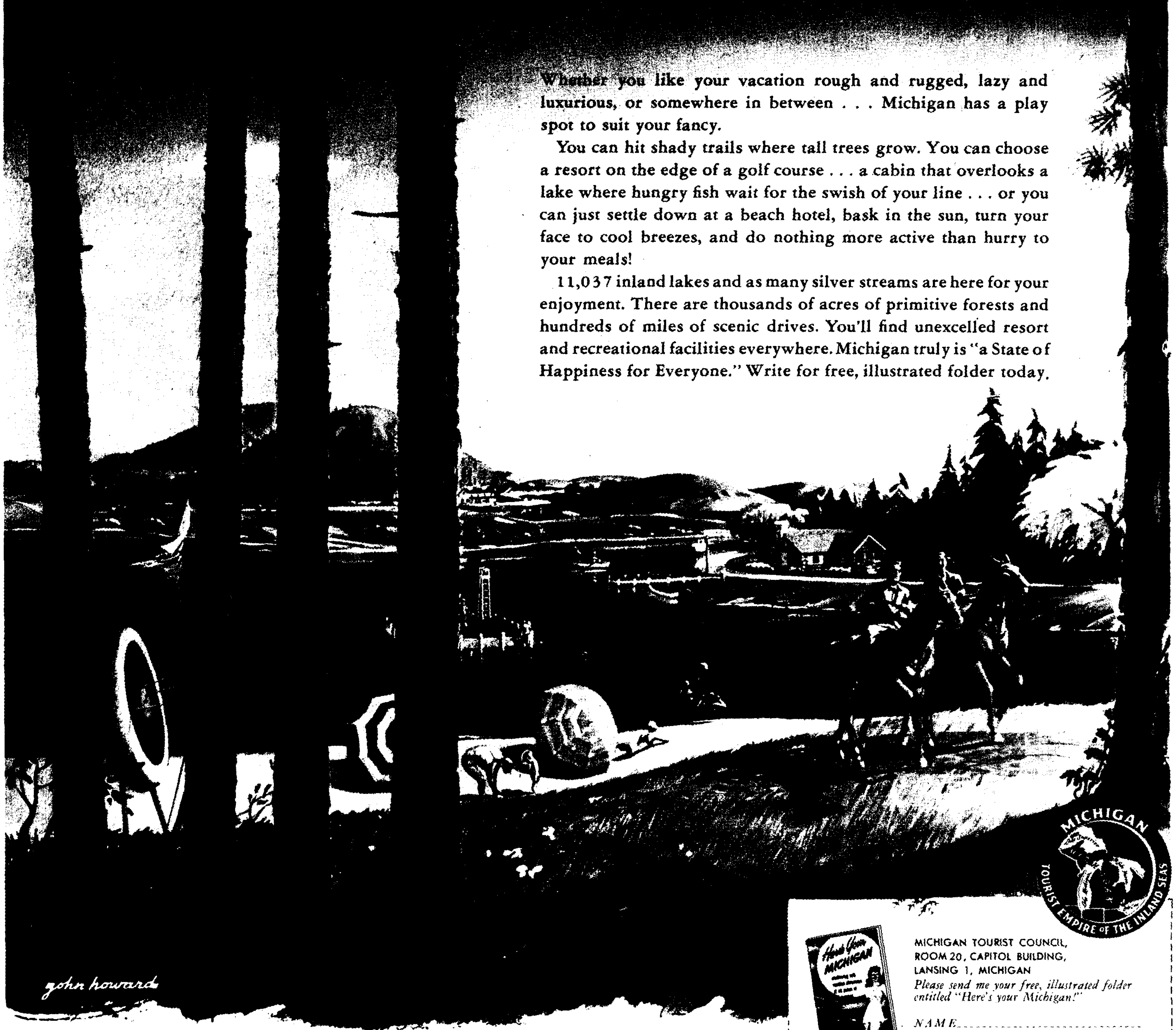

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47

THE TRAP

Continued from page 17

whipped aloft and run out of the blocks.

Thinking of that, the immediate fear of Destin went out of George Turner. He swam along slowly on his back, keeping his feet toward the dull maroon in the west. That color faded so rapidly, while stars came out in a slow sprinkle, that he picked a star to keep him straight on his course to nowhere.

The water was comfortably warm. Turner remembered reading once of a man who floated in the Gulf Stream for a week and was saved—true, he was unconscious and supported by a life preserver. But Turner thought he had at least a few hours ahead of him. The human body was ninety-eight per cent—was it more?—water, and flotation was only a matter of ounces. He floated quite easily so long as he lay on his back as if in a loose strait jacket, but if he tried to turn the water gushed into his nose and mouth.

THE pith helmet that was now under the back of his head seemed to help a bit, though it might slowly become a soggy thing. Already he imagined that a part of the brim flapped loosely against his neck as each push of his hands moved him onward a little more. He removed his waterproof wrist watch, his belt and the sheath that had held the knife, but these were motions that sunk his face and left him out of breath.

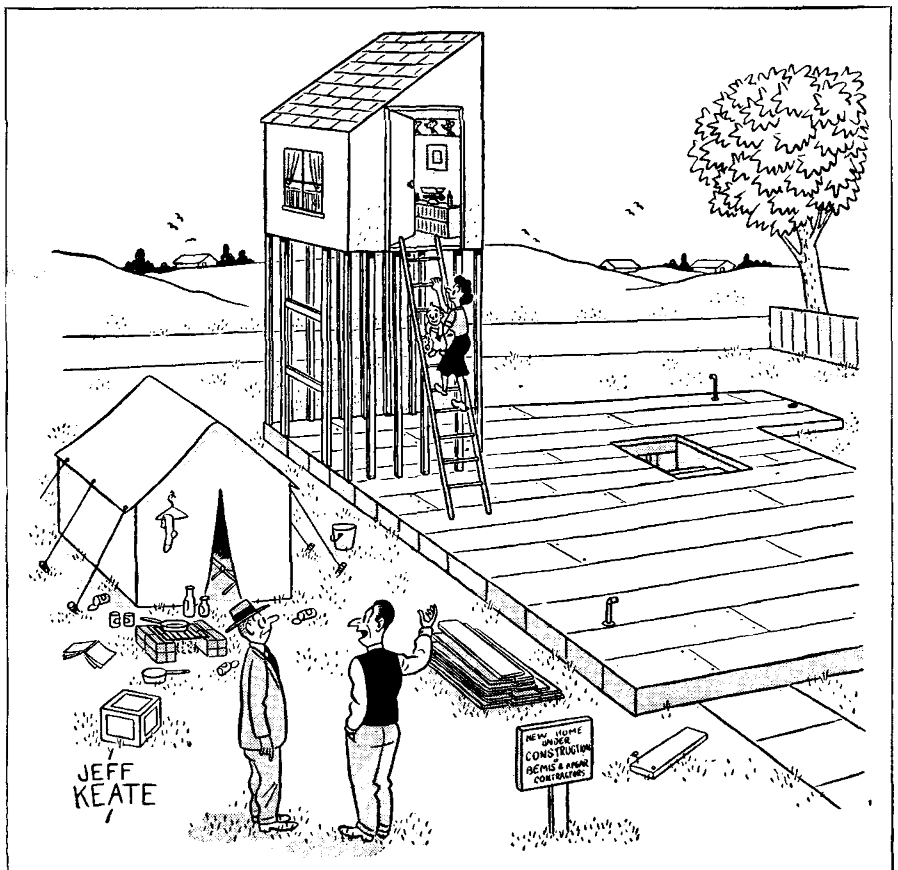
He was dressed only in shirt and shorts and sandals. He thought of stuffing the helmet inside his shirt, but it gave him a weak comfort under his head, as if his head were really lying on something. And perhaps the sandals helped a bit, being of a composition cork sole. But a man could float, without helmet or sandals. A man had a few ounces of buoyancy in himself.

Turner tried to think reasonably about it. Life was a few ounces that would rather float; Death was a few ounces that would rather sink. He was in a big, warm swimming pool. He was lying on a kind of fluid couch, pushing himself along it by his hands, and covered all over but for his eyes and nose and mouth. But a swimming pool has sides and ends, and a ladder for climbing out, and a swimming pool holds no sharks and barracuda. He tried not to think about that, because it was a frantic thought. But it was very difficult not to wonder what might be moving below him, surveying him, as he inched along in this great black space with his eyes fixed on a star.

So Turner was immensely lonely. He imagined he heard friends wondering aloud what had become of him. He saw an office in Pittsburgh where soot fell on papers ready for him to sign, where familiar faces of men and women turned to one another and talked about him, not knowing that a man named Destin had dissolved a partnership with abrupt violence. Turner was utterly shaken—he had liked to be with Destin, had secretly admired Destin's strength and his adventurous life. Now Turner was only two eyes and two nostrils in a black liquid world because he had put funds with Destin in a beef-cattle venture on a large island near Nassau—a plausible-looking experiment, a joint account with some cautious safeguards. Cautions against everything except one big thing that had never occurred to Turner: that he should suddenly be dead and it would all belong to Destin. The familiar faces wouldn't know about that, or that Destin had suggested this quiet side trip to see a wreck that might hold a treasure.

George Turner thought the night grew a little brighter, and trod water to stare eastward where the moon rose full. He searched the horizon for an island he thought might be there, and saw nothing but the silver path of the moon across the water. He then sobbed suddenly, and wanted to scream and claw at the water and go down, swallow water and fill his lungs and have the thing over—and told himself to go on pushing with his hands, and that all these islands were very low.

A new and startling sound came through the water that so quietly lapped


NEW HOME UNDER CONSTRUCTION BEMIS & AMAR CONTRACTORS
JEFF KEATE

"The wife was going to have a baby so I just put my foot down and told the contractors we just had to have the nursery!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

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and patted around his face. It was a slashing noise, like canvas being ripped, of something coming toward him very fast, and Turner went rigid, though trembling violently. In his rigidity his feet sank down until he was almost upright, and then, the slashing coming very close to him, he screamed and beat his arms and legs and tried to climb out of the water. He fought himself into exhaustion, and then saw the moonlight glisten on the shining black hides of a school of porpoise leaping and diving past him.

After that Turner was very tired. He rested on his back, his hands moving as if they belonged to someone else, his eyes on the star and his head toward the low moon, until he heard another sound ahead of him. This was a gurgling, rather rhythmical and musical sound. He trod water to look, and found his feet standing on sand.

Through a lapping froth he went ashore on the island, which was one of the three he had seen within several miles while he slashed the halyards; and this was undoubtedly the one to the eastward.

THE island was about three quarters of a mile long, and half as wide, and a broad rim of sandy beach ran all around it. Turner followed the beach, walking to get warm—the breeze chill on his wet skin—until he came to his own footprints again. So low was the island that, under the bright moon, he could see across it from beach to beach. In the middle were tufts of wiry grass and one low clump of bushes. That might shade a man who crawled into it; that might make a hideaway, if a man could hide at the end of a track of footprints. Some sea birds went up with crazy screams as Turner walked among nests. Here was food, when a man began to starve. The thicket was thorny, and he went back to the beach. He lay on the warm sand and pulled it over him like a blanket.

Along the windward beach stretched a snake of sea grasses and kelp. Turner heaved up out of the sand and prowled carefully. A heavy timber of ship's deadwood, studded with rusted spikes, lay rooted in the beach. Here and there was some odd useless thing, dropped off a steamer long ago and perhaps hundreds of miles away. An electric light bulb. Three rum bottles. A little vial that had held someone's tonic, or vitamin pills. Turner snatched up four coconuts and shook each at his ear, hoping to hear a liquid thud inside. Each was light, empty, dry as an old skull, and he flung it down.

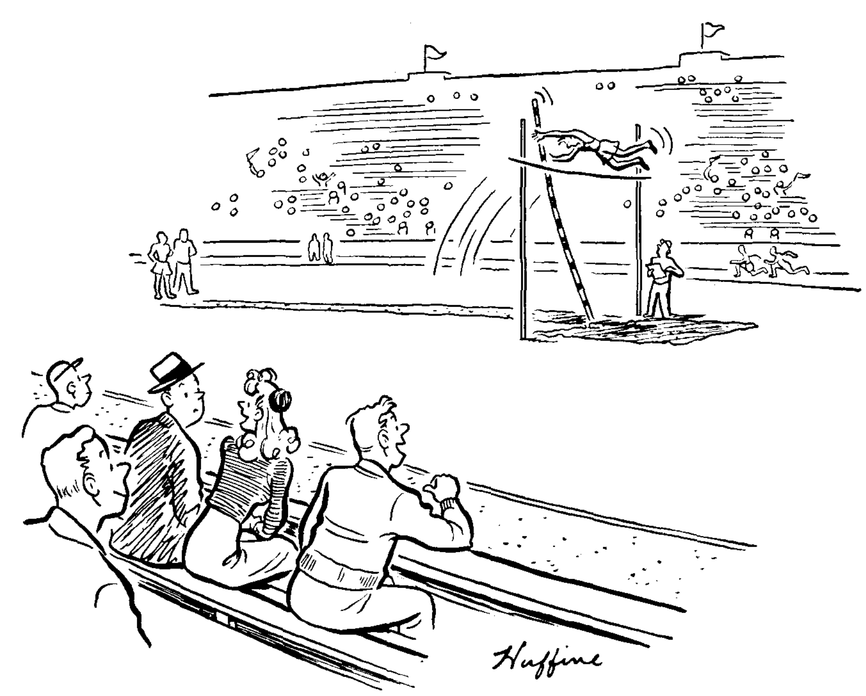
Something round and big crawled out of the sea, moved patiently up the beach, and began to settle into the sand. A sea turtle, feeling the pressure of eggs. A man could eat, now and then, on this island. He could roof over some bushes with seaweed. Likely he could get a fire for cooking, with water in a curved shoulder of a bottle to make a burning glass. He might even unravel a fishing line out of his clothes. He could get himself some scraps of food. But there wasn't any water.

Turner broke a bottle on a spike and began to dig near the bushes. Below the sand was a crumbling coral rock that became harder, then too hard. He imagined dampness in the bottom of the hole. He decided it was only cooler than the surface sand.

Turner began to arrange seaweed into letters ten paces long on the beach. Sea draped its grasses in slow twists along the sand. The angular lines of H E L P would show better than S O S from the air. Someday someone in a plane would go over; perhaps a sportsman, making a wide swing, then circling and staring at a big word H E L P. Turner began another message for the man who came down to investigate, if the man came too late. In small letters he traced out *Armstrong Destin killed George Turner,* and began to build up the letters with shells, into ridges. But now the moon was dropping low, and the night turned darker. He lay down to wait for daylight.

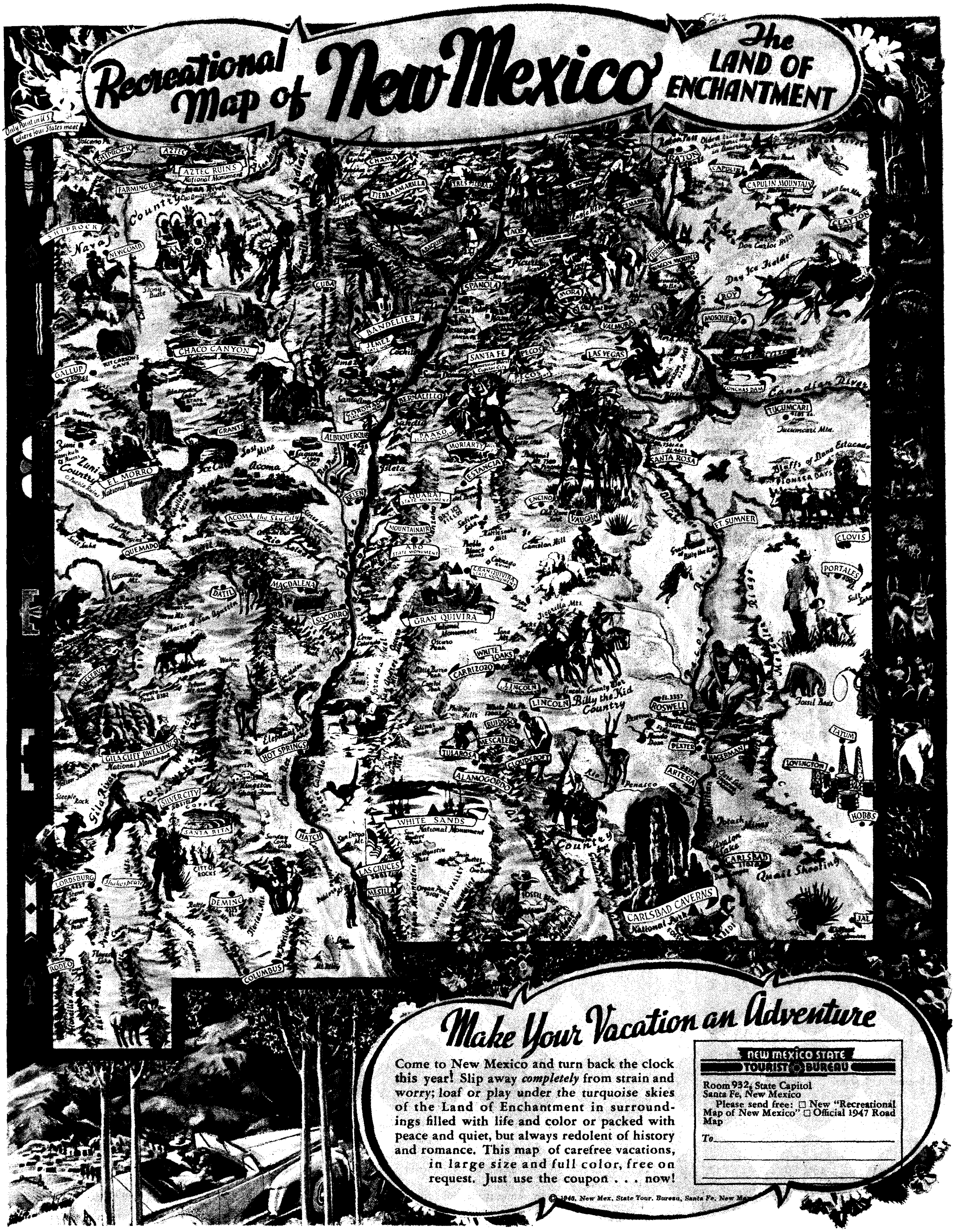
When the sun came up, Destin's sails were a fluttering white tent two miles away. The sloop was anchored off a sandy key. The little white dinghy moved to the beach. It was hard for Turner to follow the dinghy at that distance, and Destin he could hardly see at all—a small black mark on the sand. The dinghy moved off the beach. The sloop began to sail. Destin was looking over the few near-by islands before he sailed away, rowing in and glancing about for footprints. And now he sailed toward Turner's island.

Turner fell on the sand and beat it with his fists. He poured out hoarse curses at the boat. A man might try to hide. But it would be at the end of a plain trail. Turner stared at the sloop, the fat curve of sail, the white curl round the bow, with wincing eyes. He was a thin brown animal with a leg caught in a trap of sand, watching the hunter come. He sat down in the middle of the island and pushed up a sand wall around him, like



"I know practically nothing about track meets. What's considered good time for this hurdle?"

COLLIER'S DAVE HUFFINE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PECOS
LAS VEGAS
VALMORA
CONCHAS DAM
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TUCUMCARI
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CHACO CANYON
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Billy the Kid Country
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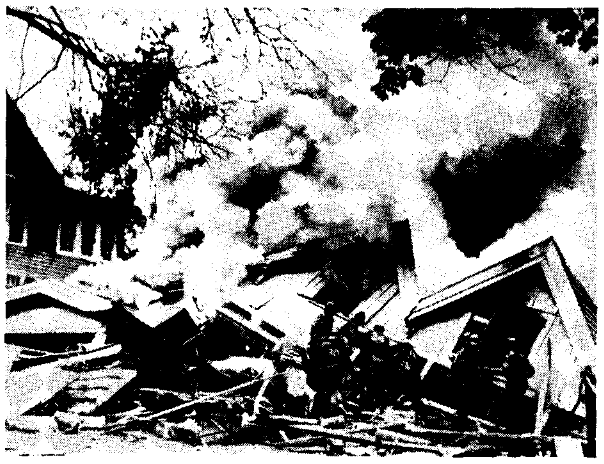

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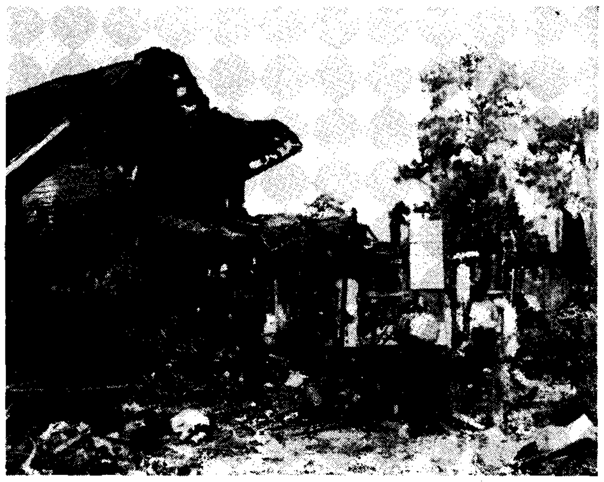

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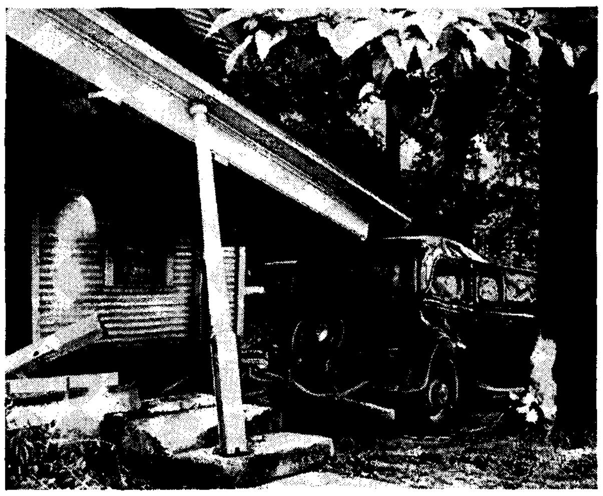

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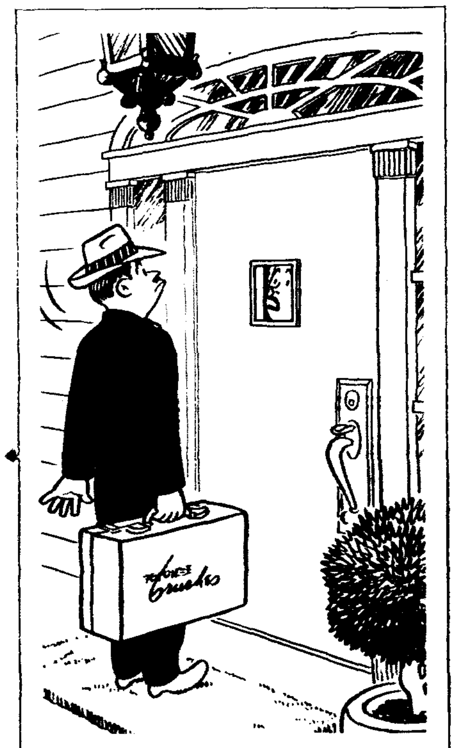
a breastwork. It was a fort but with no defense. His pith helmet and his face were fixed still above it as he watched the sloop grow, the jib coming distinct from the mainsail, the figure of Destin standing up. The sloop held food and water. Turner remembered just where they were: the canned goods, the crate of fruit, the big galvanized tank beneath the deck. The cigarettes, the bottles of rum. They were all only a quarter of a mile away when Destin dropped the sails. The anchor made a brief white splash.

The dinghy trailed behind the sloop. Destin jumped down into it and began to row, turned his head, and pulled the oars harder. Destin knew. Turner watched the powerful back and arms move with the blades, and when the head did not turn again, Turner knew that Destin was very sure of himself. Destin would speak to him quite calmly. Destin might say, "Sorry, old man. You've only managed to string the thing out." He would be calm and steady with the pistol.

String the thing out. But if he strung it out, he would die of thirst. All that Destin really had to do was to sit on his boat and let him die. Turner saw that he must try to be calm and conserve his strength. He had an emptiness in his stomach that wasn't really hunger, and he hadn't yet so very much thirst. The day was brightening beautifully, the sea sparkling, the breeze cool, the sky very blue and the clouds very white above him and Destin.



I'm afraid my tiger will get out if I open the door"

COLLIER'S AL KAELIN

Turner slipped out of the back of his sand pit, and on the far beach filled a bottle with sea water. The splash over his hands and wrists, the water round his ankles, made him more conscious of the dryness in his throat. He went in a crouch along the beach until the clump of bushes was between him and the dinghy. Into the dry hole he had dug, he emptied the bottle. The water stood still for a moment, and then began to seep away. Turner filled the bottle again on the beach, and crawled back into his pit.

He sat up and looked over the top at Destin, who now was pulling the dinghy up on the sand.

"Destin!" he called.

Destin looked toward him briefly, without reply. He had seen the big word on the sand. He walked around it deliberately and cast a slow look round the sky. Evidently he came to the smaller message that Turner had started, for his feet made some measured kicks and sent up spurts of sand. Then with wide sweeps of his legs he went through the letters HELP, driving the letters out of shape. Taking the revolver out of his trousers, he walked toward Turner. He called, "Good morning!"

Turner was not much exposed in his sand pit, only his head up, a glint of sunlight on his glasses, and his legs were tense under him. A hundred yards and no closer, he thought—about the length of a football field. He got up and began to walk away from Destin. He carried the bottle of sea water like a precious thing. Destin fired. Then they were both running.

Turner thought he could hold his own with Destin in running, though he was much less of a man in every other way. But he was lighter, and in Pittsburgh he had liked to play tennis. He saw some flicks in the sand ahead, and counted the shots until there were six. He looked back, and Destin was not so close as he had been. The distance had opened very definitely. Destin stopped, taking a box from his pocket, and reloaded.

Destin sat down. Turner was quite out of breath himself, and so he lay on the sand, pulling a heap up under his shoulders for a head rest, to relax as comfortably as he could. A hundred yards was a very long revolver shot. It called for luck, even if the target stood still.

There had been a box of cartridges beside the gun on the shelf, and a box held twenty-five. Two or three had been fired at a shark. Perhaps there was another box.

Destin had a white bandage on his arm. Turner could not be sure at the distance, but he thought there was a red streak across his face, the nose swollen, where the reel had struck. Destin's broad shoulders heaved slowly as he rested, watching Turner. Turner held the bottle at his mouth, and did not swallow. Even the motion made his throat drier. Destin stood up to glare at him with both hands on hips, and then looked at the clump of bushes, as the only likely place for water.

WHEN Destin walked away, Turner ran toward the dinghy. The attempt was hopeless, as Destin had kept himself closer to the boat. But it made Destin sprint for an instant, and fire another shot. Destin pushed the dinghy out and rowed along the beach, and Turner walked beside him, though across a wide reach of sand. Turner saw now that he might make it difficult for Destin to go far from his boat. At least he could give Destin a problem to solve.

Destin saw the problem, too, when he pulled in to the beach abreast of the low thicket. Turner watched him from a hundred yards away. Destin chased him up the beach, shot three times, and one of the bullets made a hiss. Then Destin walked toward the bushes. Turner ran back toward the dinghy. Destin ran back, too.

The thicket was at least two hundred yards from the beach. Destin took the oars from the boat, and started again. And Turner's heart leaped, hoping that Destin would rely on having the oars. He slipped toward the dinghy as Destin left it, thinking he could push it ahead of him by swimming, get into it and paddle with his hands. Destin came back on a run, but clumsily, because it was difficult to run with the oars, and fired a long shot.

Turner thought that Destin must be very angry. Destin sat near the boat a while. Then he shoved it off, and rowed toward his sloop.

Lifting the bottle again, Turner walked to the thicket. He stopped at the hole he had dug. He might have felt some elation at baffling Destin, but now he felt only an aching thirst. He had thought that Destin might examine the hole, feel some dampness, and wonder. But Destin could not approach the place. Turner poured the water over his face and chest, and noticed that Destin had stopped rowing. He shoved the bottle down into the dry

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hole, and then walked with it toward some sea-bird nests.

Eggs held moisture. A score of birds wheeled and screamed and dived at Turner, who carried a dozen eggs to his sand pit in his helmet.

He cracked two together, finding one liquid, and swallowed it, with fingers closed over his nose. But he retched; the egg came up. Then he remembered the mound, the scuffed place, the turtle had left. He dug with his hands. The leathery skin of eggs broke in his teeth with a relieving wet salve. He covered the place carefully and marked it with a shell. He stuffed wiry grass into his mouth, and it made a tough chewing gum.

Turner lay in the edge of the water. A man could not evaporate so much water when he was immersed, and perhaps he would absorb a little. The constant lapping and bubbling was maddening.

After a time he went back to the wreckage of his word. The sand was very hot, and it was fortunate he had his sandals. The heat soared round him in shimmering bands. On the sloop Destin was undoubtedly eating, drinking and having a smoke, training his binoculars on Turner. When Turner had raked the seaweed all into ridges again, and the letters were sharp on bare sand, when he had walked around it in final perusal, Destin rowed ashore.

Turner watched over the rim of his sand pit while Destin struck a match. The seaweed was mostly very dry, though some was still green. But there was plenty more of it, rolling in the edge of the water. The seaweed burned. But it sent up a thickening smudge, like a windrow of hay flaming and smoldering, trailing off the key like steamer smoke. Destin did not like that. He kicked the fire apart, flung sand on it, and kicked a path through the remaining letters.

"Are you here again?" called Turner. "Then let's play another set."

He seemed very calm, waiting for Destin. But the calm was a weakness, a dizziness of heat and thirst. He let Destin come almost too close, or the shot was lucky. It tossed sand up into Turner's face. It buried in the low sand wall just in front of his chest, and Turner jumped up and ran.

TWO other shots passed him. When he glanced back, Destin was hammering after him, his face dark, running at a strong, ruthless gait, driving his legs with a will power that was ready to run his heart out. Turner couldn't leave him, though he had panic in his body. The distance closed a little. It was very hard to run in sand, sinking to the ankles, gulping air that was too hot to ease the lungs. He was almost ready to fling himself down when another shot sounded. He turned his head. Destin had stopped. Destin aimed at him, emptied the revolver, sat down to rock his head and body slowly, to open his mouth like a fish.

Turner was relieved that Destin sat for such a long while before he tried to approach again. Turner tilted the mockery of a bottle, stood up with an appearance of lightness, and walked away. Destin left the beach to Turner. Destin took the center of the ring, and the center was too small for them both. He kept Turner moving round the rim—Turner taking two and three steps to his one—trying to pin him in one spot against the sea. There was little running, except when Turner had to make quick spurts to hold his distance. Turner's head and eyeballs ached, and at times his legs stumbled; but whenever there was an appearance of a chance, or whenever Destin wanted to rest, he moved doggedly toward the boat. Once Destin roared in rage, and at last he went to the shore and sat on the stern of the dinghy.

Turner lay in the water once more, rolling his burned face under, filling his mouth and blowing it out, and soaking some coolness into his skin. The water bottle was hot. He immersed it to cool. He could get through today. He had had luck against Destin, but tomorrow he could not escape. Tomorrow he would be too weak; he would collapse on the burning sand.

Destin slid the dinghy to sea. Turner sat up and felt the temperature of his bottle, and put it to his mouth.

"Turner!" shouted Destin. "See you tomorrow!"

Turner called back, "Sweet dreams!"

What was the ruse for tonight? he wondered. Would Destin come ashore, trying to catch him asleep. Would he risk leaving the dinghy on the moonlit beach while he searched? Turner considered whether he should himself try to swim out, whether he had the strength—a fly crawling to a spider. Destin would get himself a little drunk tonight, and scowl at the moon and the island. Only one thing was certain. Destin dared not leave.

The sun had not yet gone down. Turner looked around the empty sky, and began to restore his word on the beach.

AT DAYBREAK Destin rowed in to the seaweed printing. He kicked out the bellies of the letters once more, but with a difference in his motions this time, not swinging his arms with the violence of his kicks, but keeping a hand behind his back in concealment from the sand pit. Then he made his steps casually slow, as if a long day were ahead and there was no need for haste. The hand remained behind him in a careless way, while he walked toward the defenseless breastwork. Once he stopped to yawn.

Turner saw that the slow approach had taken Destin a little closer to the sand pit than usual.

Turner saw this, from a comfortable distance, when he emerged from the sand and raised himself through the seaweed in the end of one leg of the letter H.

Turner saw Destin kneel and aim at the helmet, with the glint of spectacles beneath it, and fire. Destin had lashed some kind of stock to the revolver, that nestled snugly like a rifle butt into his shoulder, and evidently greatly increased the accuracy of his aim. For the helmet, the glasses, rolled down out of sight. Turner supposed that there was a hole right through the skull-dry coconut.

The dinghy was only a few steps away, and as Turner pushed it out he saw that Destin was running, in triumph at last, to the sand pit.

An uncontrollable shivering ran over Turner as he rowed. But he wasn't cold—each grain of sand and fleck of seaweed touched a nerve end in his burned skin. But this was from the hours of waiting.

The water in the sloop's tank was warm, yet it had a deliciousness, an ecstatic seep of life in his parched throat. Turner reminded himself not to drink too much at once. He went on deck to raise the jib, because that was the easy sail. The jib would move the boat sufficiently until he had eaten and drunk enough strength into himself to hoist the mainsail. The windlass was heavy enough work for now, and he did not trouble to bring the anchor all the way up. The sloop began to move.

Turner would conscientiously report Destin at the first chance, he decided, though it might be a few days, and the government could send out a plane to rescue him and let him explain. And if Destin grew too impatient with his thirst, then—Turner's trembling ceased of a sudden—Destin had a gun.

Turner drank another glass of water, sipping each wonderful drop, and sucked the juices out of a sapodilla plum, and presently looked at the island through the binoculars. He regretted his glasses, but the binoculars focused clearly.

The plane would be able to find Destin, because Destin had an armful of seaweed and was restoring the big word H E L P on the beach.

THE END

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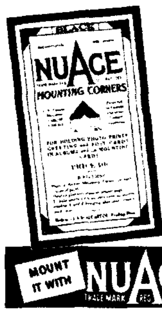

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LOVE IS A BRASS KNUCKLE

Continued from page 89

bad. "Harry," I told myself, "there must be a way out of this. You're a clever lad, Harry. You'll find a way out of this."

I had a few more drinks and then it got dark and I wandered along the street, thinking. "What is it, Harry," I asked myself, "that will clear a house of ants?"

I figured if I could get rid of her ants, Miranda mightn't be so mad at me. Ant paste might do it. But you have to cover the whole house with it, and it gets into things, and Miranda mightn't want that. I needed something quick. Something that would clean those ants out in twenty minutes.

After walking a few more blocks, I noticed that I was standing outside the zoo. It was late and pitch dark and there was nobody around and here I was standing in front of a zoo worrying about my best girl and her ants.

Harry, I thought, what do they have in zoos? Animals. Exactly. What kind of animals, Harry? Lions. Tigers. Elephants. Ye-es. What else, Harry?

Anteaters!

If I could just sort of sneak into this zoo, to put it nastily, and borrow their anteater for an hour or so, Miranda would be happy, I would be happy, and, as I would bring their anteater right back, the zoo people would be happy too, because after all, their anteater would have had a very good meal.

"Harry," I spoke softly. "This will take tact. There must be a guard around somewhere. Maybe it would be best if he didn't know anything about this."

I sauntered into the grounds. It was dark and I couldn't see anything, only the shadows of the buildings. My hands were in my pockets, so that in case the guard stepped out of somewhere and stuck a flashlight in my face, I would look perfectly harmless. I was even thinking of whistling for a time, but then decided that none of the animals whistled, and that I must make myself unobtrusive.

I strolled around outside a few of the houses. Everything was closed and eerie. It was quite warm and from the assorted smells and snores, I gathered that many of the house guests were sleeping out. The cages of the main buildings had back doors leading to under the stars.

There was a whole row of these beach cabanas, running parallel to a cement walk, along which you could stroll and be stared at. Except at feeding time. Then the beasties wouldn't even care if you laid on your side and hatched an egg.

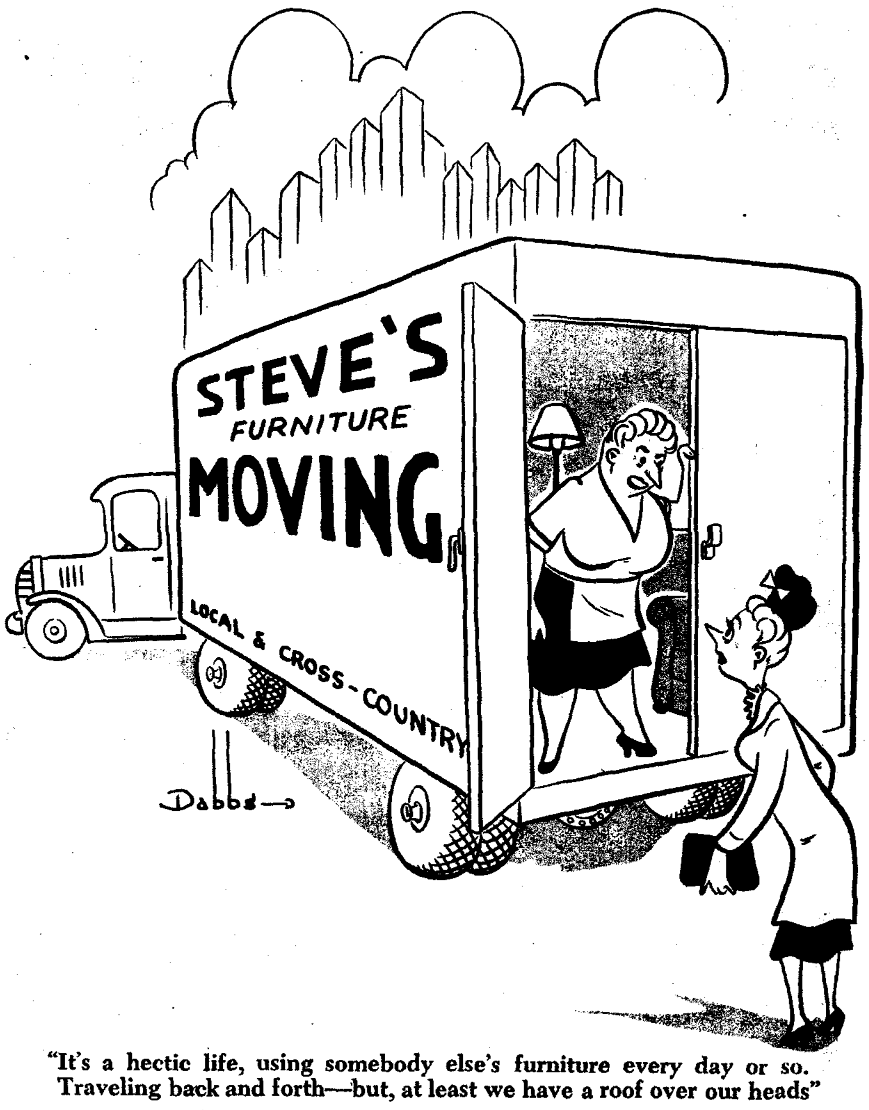
There was no way of getting inside the buildings, so I would have to locate the outside rear porch of my insect gulper somehow, and pray that he was in it.

Here and there I struck a match so I could make sure just where I was going. On one of these occasions, I happened to be standing directly in front of an *outside* cage, and I sighed with relief.

Because in this cage, lying on some sawdust, was a Myrmecophaga jubata. That's what the sign said—Myrmecophaga jubata. It was a hairy thing, about as large as a big dog, with a long snout reaching to the ground. I recognized it instantly as an anteater, just what I was looking for.

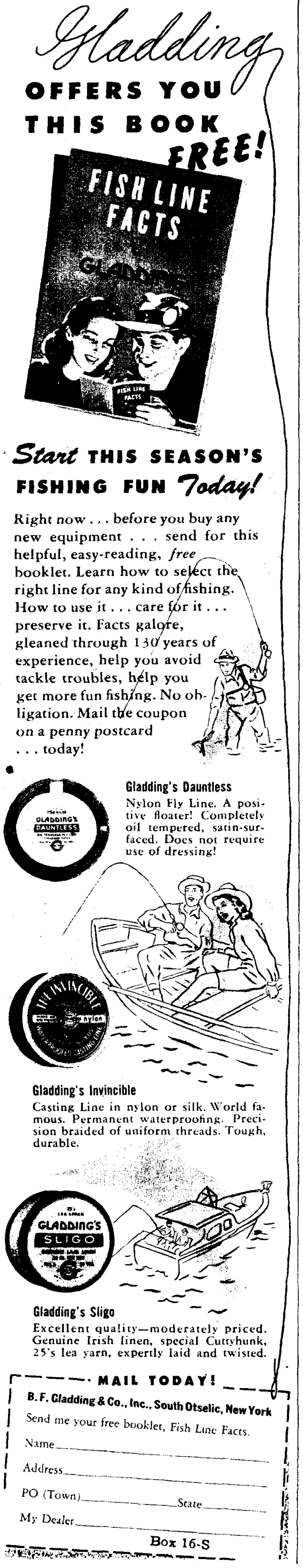
The cage was locked. "Come, come, Harry," I chided myself, "we've come this far. Pick the lock."

I tried several of my own keys but none of them worked. I thought of calling the guard and explaining the whole thing to him, and getting his key, but guards are unreasonable sometimes. So I went at it myself. Some of the other



"It's a hectic life, using somebody else's furniture every day or so. Traveling back and forth—but, at least we have a roof over our heads"

COLLIER'S RAY E. DABBS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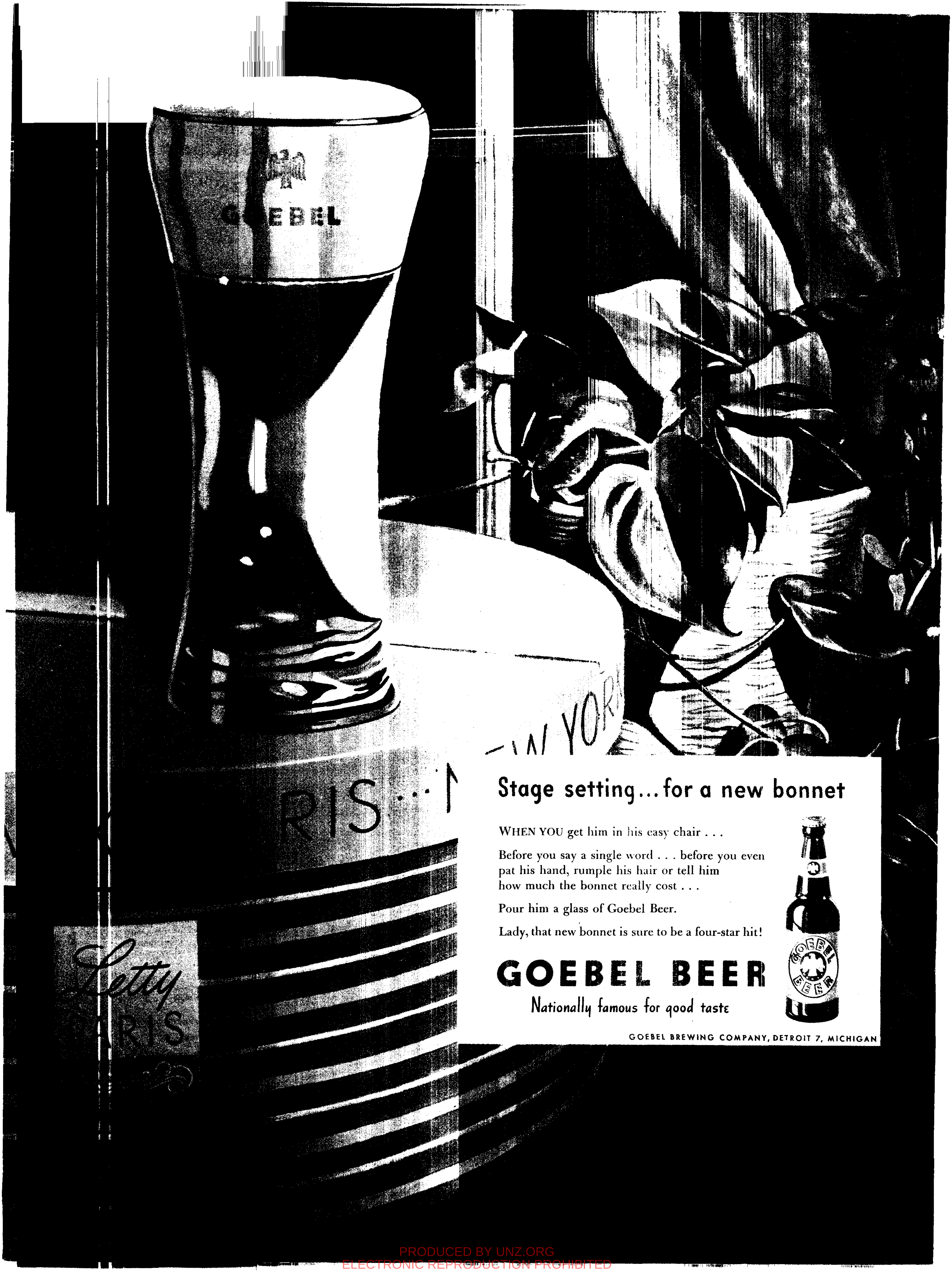

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animals growled once in a while, but nothing happened. Once the anteater looked up curiously, but then he went back to sleep.

After another hour, during which I burned three fingers and used up an entire book of matches, I picked the lock. I opened the gate of the cage, and then hesitated for a moment. "After all, Harry—he may be vicious. When you get right down to it, you know very little about Myrmecophaga jubatas!"

Recklessly I shrugged and went inside the cage. I tapped the anteater. He jumped up and scared me; I could feel my knees shaking. "Courage, Harry," I whispered hoarsely. "Look him in the eyes!"

It was dark and the thing was covered with hair, I couldn't find its eyes to look in. "A firm hand, Harry," I trembled, "a firm hand."

"Come on, you," I said testily to the anteater. "It's dinnertime." I grabbed him gently but securely by the hair on his neck and we started walking. He didn't seem to mind.

Anyway, this anteater and I walked back to Miranda's house. It was almost morning, but it was still dark, and so no one was on the street to see us. I rang Miranda's bell. No answer. I rang it again. The anteater sort of wheezed and I poked him. "Shh." Miranda opened the door.

"Harry!" she cried in amazement. She was wearing a robe over her pajamas and looked very fetching. "What are you doing here at this hour?"

"How are the ants?" I smirked. She had not noticed the anteater and I was a little wary of her reaction after I called him to her attention. All of a sudden Miranda began to scream.

"A-h-h-h-h!" she screamed. "A-h-h-h-h-h!" She slammed the door in my face and I could hear her running through the house screaming, "A-h-h-h-h-h-h!"

This inability on Miranda's part to cope with anything other than the beaten path was becoming tiresome.

The anteater was looking about him curiously now, and I nudged him and started walking away. "Sorry, chum," I said. For an anteater, he didn't seem a bad sort. "They're Miranda's ants, and there's really nothing I can do about it. You won't find anything out here."

It was light now, and I said to myself, "Harry, if I were you I would get this creature back to the zoo and quickly."

WE WERE walking toward the zoo when from the opposite direction came a cop. "A milkman you couldn't meet, Harry," I grumbled. "Or a fireman, or a drunk on his way home. With you it has to be the constabulary."

I had been out all night, and I had been through a lot, and my hair was maybe a bit mussed, and my clothes were dirty, and I was walking along with a hot anteater, so right away this minion began to draw conclusions.

It was obvious that he was not going to let me pass him by, so I figured I'd explain things to him before he had a chance to ask a lot of foolish questions. "Now, officer," I began.

"I know, sonny," he said very patronizingly, "I know al-l-l-l-l about it!"

From his tone I gathered he thought he was humoring a dope or something so I laughed in his face and started over again. "I know it looks bad," I said. The anteater wheezed again and the cop looked down at him and up at me again and then he smiled and patted me on the cheek.

"Not at all," he said, "not even a little bit."

I am not a child, although from the pithy attitude he had adopted one would suspect the contrary. I drew myself up. "I am not a child," I said.

It did not go over. Take it from his angle, Harry, I ruminated. You are not even a little bit bright, you are a handcuff-grappler on the humdrum side, and it is an odd hour. Suddenly you see some bedraggled churl approaching, an ill-fed Myrmecophaga jubata in tow—

Scotland Yard was glaring at me and I felt like a crime wave. As a free citizen, I was slightly resentful, because after all, this whole escapade had been about a few harmless little ants, so I raised my voice. "Now, officer—!"

His inactivity had been suspended on the narrowest of threads, waiting for the merest of overt acts. He grabbed his whistle and puffed out his cheeks and blew like the gangbusters were after him. I was standing right next to him, and the shrill noise stunned me, so I put my hands over my ears, and that is the way I was, that is the last thing I remembered, the questioning eyes of Myrmecophaga jubata looking up at me, when this hysterical bumpkin slammed me over the head with his club.

WHEN I awoke I was lying on a bed and a very pretty girl was looking down at me. "You'll be all right," she said gently, smiling, and I smiled back. With us it was like that, a snap of the fingers, right away.

"I'm the head psychiatrist," she said. "I was waiting for you to wake up."

"The head psychiatrist?" I asked politely. I sat up in bed.

"Yes," she said. She was really very pretty. Like that, I noticed it. Then I noticed that I was dressed in a plain cotton shirt and plain gray pants, and that I was in a queer-looking room with bars on the windows.

"Are we locked in?" I asked her. I was still a trifle woozy.

"You're here for observation."

Harry, I thought slowly, they must have grossly misunderstood, because of *l'affaire* Myrmecophaga jubata, and this —Steady, Harry—this—is a booby hatch!

At first I was stunned, then I was scared, and then I was roaring mad. A booby hatch, Harry! I thought. What will people say!

"Now look, miss," I tapped my finger on her shoulder to emphasize each word. Right away she took a little scratch-pad out of her pocket and started jotting down notes on my reactions.

I hesitated, and she smiled at me again. "Go right ahead," she said, "and don't be so standoffish—you can call me Stella."

"Look, Stella—" Like that, with us, right away. We talked for a while, and I was not getting too far, but was doing my best to explain things to her, when the door opened and a man brought Miranda in.

"We just want you to identify him, miss," the man said.

I took one look at Miranda taking a look at me in my cotton shirt and my booby-hatch pants, and as she screwed up her face I could see what was coming. I decided to make the clean break. "A-h-h-h-h!" I screamed, waving my arms at her.

She started jumping up and down and screeching "A-h-h-h-h-h!" at me.

The man clucked his tongue sympathetically and led her outside. Stella was sitting on the bed laughing hysterically. "See what I mean, Stella?" I said to her.

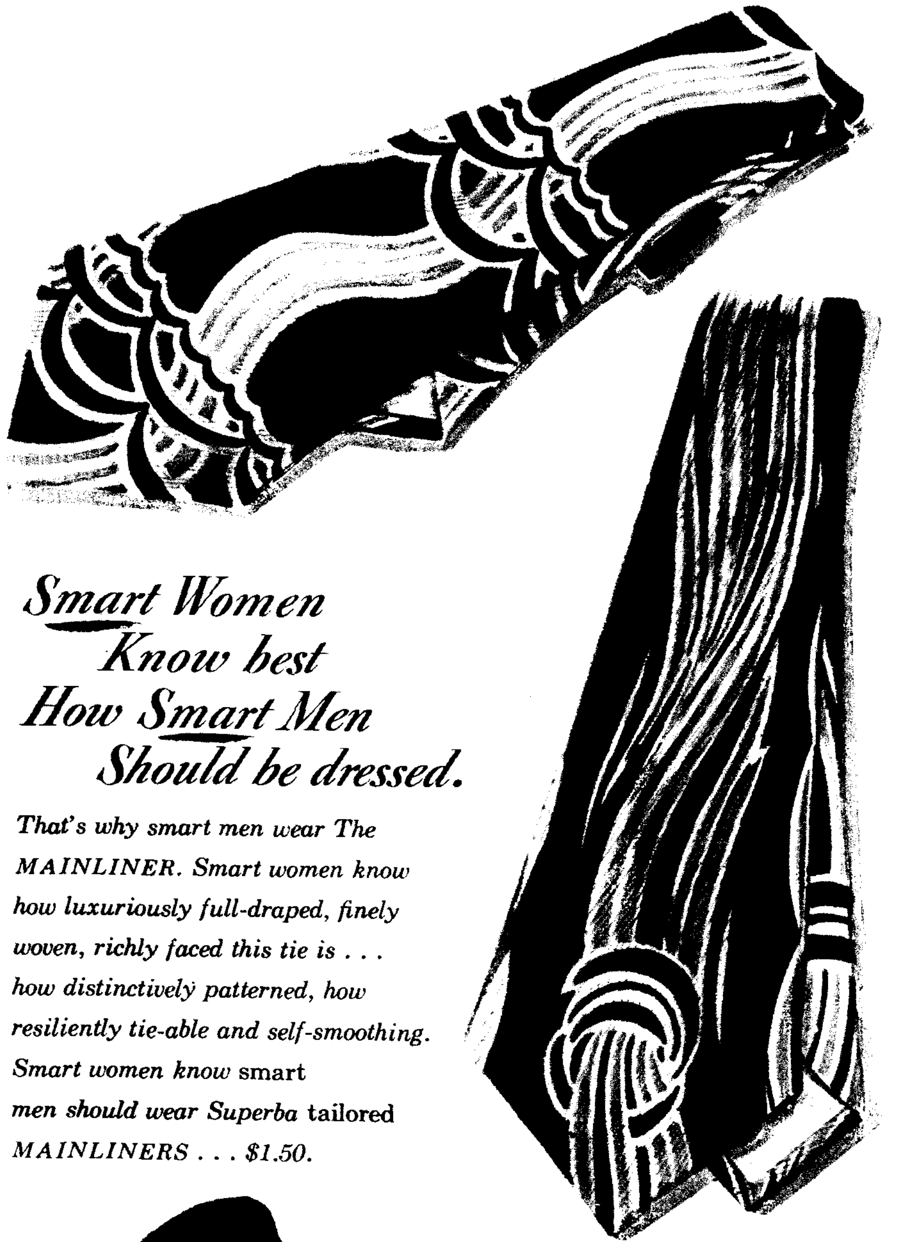
"I see what you mean, Harry," she answered.

In a few more hours I had Stella all straightened out, and then in another few hours she straightened out the booby-hatch people, and I was a free man. So like I say, some people just don't care about love.

Last month was Stella's birthday. I gave her a bracelet. It is slowly turning green but she says she is wild about it. "Harry," I told myself only the other day, "Stella's the one. Yes, sir—she's the only girl!"

With Stella and me, it is love.

THE END



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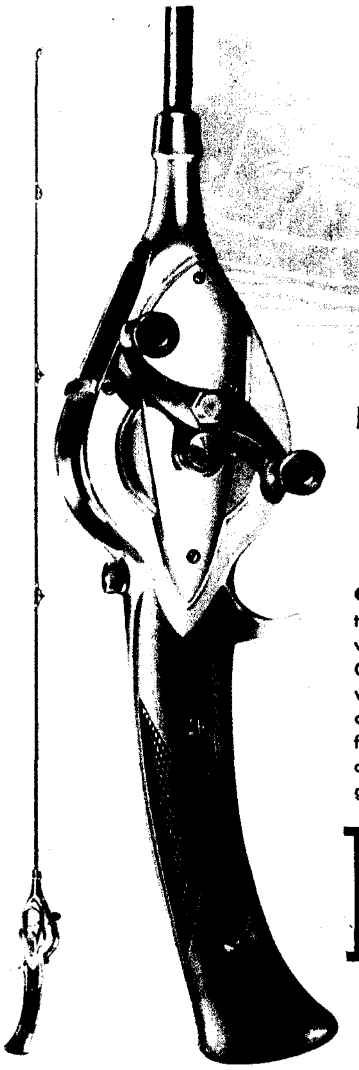

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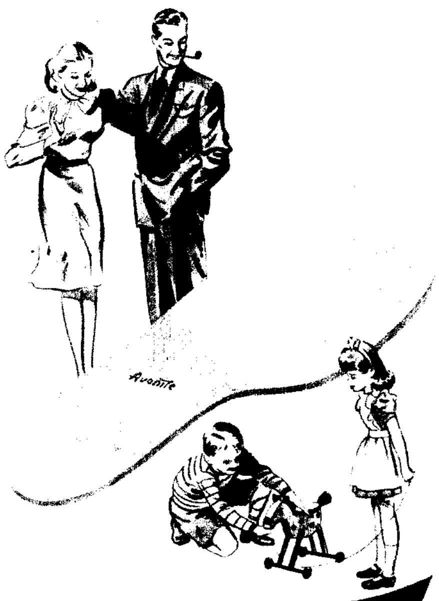

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VERMONT GOES RADICAL

Continued from page 13

upon a mill worker and an employer, both against anything that might stir up labor trouble, like the "anticoercion" bill which almost slipped through the Proctor legislature.

"Our workingmen are solid citizens, not thugs and not Communists," says the boss. "That bill would only have made labor mad. If we have strikes, the usual law against assault and battery can handle any picket who doesn't behave himself."

Over to Brattleboro, Gibson speaks for himself. Dapperly dressed, sprawling comfortably in his main-street law office, guarded by a pretty red-haired secretary, he tells how he blitzed the Old Guard. He serves notice that he intends to be heard in the national arena where he'll demand a liberal Republican candidate for 1948's Presidential fracas.

Then he lists the practical reforms which he plans for Vermont if the legislature stands by him. The reforms are necessary because Vermont forgot the principles of good housekeeping. The state hasn't offered ambitious young men enough to keep them. The sheepherders went West a hundred years ago. Soil eroded. Game was slaughtered. Humans migrated.

Gibson wants to modernize the colonial house called Vermont but retain its "character." He plans development of the state's natural resources and wants to give veterans a start on reborn farms and in small, new industries. He urges cheaper electric power. Vermont, he says, should capitalize on its chance to become a Switzerland for vacationists.

To Combat Physical Unfitness

As an urgent "must" he wants more and better-paid teachers, and one of his pet projects is to have mobile health units visit schools regularly. Vermonters were startled to learn what kind of youngsters they had been raising when Selective Service headquarters disclosed that the state had the worst 4F record in New England, and one of the worst in the nation. Its percentage of physical unfits placed it down in the cellar with eight Southern states.

Young Ernest didn't wait until his inauguration day to get started. On the day after election he called on the state party chairman to resign, informing that senior Republican that he was "entirely out of touch with the times and was living in the good old days of the 1920s."

Ten miles north of Brattleboro is the Aiken Nurseries, where you'll find Vermont's senior senator in his jam-packed little office tacked on to the greenhouse. Fifteen years of politics have fashioned George Aiken into a ministerial-looking farmer-statesman of fifty-four—a soft speaker who is stubborn and canny. His oldest enemy is what he calls the Power Trust, and his pet project is the St. Lawrence Seaway. Currently, his big interest is in joining hands with other Republican liberals to thwart the forces behind Bob Taft.

Although he doesn't grieve over the downfall of "big-government" New Dealers, Aiken is fervently opposed to "big-business" Republicans who, he warns, are leading the party to suicide. Dispatches from Washington inform him that he's being branded a renegade, but he continues speaking his piece:

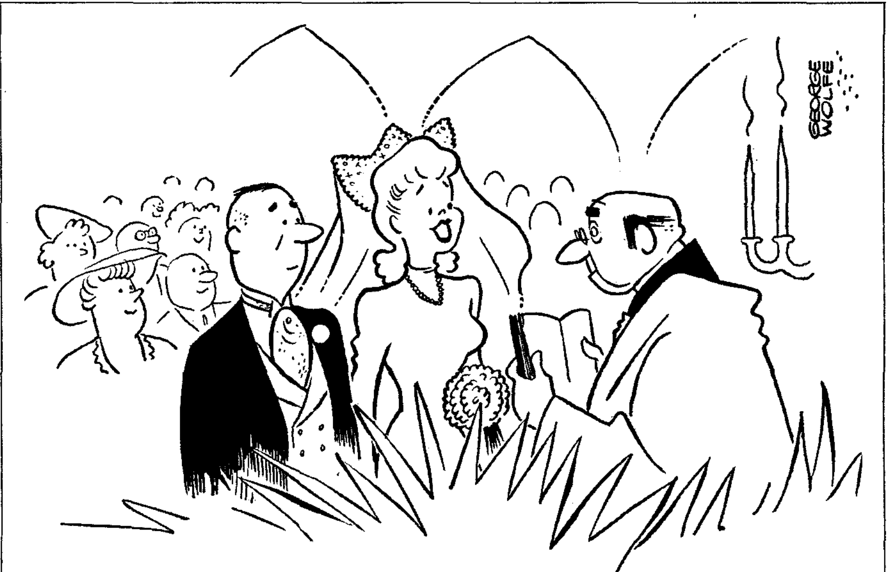
"This is the first time I know of when a party took power without one constructive idea to offer. The Old Guard isn't interested in fighting labor's unreasonable demands—it's fighting labor. It mustn't try to turn the clock back—everywhere I go, the people want a better way of life and will refuse to give up the social gains of the past 15 years."

He's basically optimistic, willing to go fast slowly, and chuckles, "Things are changing. Even the Old Guard isn't as Old Guardish as it used to be."

Up the road 25 miles more is the busy industrial town of Springfield, home of Jones & Lamson Machine Company. Its president, Ralph E. Flanders, 65, is the new junior senator from Vermont whom Willkie Republicans would like named Secretary of Commerce after 1948 and whom philosopher John Dewey called "the most enlightened industrialist I have ever met."

Vermont expects a national vote of thanks when this versatile teamworker gets going on Capitol Hill. As head of the New England Council, he was called the country's liveliest regional organizer. He was president of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston. His able hand is credited with guiding the Bretton Woods agreement, straightening out war-production jams, keeping N.R.A. from going wild. In his election campaign, he had the C.I.O. seal of approval.

Flanders is the poor boy who became an inventor, then grew wealthy and wise. Along with his talent for promotion and his association with top capitalists like Gerard Swope and Walter Teagle, he has distilled the learning of the "professors" and lectured on the practical applications of economic theory—the science of depression and prosperity. One clue to his ideology was his call on New England businessmen to accept fully the aims of the New Deal without necessarily swallowing its methods.



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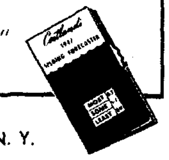

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The Committee for Economic Development named him its chairman for postwar prosperity planning and he is a strong believer in the necessity of decentralizing industry. His own plant, producing turret lathes and screw-threading machines, is an example. Such factories are indigenous to Vermont and she wants more of them.

Bennington led the way for the state when it invited corporations to come in with branch plants. Its CED chairman, Francis Morrissey, says they put the small city back on its feet after depression doldrums "when we had nothing left to brag about but our historical background and the size of our relief rolls."

The program was backed by alert local businessmen like Alexander Drysdale. His reward came when re-employed workers resumed buying in his department store. Then he found space in his building for a corset manufacturer's branch plant. He sold a timber tract to another company which began making wooden bobbins in Bennington for the textile looms it assembled elsewhere. The National Carbon Company put 500 Benningtonians to work manufacturing plastic cloth and has set up a similar branch plant in upstate St. Albans.

Voice of the True Faith

There are many Vermonters who haven't the vision of Flanders, Aiken and Gibson. But the bulk of their constituents chose them; they didn't win office through accident or passing Pappy's biscuits. And right now, Vermont's progressive Republicans claim the right to discuss what the G.O.P.'s national party line should be. Taft's Ohio and Stassen's Minnesota speak with some authority, but Vermont's voice seems to be that of the true faith—there's no blot on her G.O.P. escutcheon. Teaming with Maine, she entered the only nay to F.D.R. in 1936. Back in 1912, she and Utah stood alone for William Howard Taft. Therefore, when this state now prescribes the shorter skirts of liberalism, it's the dowager of the party speaking.

But she speaks still with her own Yankee twang. When Aiken was lieutenant governor, the legislature rejected a federal parkway through the Green Mountains, tossing the $18,000,000 back into astonished Washington's lap. Modern Ethan Allens refused to allow "a strip of foreign territory" to cross the state.

When Aiken was governor, he welcomed the Rural Electrification Administration but declined to allow Rex Tugwell's Resettlement Administration boys in the state, asserting that Vermont didn't want its hill-and-valley folk resettled, and merely shrugged when told that Vermont was the only state so balky. Then he slapped down a flood-control project, notifying the White House that Vermont's permission hadn't been asked.

And right now, though he won't concede the recent G.O.P. sweep was a mandate for reaction, he says a cleanup was due: "Responsibility had drifted too far away. We'll have more social legislation going back under state control—with the states, of course, discovering they'll have to put up more of the money."

As Vermont goes, so goes the nation? Sometimes. As Vermont goes, so goes the Republican party? Well, say its Young Turks, the G.O.P. could do a lot worse. They don't believe that Democrats should have a vested interest in liberalism, and won't agree that all Republicans are congenital Tories.

What party line should the G.O.P. follow to win friends and influence America's voters? Up speaks a Vermonter just back from a trip to Canada:

"They've got a party up there with an interesting label. It's called the Progressive Conservatives."

THE END

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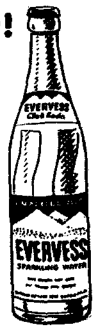

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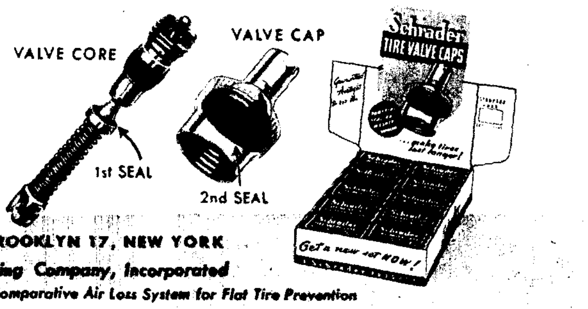

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ALASKA GUESSES AGAIN

Continued from page 93

The tripod started moving down at 4:40 exactly. It rode upright 60, 70, 80 feet and then, 42 seconds later, the rope to the tower tightened. A sharp weighted knife in the tower fell, cutting the rope and breaking the string attached to the time clock inside the watchman's shack. Charlie Wilson, a retired engineer and resident of Nenana for 25 years, was waiting to twist the handle of a hand siren to tell the Nenanaites who hadn't run to the river in those exciting ten minutes that the ice had broken.

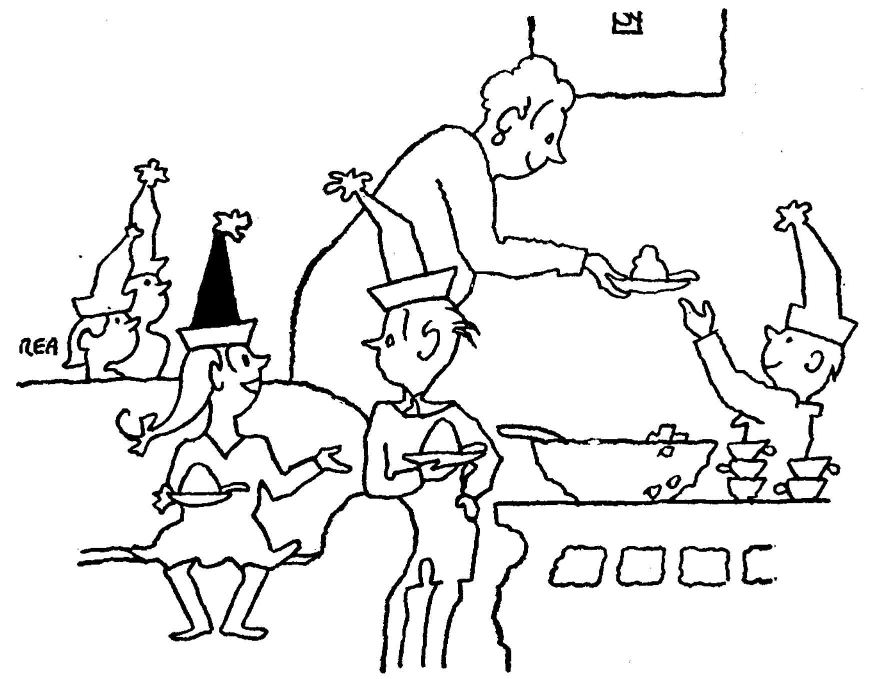
When the rope fell, a shout went up and the siren screeched out the news. The tripod, looking lonely and forgotten, was still upright when the ice floated around the river bend, and the annual Nenana Ice Breakup pool was history, except for the pay-off.

Winners, providing they can be located immediately, get their money within two to three weeks by check from the Northern Commercial Company, pioneer Alaskan trading post chain, which handles the banking end of the ice pool. Sometimes more than one ticket is marked for the same minute and the winnings are split equally. Last year four tickets were marked for May 5th at 4:40 P.M., and four checks of $27,000 each were sent out.

Alaskans were pleased when the biggest individual winner turned out to be Mike Johnson, 80-year-old sourdough and veteran of the gold rush, who was living at the Pioneers Home in Sitka. The Pioneers Home is a unique institution, supported largely by subscriptions and donations from the people of Alaska and solely for Alaskan pioneers too old to prospect or work. Many old-timers would rather be in the Home hobnobbing with their old cronies than outside depending on support from relatives, if they have any. Mike, who went into the Home in 1935, has bought ice tickets every year since the pool was started.

"I won't believe it till I get it in the bank," Mike told his friends, "then I'm going to split with Abner McDaniel, my partner here, and then I'm going to Seattle and have a good time. Down there I'm going to look up my other partner, Luther Schooling, and split out with him, and after I get through with Seattle I'll come back here and settle down."

Mike Johnson had to pay approximately $10,000 of his $27,000 into the United States Treasury in taxes. The other winning tickets last year were purchased on a pool or company basis in which three or more persons shared, which considerably lowered the income tax rate. One winning ticket, listed as the Federal Eleven, included six bartenders and card game supervisors, four barbers and a garbage collector in Anchorage. They split $27,000 eleven ways, which meant about $2,455 apiece. Each man had to figure this sum in his income and pay his tax according to the regular income tax scale.



"That's nothing. Wait till I tell you the cute thing my daddy said in his column yesterday!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

One of them took his wife "outside" for an operation. Another treated his family to a vacation. Others paid back debts, and a few ate up their winnings by treating liberally at local bars.

Another winner listed as the Lila Links Company was shared by mother, daughter, father and Mr. E. J. Othman. Theoretically, each company member got $6,750 and must pay income tax on that amount. The Links company members had originally pooled $12.50 each to buy fifty tickets, and later put in $3.75 to buy an extra fifteen tickets. It was one of the latter which won the prize. Mr. Othman, who is employed at Fort Richardson at Anchorage, shared in other company tickets and altogether had 500 chances to win. Lila Links herself, a dishwasher at the Alta Club, just deposited her money in the bank and went back to work.

The fourth winning ticket holder was not located until two weeks after the ice broke. It belonged to C. A. Forsell, his wife and their son, all formerly of Fairbanks, but now living in Vancouver, Washington. Each won $9,000, less taxes. Forsell had left the Territory for medical treatment and did not know he had a winner until the ice-pool committee traced him to the United States.

In 1945, one winning ticket took a $105,000 prize. The government took $61,000 in taxes and the joint winners, Miss Rita Harding and Tom Ringen, a miner of Anchorage, got $22,000 apiece. They decided to amalgamate their winnings, got married on August 10th and went to California. They are now back in Anchorage.

"You can't know how much happiness that money has brought us," Mrs. Ringen told me when I talked to her in Anchorage. "We spent about ten or twelve thousand having a good time and we're going to open up a small restaurant in Anchorage with what's left. Tom sent some money and clothes to his people in Norway, too."

With the exception of actually sending out checks to winners, Nenana townspeople handle the entire ice-pool operations themselves. Every year on the second Saturday night in January a meeting is held in the Pioneers Hall, Igloo No. 17, and the qualified voters elect an ice pool committee and an ice pool manager. The city council acts as election judges for the two separate elections, and the balloting and counting are done the same night before anyone leaves the hall.

"Otherwise there'd be a blankety-blank war," my delightfully profane friend, Sid, assured me, who despite his 73 years occasionally does battle himself and who last winter distinguished himself by picking up a man by the seat of the pants and throwing him out of the bar into the snow. "Votin' has gotta be done so every blankety-blank can see with his own eyes."

Voting qualifications are not difficult to meet. Every prospective voter must have resided in the Territory for at least a year, and six months in Nenana. If he has done that and can read three lines of the Constitution—any three—he has the right to vote. Last year elections were held on January 14th and 42 of a total of 74 voters elected William C. Williams, 37-year-old Irish-Indian, former Yukon river-boat waiter, as pool manager. His salary for the season was $1,500 and he earned it. This year's pool manager is George Ball, 33 years old and the father of two children.

Work starts about February 1st, when the committee chops a hole in the ice, sets the tripod pole and lets it freeze solid, and continues until winners are paid off and all unfinished business is wound up about June 1st. The manager is responsible for printing and distribution of tickets, and collections.

Ticket-Handling Is a Headache

"The trouble starts after the sale closes," said Williams. All tickets must be sorted and listed. Many are marked improperly and each one is a headache. About 125 people, nearly all from Nenana, are needed at the peak of the season. The tickets have to be checked against receipts. Then they have to be sorted and listed by months, days, hours, minutes, P.M.S and A.M.S, which usually takes about ten days.

When the sorting is finished, the crew is cut down to about 20 typists and 20 ticket callers, who start in compiling the books for distributors and newspapers. Last year there were 90 books of more than 600 pages, each weighing 6¾ pounds, and each costing $100. After this job is finished, the ice-pool manager needs only a secretary, a couple of typists, and eight guards who work four six-hour shifts, two men to a shift.

The Nenana ice pool is actually an international pool. It was first confined to Nenana, but a couple of years later the pool operators decided to let people in Fairbanks and other near-by Alaskan towns buy tickets. The next year the pool was enlarged to include all the Territory as well as Dawson, Whitehorse, Mayo and all Canadian towns along the Yukon. Only those with an Alaskan or Yukon address are eligible to buy tickets.

The decision to sell tickets in the Canadian towns along the Yukon raised an interesting tax problem. The ice pool itself is not taxed, but winners are taxed for income. If a Canadian were to win the entire pool Uncle Sam might lose

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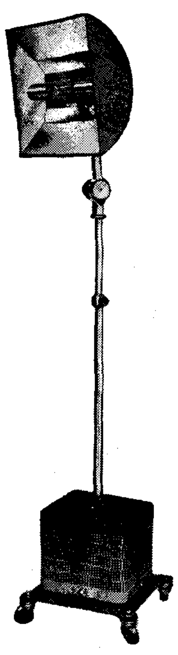

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Acts well... Tastes swell

these taxes to the Canadian government. It is also possible that a Canadian winner might be stuck for a double tax from both the U.S. and Canadian governments.

"We haven't had a Canadian winner in years," Bill told me, "so I don't know what would happen. It's not our problem. It's up to the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Our job is finished when we pay out the money."

Last year ten holders of tickets marked 4:41 missed winning by 18 seconds, and eight tickets were sold for 4:39. The largest number of guesses on a single minute were 260 tickets marked for 55 minutes after five on the afternoon of May 5th. May 3d, at 3:33 P.M. was another popular time. 348 tickets were rejected by the pool committee because names and times were omitted. Fourteen tickets were blank.

Ice-pool books are open to anyone who will take the trouble to wander in and look at them. Besides salaries, printing and material expenses, a small 15-mill city tax for the upkeep of the school is taken out of the pool money. Manager Williams figured it would be about $2,025 last year. Another $1,000 is held out for a building and revolving fund. The rest all goes to the winners.

They Do It for Fun—Not Money

"We don't want anyone pointing a finger at Nenana," Bill said. "Someone suggested taking out about $5,000 to build a new office building, but the idea was howled down. We don't want money. We're just having fun."

"We don't need any blankety-blank buildings," interposed Sid. "We can meet in the saloon if necessary, even if I did stop drinking in 1906. Like to died from a 10-months drunk. Cost me $107,000 gold. Haven't made any money since. Had plenty of fun though."

Discussion of the legality of the pool in Alaska is strictly bad taste. Most Alaskans try to sidestep the issue by pointing out the mails aren't used for the distribution or collection of tickets or money. The tickets are brought to Nenana in sealed cans by individuals by train, plane and dog teams. Often ticket buyers lose their chances when tickets sent by mail are stopped by postal authorities. However, if the tickets reach the ice pool office they are used.

Even correspondence pertaining to the ice pool is not addressed to the ice pool manager as such, although there is nothing to prevent the discussion of ice pool business in a letter personally addressed to Mr. Williams. The heavy listing books and other outgoing material are sent by express. Urgent messages go by telegram and telephone. Newspapers avoid breaking postal regulations by printing the pool news and pool results in their first editions but omit them from later mail editions.

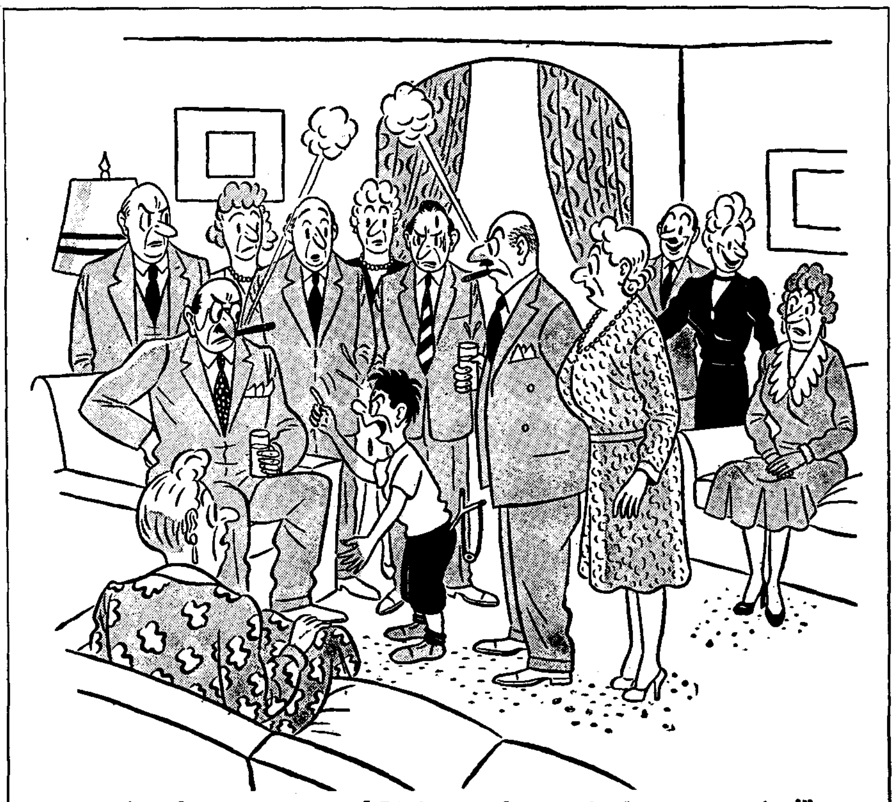
For Social Security purposes the ice pool is classified in the machinery manufacturing category, possibly because of the ice break timing device. The only persons who violate the rules are United States government officials who have business with the ice pool. They invariably address their letters to the "Nenana Ice Pool." When pinned down, Alaskans grudgingly admit the pool isn't legal, but usually remark, "the government doesn't pass up any taxes though."

The Nenana ice pool isn't the first or only ice pool in the North. Thousands of minute pools are operated in nearly all saloons in Alaska which accept the Nenana time as official. The minute pools have only sixty chances—one for every minute in the hour. Last year the ice went at 4:40, so number 40 took the money. Chances sell from $1 to $50 per minute. The Chena slough pool at Fairbanks last year gave the winner almost $3,000 and some Fairbanks men are advocating building it into a big pool to rival the Nenana pool.

Many old-timers remember the Dawson ice pool, which was stopped by the Canadian Mounted Police about 1900 when three men tried to rig the time. The Mounties also stopped a $1,000 minute pool after 47 chances had been sold. Sid Sheldon, who was in the saloon business in Dawson at the time, told me about it.

"There was $80,000 in the pool," he said. "A feller named Sid Birch and two others hid in a warehouse and kept letting out wire when the pole started down the river so the clock wouldn't stop, but the Mounties caught them and run them out of town. Feller that run the pool gave every cent of the money back. Birch was a slick one. In 1897 his brother killed the sheriff in Juneau and Birch raised the money and got him off scot-free. Nobody liked the blankety-blank sheriff anyhow."

THE END



"We've always encouraged Junior to take part in the conversation!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

SKYSTREAK

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT COMPANY, INC.

Douglas Test Pilot Gene May, 42, stands beside the jet plane in which he will try to disprove that speed-of-sound flying is for youngsters only

In a few days now, a bright-red, torpedo-shaped, stub-winged, jet-propelled airplane called the Douglas Skystreak will taxi onto the desert at Muroc, California, flight-test base and inaugurate an exhaustive flying program. The objective is to obtain detailed first facts on the behavior of a man-operated flying machine as it approaches, reaches and exceeds the speed of sound.

The completed records of the Skystreak's many scheduled flights below and beyond 761 miles an hour will constitute the Ten Commandments of Supersonic Plane Design for years to come. Aeronautical engineers no longer can depend upon results from small plane models in small wind tunnels because of the perversity of the air flow at supersonic speeds. To build very large wind tunnels would take years and the cost would be exorbitant.

The only way out for the moment, therefore, is in supersonic test tubes like the Skystreak which Douglas Aircraft completed for the Navy in February, using an engine developed by the Army Air Forces. This ship eventually will be studied minutely by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, the government's technical agency primarily concerned with the fundamental problems of flight.

Chosen to make the initial search in the transsonic range of speed (six to nine hundred miles an hour) for laws to govern designers, is an old man (the kid pilots say) and a very wise one. The Skystreak is expected to clarify prevailing conflicting beliefs about the problems of transsonic flight and 42-year-old Douglas Test Pilot Gene May is determined to explode current beliefs that fast-flying missions like his belong exclusively to young men.

Gene May is gambling his previous flying experience against the relatively inexperienced but razor-sharp minds and strong hearts and physiques of the younger pilots who are supposed to be infinitely more qualified to withstand the stresses and strains of transsonic flight, not to mention the matter of having to escape from these things should they become disabled.

Alabama-born Gene May is no physical wreck. For the past six years he has specialized in high-speed dives and pull-outs, flying a variety of Douglas experimental military and commercial planes and he knows his Gs—the pressures on pilot and plane resulting from sudden turns and pull-outs at high speeds. A normal person can take around 5 Gs without blacking out; 15 Gs might be fatal. Gene can take 9 Gs and still bring the airplane home.

Test Pilot May is senior by 10 years to the 33 American aircraft company test pilots assigned to develop rocket and jet-propulsion planes for the government. Their average age is thirty-two, but most are in their late twenties and early thirties. Chalmers (Slick) Goodlin, Bell Aircraft test pilot of the all-rocket XS-1, is a handsome, unmarried, athletic youth of twenty-three and the youngest. Gene, the oldest, is handsome; married and the father of three sons, one but two years younger than "Slick."

Gene has been eager to fly the Skystreak ever since he saw a drawing of it last year on the desk of Chief Engineer Edward H. Heinemann of the Douglas El Segundo, California, plant, and who is responsible for this latest entry in the race for world leadership in supersonic flight (Collier's for January 11, 1947).

Fear does not enter the head of this short, blue-eyed, iron-gray airman of 20 years in the cockpit, as he prepares to invade the new realm of flight. "I have confidence in the mature judgment my experience gives me," he explains, "and this will permit me to recognize trouble before any critical moments arise. I'm not going to say, 'Look, no hands!' when flying the Skystreak. I'm going to sneak up on this deal."

By that, Gene May means he first will make a series of very cautious taxi tests to get thoroughly acquainted with the controls, the tricycle landing gear with its small, thin, specially designed Bendix wheels and Goodrich nylon tires; and he wants to walk the 10,000 horses packed into the General Electric jet before whipping them up for the take-off.

Gene leans on his many experiences in diving experimental planes to carry him through the Skystreak flight program. "When I pulled out of those dives," he recalls, "well, that was the danger point—where you might black out. Your vision begins to narrow when you approach the blacking-out point—you 'gray.' When I first began to fly I'd probably have jumped out if I began to 'gray.' Now when my vision begins to narrow at 5 Gs, I know that it will hold there up to 9 Gs before I'll actually black out. So I just fly the airplane between 5 Gs and 9 Gs without panic or fear."

Gene May's home is in Los Angeles. His oldest son, Lee, is twenty-one, married and lives in Detroit. He learned to fly in 1943; was a tail gunner on a B-29. Don, sixteen, was taught to fly by his dad last summer, and Carl, fourteen, is in line for a pilot's license when he grows up.★★★

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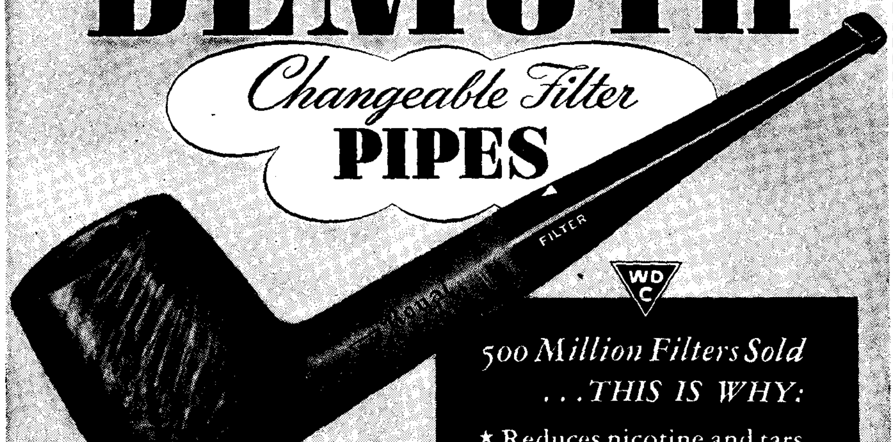

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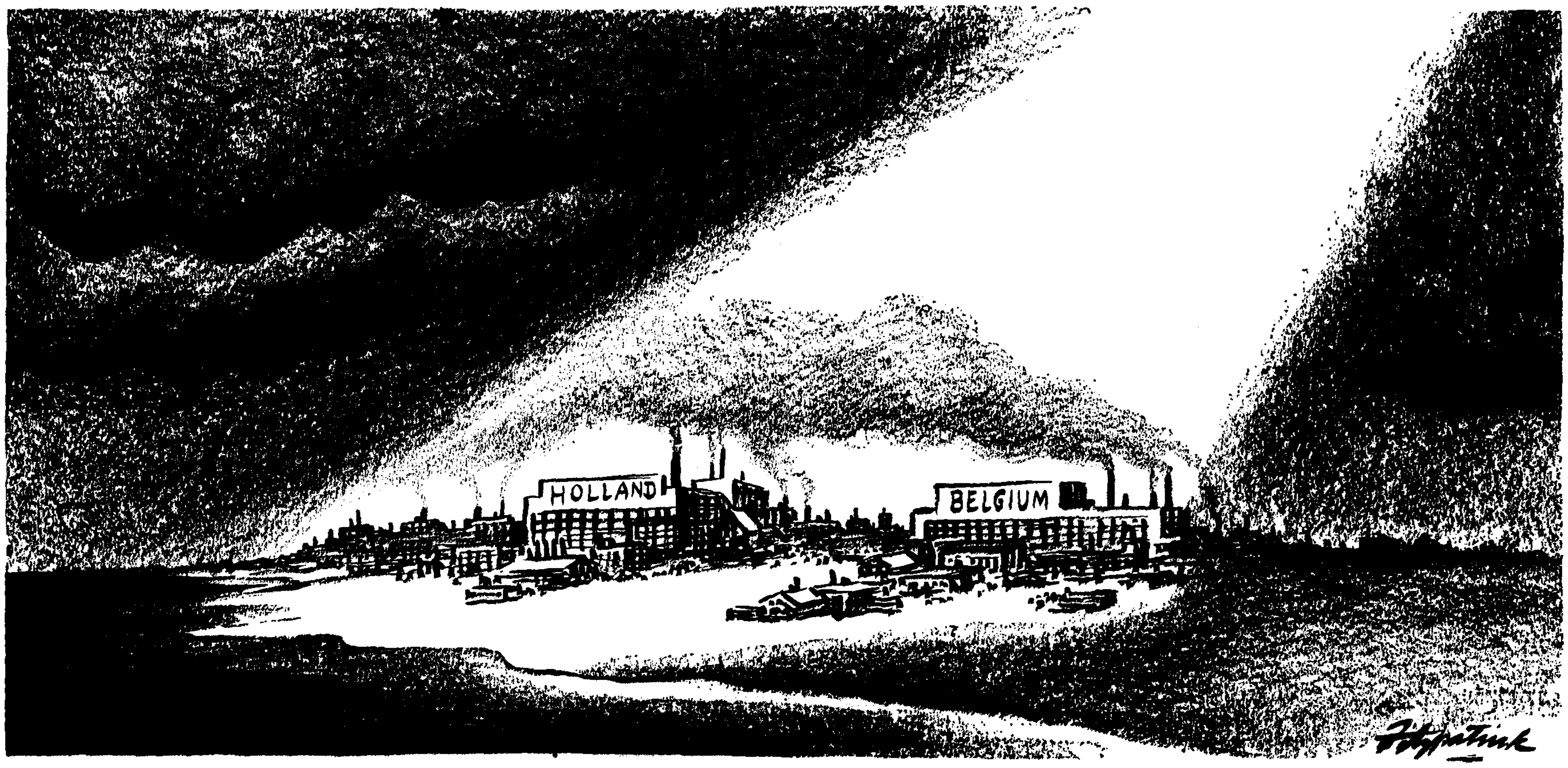

LIGHTS IN EUROPE'S NIGHT

THE great bulk of the news from Europe since the war has been sad and depressing. There are, however, gleams in the European night if you look for them; and we'd like to take note here of some cheerful flashes which have been coming from two countries for quite a while.

They aren't large countries—only Holland and Belgium—but their examples might profitably be copied in many other parts of Europe, and even by some people in the United States.

To put it quite simply, the peoples of the two Low Countries went back to work shortly after the war, have stayed relentlessly at work since then, and are now beginning to collect dividends on that work.

Holland pulled in its financial belt, refused to repudiate any debts, kept its taxes high, and declined to become paralyzed with fear of losing some or all of its big sources of revenue in the Dutch East Indies.

Belgium restored freedom of competition as fast as it could, turned down proposals to monkey with its currency, stepped heavily on its Communists, and gave business and industry every possible green light.

The net result is that, while neither of these nations has yet recovered completely from the war's devastation, they are both busy and hopeful. They present a striking contrast, furthermore, to unhappy Great Britain and France, which have gone in for considerable Socialism since the war but keep on suffering all manner of economic miseries. Maybe that is because the much-touted Common Man supposes Socialism to mean that he won't have to work so hard under it.

Holland and Belgium are now putting together a customs union, to include the little neighboring nation of Luxembourg. This combine, known by the composite name of Benelux, will make one fairly large free-trade area grow where three tariff-walled little states grew before. Prosperity should increase proportionately for the Belgians, Dutch and Luxembourgers.

The idea is, in three words: "Produce, and trade." And maybe that idea, conscientiously applied, would swiftly ease most of Europe's postwar troubles, and some of our own.

100,000 DEAD BY ACCIDENT

AT THE end of each year, the National Safety Council, one of our more valuable organizations, tabulates the score on deaths by accident during the year, and presently comes up with a detailed report.

The 1946 summary arrived recently, and it made pretty grisly reading.

All told, we lost just about 100,000 persons in accidents in the year 1946. Accidental injuries totaled 10,400,000, and accidental property loss $5,600,000,000.

That sum would more than service the national debt for a whole year.

There was one bright spot in the picture. In the matter of auto accident fatalities, we rolled up 33,500. This was 19 per cent higher, true, than the 1945 score of 28,076, but it was considerably short of the all-time record to date—39,969 in 1941. Moreover, during the first four months of 1946 auto fatalities were happening at a rate which promised a record total for the year, but at that point the President's highway safety conference touched off a nationwide auto safety drive, and the accidental death rate in this category dropped.

Next to the automobile, the revered American home was the unsafest place to be in 1946, with 34,000 persons being killed there. This figure, as plenty of the customers will be quick to note, was slightly higher than the auto fatality total; but the safety council explains that some auto deaths were also listed as home deaths.

Other major causes of accidental death in 1946: falls, 27,800; burns, 10,200; drownings, 7,300; firearms, 3,100—a jump of 24 per cent over 1945, probably because of the large number of war souvenirs floating around.

In percentage of traffic accident deaths, New York City led the entire parade, with 11.2 killings per 10,000 registered vehicles, and Chicago came second with 9.4. Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1946 was our safest large city in this respect—only 3.2 deaths per 10,000 vehicles.

On the bright side of the picture were 35 cities of 10,000 or more population which went through 1946 without a fatal traffic accident. Among them were New Britain and Middletown, Connecticut, and Watertown and Lockport, New York.

We happen to know that in at least two of these cases there was nothing accidental about these perfect scores; that they were rung up through the unremitting effort and co-operation of citizens and police.

Let's not relax our safety crusades, in any way, anywhere.

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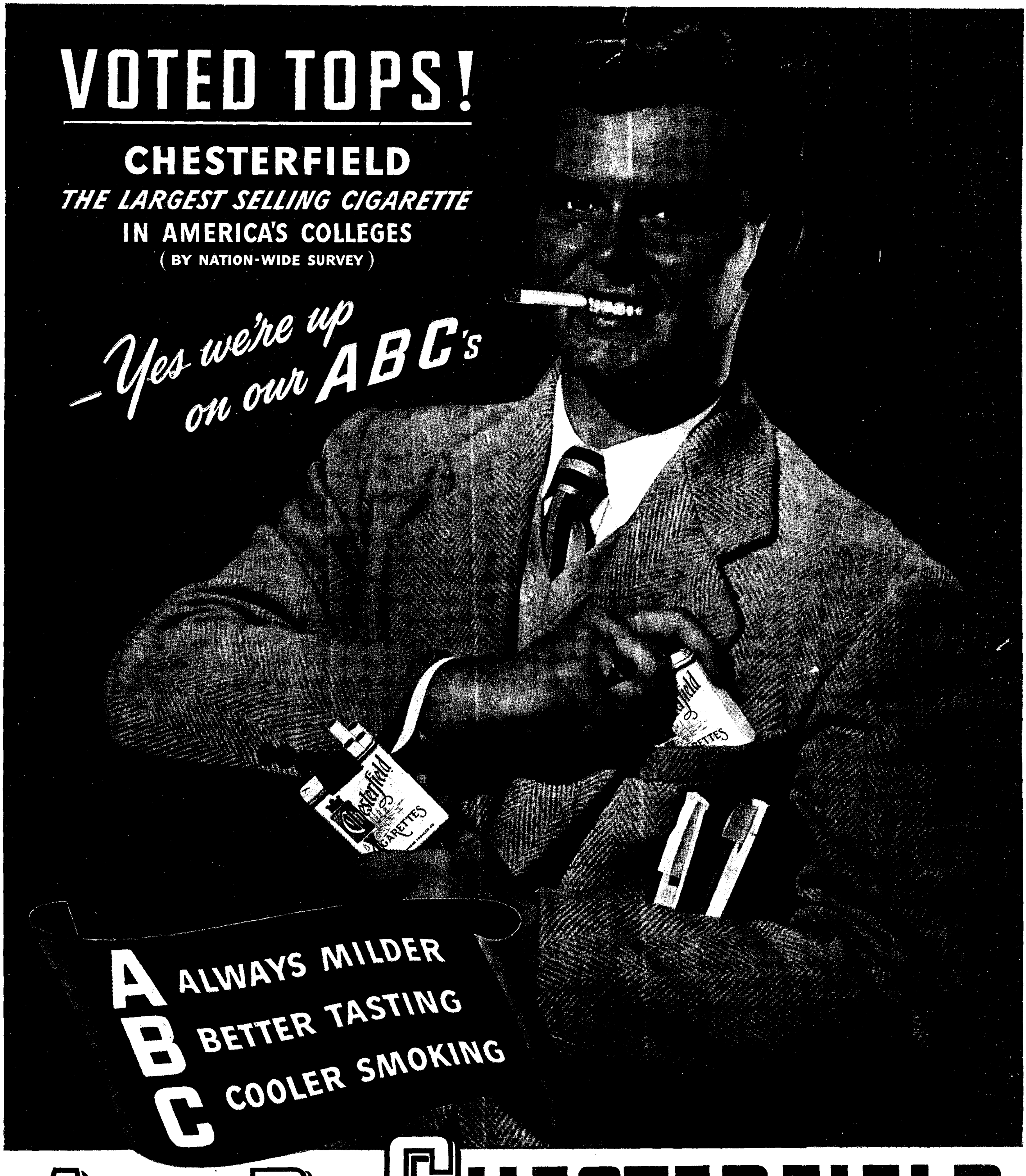

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